maximumrocknroll

#205

June 2000

three dollars

views on parenting in punk rock

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Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
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TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

V/A-Really Fast Vol.1,2,3-CD	CRUCIAL YOUTH-Reissue-CDs
DEAD...WORLD/KID GORGEOUS-split-CD	Y-Pseudo Youth-CD
JR EWING-Calling In-CD	REMISSION-Time Served 95-98-CD
CONFUSE-LP/KURO-LP	ACRID-86'd-LP
A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS-EP	LIFE'S HALT/GOOD CLEAN FUN-live

JEFF HEERMANN

HOT HOT HEAT-Matador-EP	TRUST FUND BABIES-LP
STEVE MCQUEENS-Nationwide-LP	THE PIRANHAS-Piranhas Attack-LP
SPLASH 4/CRASH NORMAL-split-EP	FEDERATION X-LP
GERIATRIX-Switch Blade-EP	SLEEPWALKERS-Murder Slices-EP
ICKY BOYFRIENDS-Talkin' To You-LP	V/A-Howlin' For My Darlin'-LP

TOM HOPKINS

BLOOD BROTHERS-LP/PIRANHAS-LP	SHOTWELL/MIAMI-split-LP
LE SHOK/REDRUM-live/SKELETOR-EP	CARBURETOR DUNG-EP
MEANWHILE-LP/ZOMBIFIED-EP	AAA-LP/V/A-Teenage Shutdown-LPs
SNIPERS-EP/TRUST FUND BABIES-LP	CONFUSE-LP/SPAWN SACS-EP
PHANTOM SURFERS-LP/UNCURBED-LP	LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR-split-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

PHANTOM SURFERS-XXX Party-LP	SHOTWELL/MIAMI-split-LP
SPLASH 4/CRASH NORMAL-split-EP	TRUST FUND BABIES-LP
WHITE STRIPES/DIRTBOMBS-split-45	SIR DANCEA-LOT/MANGANZOIDS-LP
STEVE MCQUEENS-Nationwide-LP	GERIATRIX-EP/V/A-All Tore Up-LP
V/A-Teenage Shutdown-LPs	DOUG SAHM-CD/REDUCERS SF-45

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

IGNORANCE PARK-live	THE PIRANHAS-Piranhas Attack-LP
ROCK 'N' ROLL STORMTROOPERS-45	TRUST FUND BABIES-LP
S.T.P.-45/SECRET HATE-45	GERIATRIX-Switch Blade-EP
MONKEYWRENCH-Electric Children-LP	GASOLHEADS-EP
WHITE STRIPES/DIRTBOMBS-split-45	LAZY COWGIRLS-Don't Count Me-45

RAY LUJAN

COGS-Viva-CD & live	OF NO AVAIL-Socialies-CD
ANNALISE-CD/REDUCERS SF-45	BEATNIK TERMITES-Bubblecore-LP
JUNIOR VARSITY-Bam Bam Bam-LP	BONECRUSHER-World Of Pain-CD
RIFF RANDELLS-EP/ANNIVERSARY-live	DIALTONES-See Her Tonite-45
JOLLY GUN JACK-Goomba-45	GAMITS-CD/SHIFT D-Pages-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

ACRID-86'd-LP	A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS-EP
CONFUSE-LP/CRISPUS ATTUCKS-CD	CRUCIAL YOUTH-Reissue-CDs
FEAR IS THE PATH TO THE DARKSIDE-EP	LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR-split-EP
V/A-There Is Hardcore-3xCD	Y-Pseudo Youth-CD
V/A-Bad Music For Bad People-CD	MEANWHILE-Same Shit-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

BLOOD BROTHERS-Adultery Is Ripe-LP	CARBURETOR DUNG-Sheep-EP
CRUCIAL YOUTH-Reissue-CDs	INFLICTED/SEGUE-split-LP
KLAUS APPEL-EP/UNCURBED-LP	LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR-split-EP
MONKEYWRENCH-Electric Children-LP	QUYD-LP/LIFE'S HALT-live at Gilman
SEX PISTOLS-LP/WHN?-live	SHOTWELL/MIAMI-split-LP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

BELLRAYS-live	V/A-All Tore Up-LP
PHANTOM SURFERS-XXX Party-LP	GERIATRIX-Switch Blade-EP
TRUST FUND BABIES-LP	THE JONESES-Criminal History-CD
THE PIRANHAS-Piranhas Attack-LP	GROOVIE GHOULIES-Travels-LP
REDUCERS SF-No Control-45	ROCK 'N' ROLL STORMTROOPERS-45

ARWEN CURRY

SHOTWELL/MIAMI-split-LP	ZOMBIFIED-Cider & Glue-EP
A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS-EP	SLEEPWALKERS-EP/KURO-LP
UNCURBED-Keep The Banner Up-LP	JACK PALANCE BAND-Dalton, GA-EP
SPAWN SACS-Fun-EP	TEM EYOS KI-EP/GREEN HORNES-EP
THE PIRANHAS-Piranhas Attack-LP	CRIMSON SWEET-EP/CONFUSE-LP

SEAN SULLIVAN

THE BLOOD BROTHERS-LP/GC5-EP	SKELETOR-EP/UNCURBED-LP
CRUCIAL YOUTH-CDs/MEANWHILE-LP	WHITESTRIPES/DIRTBOMBS-split-EP
A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS-EP	FEAR IS THE PATH...-EP
LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR-split-EP	TRUST FUND BABIES-LP/ACRID-LP
SHOTWELL/MIAMI-split-LP	PHANTOM SURFERS-XXX Party-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

NIBLICK HENBANE-And We Fall-CD	REDUCERS SF. -No Control-EP
GC5-EP / TRUST FUND BABIES-LP	TERMINUS CITY - My Castle-EP
SUBURBAN THREAT-American Punk-CD	SNIPERS-Blood Sucking Freaks-EP
V/A -Brewed In Canada-CD	AGNOSTIC FRONT / ANTI HEROS- live
LAGER LADS-The Good & The Bad-CD	SKELETOR-EP / ZOMBIFIED-EP

MAX WARD

SECOND THOUGHT-They Tore-EP	ACRID-86'd-LP
UNCURBED-Keep The Banner Up-LP	COMATOSE-EP
ULSTER-Ulsterror-CD	FACE OF CHANGE-Keep Balance-CD
FAMILY-I, Me, Mine-CD	V/A-Hardcore: True Or False-CD
CONFUSE-LP/KURO-LP	LIFE'S HALT-live at Gilman

RYAN WELLS

SPLASH 4/CRASH NORMAL-split-EP	ICKY BOYFRIENDS-Talkin' To You-LP
V/A-Twist-A-Rama-CD	DIALTONES-Introducing-EP
DOWNLINERS SECT-Nite In Gt.-EP	WHITE STRIPES/DIRTBOMBS-split-45
SPAWN SACS-Fun fun fun fun-EP	HOMOPLASTIK-Moj Zivot Je Novi-EP
V/A-Teenage Shutdown-LPs	A-FRAMES-live

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

GERIATRIX-Switch Blade-EP	SHORT FUSES-Get The Hell Down-LP
VALENTINE KILLERS/LOUDMOUTHS-EP	PHANTOM SURFERS-XXX Party-LP
STEVE MCQUEENS-Nationwide-LP	LAZY COWGIRLS-Somewhere Down-LP
V/A-Teenage Shutdown-LPs	DIALTONES-See Her Tonite-45
GROOVIE GHOULIES-Travels-LP	LAZY COWGIRLS-Don't Count Me-45

ZINE TOP TEN

Aramenation #1	Complete Control #6
Faggo #2	FTW #4
PTBH! #7	Kiss Off #5
Flipside #121	Resist #37
Short, Fast & Loud #5	Twat #2

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#143/April '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, "Maximum Crime Stories," "Pioneers —Northwest Noise pt. 4".

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree, Russy Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music, Defiance, Real MacKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp,

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U. Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall" articles.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, best punk singles of the '90s, reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, Charlie Brown Gets A Valentine, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested.

HOPSCOTCH

RAISING MONEY TO OFF MARK McCOY!

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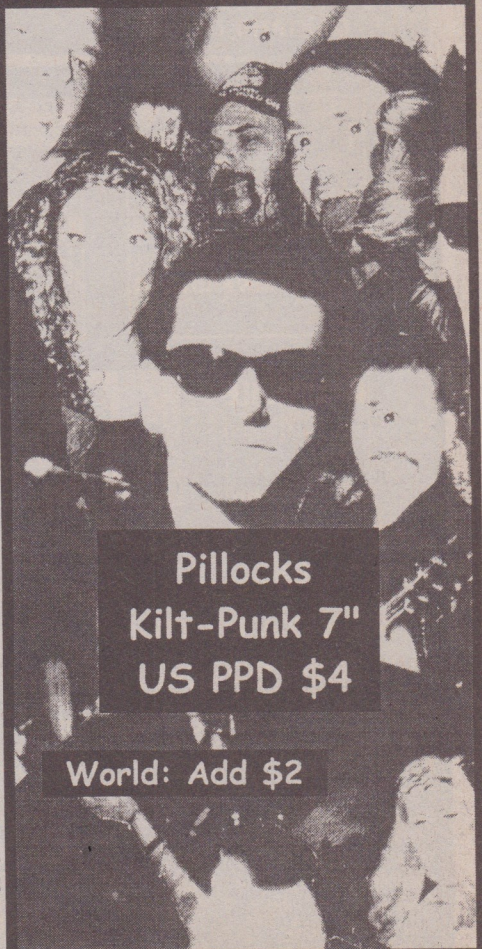

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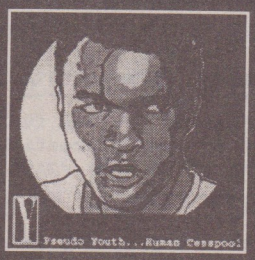

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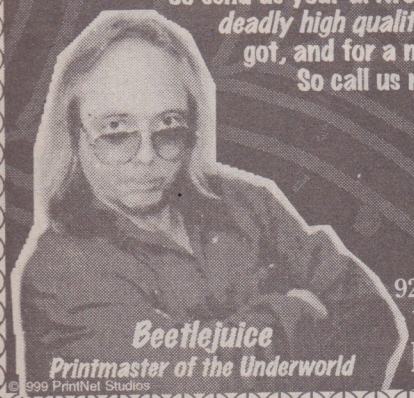

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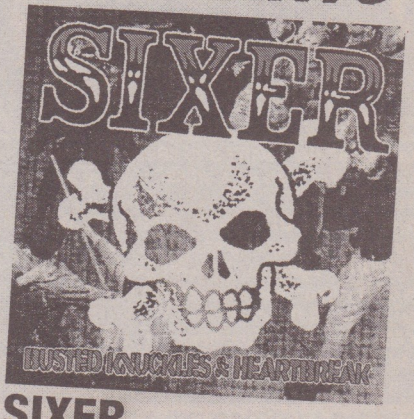

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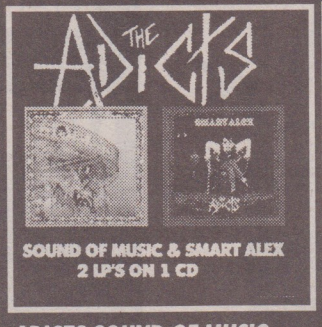

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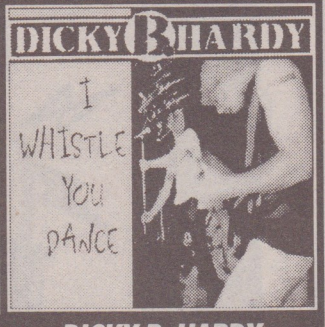

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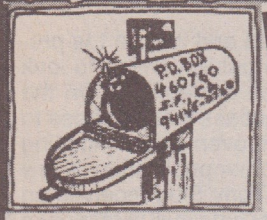
Letters



Dear *MRR*,
Hello. I have never written a letter to any zine before complaining about a bad or negative review I have received. My fanzine *Upheaval*, issue #5, was reviewed in *MRR* #203 by Aragorn. I felt the review was rather poorly done and that Aragorn somehow neglected to include a good deal of the zine's content in the review. It was all information that was important to the review. I am not going to go on and on chastising Aragorn for doing a crappy job, because sometimes these things happen. I would, however, like to list a few things for your readership that they might find interesting and perhaps feel inclined to send me a couple dollars for a copy of my zine.

Upheaval #5 contains in its pages interviews with Protest, who are a great thrash band from Singapore, Hog, who play Mexican hc thrash, and Dios Hastio, who are the premiere Peruvian Euro hc band. Number five includes a five-page article educating the reader on cooking with marijuana, including a vegan alternative to using butter. There are six pages of artwork that are in my opinion both well done and interesting to look at. There is a centerfold page of photos of all your favorite thrash bands (trust me!), nine columns, rants some by by friends, and a couple by me, but it definitely spices up the zine. And maybe one or two other things.

So if you turn back to issue #203 of *MRR* and look up the *Upheaval* #5 review, you will see that quite a number of important things were left out, and in my opinion the things that were listed were misrepresented. So you might think that I am a jerk for making this letter into somewhat of an informal ad, but I just wanted to try and refute the statements made in the review I received because I care too much about punk rock and diy and networking and correspondence to not try and let people know what I really have to offer. Thank you for your time. Sincerely,
Craig/ *Upheaval* fanzine/ PO Box 471/ Allston, MA 02134

MRR,
Hi, I'm Daniel here at C.C.C.C. in Washington. Well to start this out, I just finished reading *MRR*'s March 2000 issue, #202. That is what inspired me to write this. I had read the column ("Zines Behind Bars") by Sean Guillory. For a while I thought I was the only one getting mail rejection notices for my subscription to *MRR*. In all the prisoner's columns I've read, I don't believe I've heard anyone saying anything about getting rejected zines. Well for me, every other month I get a rejection notice for my *MRR* subscription saying "Your *Maximum Rocknroll* magazine depicts racial writings," and for that reason it is being rejected. I then fill out an appeal form sent with a portion of a page from *MRR* that says "No racist, sexist, fascist material." So I do end up receiving them, a month or so later.

It's funny to me to see how blind, or should I say stupid, a lot of these Corrections Officers are. The main reason for the rejections are because of the column ("The Fourth Reich") by Dave Emory. Did they actually read the column? Hell no, I don't think so. They see the swastika and the iron cross over a hundred dollar bill. That gives them the conclusion that this was a racist zine. Which leads me to another story. I was up at the library reading a book that was sent to me in a quarterly package. The book was *Profit Over People: Neoliberalism and World Order* by Noam Chomsky. Well, anyways, I was reading it when a Corrections Officer (C.O.) asked what it was I was reading. I told him the title of the book. He made the comment, "Wow, how were you able to get a book like that get in here?" I told him it came in my package. He then went ahead and walked away. About a half an hour later, I was approached by an inmate asking about the book. I was kind of surprised. I told him the title of the book. He then asked what it was about. I explained it to him the best I could so he would understand. That's when I was told the C.O. was telling people it was a book on Nazism. I was pissed. I went up and confronted the C.O. about why he would make up such lies and accusations. His reply was "You said the word 'neo'". Finally I got that mess taken care of. It's already bad enough I have to deal with all this macho racist bullshit with other inmates. That is just one of the many ways in which the Department of Corrections (DOC) helps increase the racism in the prison system. As long as the inmates are fighting each other, it keeps our attention off the Corrections Officers. Thanks for listening.
Daniel Reddin #798756/ Cedar Creek Corrections Center/ Olympic Unit/ PO Box 37/ Littlerock, WA 98556

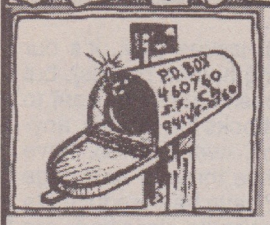
PS I would appreciate if anyone can send any zines they have lying around, or anyone who is bored enough and would like to write a prisoner, I will respond. Thanks again.

Dear *MRR*,
Did anybody else find it odd that the letter from "Pathetic Loser" in *MRR* #202, complaining about the lack of letters in the letters page from people trying to make new friends and pen-pals, didn't have an address to write to Pathetic Loser himself? I guess ol' PL wants to encourage more lonely kids to start writing each other, but doesn't really have that problem himself. But seriously folks, I happen to agree with Mr. Loser in that nobody seems to want any new friends, just new people to argue politics with. Sure, it's great that people are concerned with political and social issues (hell, it's our duty as free thinking human beings), but for fuck's sake, doesn't anybody want to talk about comic books or movies anymore? Or rock&roll, even? I, too, have noticed that the once three or four page classifieds in *MRR* have been reduced to one page, and most of the classifieds are merely selling videos or t-shirts and the like. I think it may have to do fear of being made a jack-ass of. A friend of mine recently told me he was thinking about taking out an ad in order to try and get chicks and I warned him off of it. But now I say fuck it. I'm just as pathetic as you are, so address all correspondence to:
Jimmy the Worm/ 444 Ballantyne St., Apt. C/ El Cajon, CA 92020

MRR and punk rocks everywhere—
Simon from Ugly Pop Records in Toronto here. Late in 1998, we pressed *Reproach*, a comp 7" of bands doing Negative Approach covers. One of the bands on the record, Australia's Rupture, recently released a CD of stray tracks that included their contribution, along with a liner note calling "Reproach" a bootleg due to their not receiving copies from us. This is not the case. Rupture vocalist Andrew has owed me records for a long time, and therefore their 90 copies of the EP were sent to ex-Rupture drummer Mike Newman, who played on the recording and apparently even selected the track they covered, instead of Andrew's address. Andrew was made well aware of this—along with a query as to the status of the records he still owes me—in a reply to a fax he sent me. Nothing further was heard until the release of the new CD.

Anyways, attempting to clean up the mess left by the con artist originally behind the whole *Reproach* project has been trying enough, so we certainly have no desire to engage in any further nonsense. If anyone has any questions, please feel free to email me at uglyxpop@yahoo.com. Especially write if your band recorded for *Reproach* but was not on the 7" (and hasn't yet got copies) or you want your DAT back. I know there are a few bands that we'd like to give a few copies to (Sheer Terror, Kisses & Hugs, 24 Ideas?); I don't have the DATs, of course, but I can give you contact info for the person who does. Hopefully she'll decide to finally do the right thing. Thanks,
Simon/ Ugly Pop/ 2 Bloor St. West/ Suite 100 Box 477/ Toronto, ON/ M4W 3E2/ Canada.

Hi,
I just thought that I'd drop a line responding to The Juddinator's letter in issue #204 that said I claimed Vulture Rock "is a non-racist sup-



porting label since they happened to release a record by Soldier 76, a multi-racial band." Well after reading my review again, I can see how you thought that was what I meant. But in layman's terms... whoops, I mean layperson's terms (I don't want another letter), I was trying to say was that Soldier 76 is obviously not a racist band, which puts them in the clear of the many "isms" that are often associated with Vulture Rock. I guess my review wasn't very clear as to what I was trying to say. Um, I think that's all. Stay awesome Judd.
Neale

Dear *MRR*:

From its inception *Hit List*'s main objectives have been 1) to promote personal freedom, 2) to undermine intellectual orthodoxies by consciously breaking a wide variety of social and cultural taboos, and, in the process, 3) to offend, annoy, and irritate various puritanical, humorless, dogmatic, and censorial elements within the punk scene. For this very reason, in every issue of *Hit List* we have gone out of our way to provoke, tweak, and bait "PC punks" in the hope of generating a strong reaction and, ultimately, an open debate. Rather than being worried about offending such people, we have been licking our chops awaiting the opportunity to confront them openly and publicly expose their hypocrisy and totalitarian impulses. Although I have long doubted their capacity to do so, my most fervent hope was that at least some of those who took the bait would end up providing us with a real intellectual challenge. Alas, they have yet to do so. On the contrary, far from being able to argue their cases in a coherent manner, on those rare occasions when they've even had the courage to crawl out from under the rocks where they normally skulk and hide, they have almost invariably taken the scoundrel's way out by indulging in nothing but vicious personal slanders and ham-fisted efforts to intimidate and silence. Not surprisingly, these traits were exhibited to full effect in the "Anonymous" letter published in *MRR* #203.

I'm sorry to say that there was very little about this incident that I found surprising. First, it didn't surprise me at all that *MRR* would willingly provide a forum to some anonymous person who sought to smear me personally by accusing me of promoting "Blatent [sic] fucking racism", although such a blatant breach of normal journalistic ethics would have been eye-opening had any other publication done so. Most magazines do not allow their letters sections to be used by third parties to launch virulent attacks on other magazines, since these sections are typically reserved for responses to articles and other material that appeared in their own publications. Has *The Nation* ever published a letter in its letters section solely devoted to attacking something that appeared in, say, *The National Review*? Or vice versa? No. This is as it should be. I might also point out that *Hit List* has received numerous letters from readers who have expressed exceedingly venomous opinions about *MRR* and its staff, but we were never even tempted to publish them because, as is the case with most magazines, our letters section is reserved exclusively for readers who wish to respond – and respond intelligently – to something that appeared in our own magazine. Indeed, on several occasions I informed the letter writers that the appropriate and ethical way to deal with such complaints was to send their letters directly to *MRR*. On other occasions I even defended *MRR* against what I felt were mean-spirited and irresponsible charges and slurs. Given the regular use of *MRR* as a bully pulpit, I naturally didn't expect anyone over there to reciprocate or show me equal consideration, and in this respect I certainly wasn't disappointed.

Unfortunately, this reprehensible policy of allowing disgruntled third parties to launch attacks on other people in the letters section has a long and sad history at *MRR*. Tim Yohannan himself tacitly encouraged punks to use *MRR* as a sort of parental surrogate, i.e., as a forum to air their grievances and gripes about everything that happened within (and even outside of) the punk scene, a policy which gave a green light to every immature reader who sought to vent his or her anger and hostility, justifiable or not, toward anything and anyone within that scene who offended them. Over the years this has resulted in a number of "scandals," since all sorts of spiteful little pricks were allowed to accuse other people, often falsely, of ripping them off, raping them, selling out, expressing "evil" thoughts, or otherwise "doing them wrong". But there was one fundamental difference between Tim, who was always forthright in terms of his own views and actions, and the current editorial staff at *MRR*. If someone proffered serious, not to mention scurrilous, charges against another individual in a letter, Tim almost always endeavored to actually contact the accused party to get his or her side of the story before publishing the letter itself. If he thought there were problems with the accusations, he either refused to run the letter or, at the very least, came to the defense of the accused. Moreover, in such instances he generally allowed the accused parties to defend themselves publicly.

Second, it doesn't surprise me at all that the letter writer turned out to be an abject coward. On the one hand, he was too chicken-shit to level such ridiculous and fraudulent charges against me by sending a letter directly to *Hit List*, where he no doubt realized that his assertions would immediately be demolished and that, in the process, he would be publicly made to look like the fool that he evidently is. On the other, he was so gutless that he chose to remain anonymous even when choosing to attack me in another publication. A few months ago, after Tony Slug received an anonymous piece of hate mail in response to his column in *Hit List*, I told him that people who were too cowardly to express their opinions openly were not entitled to the slightest bit of respect or consideration. This would clearly be applicable to "Anonymous", who can barely construct a sentence, much less an argument - had *MRR* not tacitly sanctioned his libelous claims by publishing them without comment or challenge, not to mention without giving me an opportunity to counter my accuser's bogus assertions in the very same issue. By handling the matter in this unethical way, the magazine became a willing accessory in an effort to smear me and indirectly instigate a boycott against one of its chief competitors. As a proponent of unfettered free speech I certainly do not contest their right to publish an anonymous letter of this type, but doing so scarcely does credit to the magazine's proclaimed morality, much less its faltering reputation. Once again, the editors at *MRR* have made it abundantly clear that real diversity of opinion within the punk scene is anathema to them.

The only thing about this whole matter that does actually surprise me is that "Anonymous'" efforts to portray me as a racist were so utterly inept and unconvincing. Indeed, this self-described "true punk" (or "TP", as I prefer to call him or her) doesn't present a single actual argument, but rests his "case" entirely on unsubstantiated assertions, out-of-context quotes, and juvenile insults. On this nonexistent basis, he then urges other "true punks" to suppress our sinful views by boycotting our magazine. Alas, the only thing he has actually ended up demonstrating is that he can't even understand plain English, much less "read between the lines."

Although it's difficult to discern his actual point given the total absence of an argument, perhaps we should deduce from his letter that criticizing and satirizing particular youth fashions has now been added to the large and ever-growing list of "thought crimes", at least as far as certain constipated circles within the punk scene are concerned. Or, perhaps, that any white person who dares to criticize or make fun of any black person for any reason whatsoever, no matter how justifiable, is automatically a "racist". It wouldn't surprise me at all if "TP" actually believed such nonsense, but let's give him the benefit of the doubt by first identifying a simple yet crucial error in logic that he seems to have made, an error so basic that it would be obvious to any intelligent 14-year old, and then by pointing out a spurious argument he seems to endorse that is typical of the

extreme (albeit utterly hypocritical) moral relativism characteristic of the PC left. Apparently, "TP" believes the following:

1) that criticizing any portion of a given human group is tantamount to criticizing the entire group, and

2) that criticizing human groups, wholly or in part, is intrinsically "racist" or "hateful"

Let's have a closer look at these two faulty assumptions, shall we?

It is obviously absurd to suggest that criticizing certain elements of particular groups is synonymous with criticizing the entire group. Criticizing the fashions, values, and intelligence of black gangsters (and their would-be emulators, black or white) can hardly be construed as anti-black, any more than criticizing the fashions, values, and intelligence of Mafia "wise guys" can be construed as anti-Italian. Using a more direct analogy, suppose I claimed that anyone wearing white sheets and a hood was basically conveying the following message to the world: "I'm a misogynistic, racist moron with an IQ of 50, the fashion sense of a freemason, and the moral character of a violent sociopath...what'choo think of that, boy?" Would anyone in their right mind accuse me of being anti-white? Of course not. If I made fun of the reactionary values and stringent dress codes of Orthodox Jewish Hasids, could I justly be labeled as "anti-Semitic"? No. Yet that is precisely the simpleminded approach that "TP" has adopted in his ridiculous letter. (The same elementary error of logic was also made by Arwen Curry in her snide column, when she asserted that I "dismiss[ed] young Black males with a wave of [my] hand", as if criticizing young black gangsters, black gangster wannabes, and (especially) white gangster wannabes was equivalent to criticizing all young black males.) If disliking misogynistic, racist, and violent thugs who happen to be black can be construed as "racist", an antipathy which sensible people of all races share, then so be it. (It goes without saying that it's their debased moral values and thuggish behavior that bother me, not their skin color.) Likewise, if expressing the opinion that gaudy hip hop fashions are irredeemably ugly makes me a "racist", another opinion which is widespread among ethnically diverse people who are not aesthetically challenged, so be it.

Moving on to "TP"'s second confused argument, even if I was in fact criticizing all blacks for something, which was clearly not the case here, that in and of itself would not make me a "racist" either. For example, if I were to lambaste 19th-century Hindus for their long-standing custom of burning surviving wives alive at their husbands' funerals (sati), or if I were to indict entire African tribes for forcibly administering clitorectomies to young girls – in each case acknowledging the fact that not every single Indian or African male actually participated in these gruesome actions or necessarily approved of such barbaric practices – would that make me a "racist"? Only if you believe that no one has the right to criticize the customs and values of other human groups, no matter how appropriate and just those criticisms may be. (Certainly, the majority of PC totalitarians who, by definition, mindlessly and abusively criticize "white males" or denounce Western Civilization in toto can also be accused of "racism" and "ethnocentrism" according to that criterion. Such people clearly believe that one should only be allowed – if not required – to criticize "oppressive" white male heterosexuals and "genocidal" European civilization, however unjustly, whereas all other groups and cultures should be entirely immune from criticism, however legitimate. As per usual, the double standards endemic to "political correctness" are painfully obvious.) The simple fact is that "TP" doesn't have any basis whatsoever for making scurrilous charges of racism against me, although a total lack of evidence and logic doesn't seem to dissuade him in the slightest degree.

At this point, some observations about the meaning and usage of the terms "racism" and "racist" are in order. In the past, the label "racist" was reserved exclusively for those who 1) believed that all members of particular racial groups shared similar, if not identical, distinguishing (and predominantly disreputable) characteristics and, on the basis of that absurd notion, 2) treated the members of that particular group differently from other people, typically in a tangibly negative way. Nowadays, of course, the term is widely and abusively employed to smear anyone who dares to express opinions that self-professed "anti-racists" dislike. (I say "self-professed", because in our Orwellian era almost all of these so-called "anti-racists" themselves openly promote the adoption or maintenance of policies which are intrinsically and blatantly discriminatory toward particular racial groups, whereas those who firmly oppose discrimination on the basis of race or ethnicity by advocating the "color blind" treatment of all individuals solely on the basis of merit – which was, it should be emphasized over and over again, the essential objective of the original Civil Rights movement – are regularly accused of being "racists".) Indeed, we have now reached the point, as sociologist Paul Hollander has rightly noted, where "almost any reservation about the conduct or performance of any member of certain favored minority groups calls forth the 'racist' epithet." Therefore, most people, rightly fearing that they will be maliciously branded as "racists", feel the need to censor themselves in order to avoid saying anything at all that might offend so-called "anti-racists" and various self-interested ethnic advocacy groups.

This, of course, is exactly what the latter are hoping for, since their fundamental goal is to intimidate and silence everyone who refuses to accept their own reprehensible racial double standards. Make no mistake about it, though – many of these self-proclaimed "anti-racists" are themselves far more racist than most of those they accuse of being "racist". Like outright white supremacists, they are the ones who are fanatically obsessed with the subject of race. They are the ones who insist on viewing people as mere representives of racial groups rather than as unique individuals. They are the ones who falsely ascribe "higher" moral values to members of certain racial groups. They are the ones who blithely adopt spurious notions of collective guilt, e.g., by accusing all whites of being racists, even though millions of whites are not now and have never been racist. (By the way, claiming that "all whites are racist" is every bit as racist, not to mention stupid, as saying that "all blacks are lazy".) And they are the ones who regularly use and openly advocate the systematic employment of racial double standards. For example, whenever individual blacks behave in despicable ways, this is almost invariably attributed – though concrete evidence is rarely if ever produced to substantiate this claim – to the alleged "fact" that they are "victims" of "oppression", "discrimination", "racism", and/ or "poverty", all of which are implicitly or explicitly blamed on whites, whereas when individual whites do so other large social forces are rarely cited in an effort to mitigate their personal responsibility. This is all very convenient for the "anti-racists", since it allows them to blame whites for everyone's moral failures and behavioral flaws. It also permits them to absolve blacks and members of other favored minority groups from all personal responsibility for their own actions since, like supposedly "innocent" children, they can't really be expected to control their impulses or fairly be held to the same standards of behavior, accountability, and accomplishment as everyone else. If this isn't a clearcut example of paternalistic and blatantly racist double standards, I don't know what is. Once such ludicrous and insulting double standards have been uncritically accepted or internalized, though, it is hardly surprising that any and all criticism of members of minority groups is perceived as "racist", no matter how legitimate that criticism may be.

For the benefit of more open-minded *MRR* readers who did not actually read my original column, it was essentially meant to be a humorous but vitriolic commentary delineating my subjective opinions about various youth fashions, past and present. After listing various sub- and countercultural "fashion statements" that I thought were especially sharp-looking, I then went on to identify several that I found aesthetically repulsive. It should be em-

phasized that all of the specific fashions in the latter group that I satirized, with one exception, were associated with various white youth cultures. The one exception was the "hip hop gangster wannabe look", which I do happen to consider the ugliest of the whole bunch. In each instance, moreover, I not only poked nasty fun at the fashions themselves but also generalized for literary effect about the foolish people who tended to wear them. (Curiously, no one has yet attacked me for satirically suggesting that Mai Tais, bongs, and vacant expressions can be associated with "beach punks".) And even in connection with my criticism of hip hop fashions, my vitriol was aimed especially at stupid white wannabes who are desperately seeking to be "cool" or obtain "street cred" by adopting black gangster fashions and emulating vulgar black gangster lingo. Such people are now widely referred to by blacks and whites alike as "wiggers", i.e., "white niggers", and indeed are openly and justifiably parodied both by blacks themselves (who rightly view them as pathetic phonies) and by whites (as in the Offspring's hilarious "Pretty Fly for a White Guy"). The sole reason why I went out of my way to cite neo-Nazi lyrics attacking such "white niggers" was to piss hypersensitive PC types like "TP" off. Obviously, this proved to be an eminently effective tactic, since he foolishly took the bait. I say all this merely by way of explanation (not that anyone with an IQ above 75 should even require one). I stand by every single remark that I made and have no intention of apologizing to anyone for them, either in this forum or anywhere else. If "TP" and others of his lowbrow ilk don't like it, that's just too damn bad. However, I do urge all those *MRR* readers who are really interested in understanding the overall context within which I wrote the intentionally provocative, inflammatory remarks excerpted (dishonestly) by "TP" to have a look at Hit List #6 and decide for themselves, instead of accepting his hysterical, ill-informed response at face value. "Don't believe the hype", as Public Enemy once put it.

In the final analysis, claiming that someone is a "racist" (or a "communist", or a "subversive", or a "fascist", or a "sexist", or a "pervert") doesn't in and of itself make them one, no matter how frequently such a calumny is repeated, any more than insisting that the earth is flat makes it so. Although neither "Anonymous" nor the editors at *MRR* seem to realize this, the bulk of the magazine's readers are presumably more intelligent than that. If not, punk truly is dead.

Jeff Bale

PS Ironically, in the very same issue of *MRR* (#203), a blatant example of bigotry and racism can be found in Lefty Hooligan's column. Although Lefty clearly recognizes and acknowledges the fact that he is displaying irrational prejudices, he nonetheless openly promotes a number of reprehensible negative stereotypes about Germans. Anyone who doubts this has only to replace the word "Germans" with the preferred ethnic group of their choice. So much for *MRR*'s much ballyhooed "anti-racism". Perhaps "Anonymous" will write in again and urge that "all punx and skins" boycott *MRR*.

Jeff,

First, I'd like to reassure our readers that although both Jeff's letter and my response are painfully long, I have no intention of dragging on a prolonged argument that concerns only a handful of people and is understood by fewer. MRR *has no intent to call for a boycott of* Hit List. *I am not bloodthirsty, have no sinister designs toward* Hit List, *and have limited energy for this sort of thing. I do think, however, that Jeff's torrent of criticisms requires that I clarify some points about* MRR*'s policies and attitudes.*

Jeff is talented at turning the force of criticism away from himself and hurling it back at his perceived attackers: in this case, an anonymous letter writer in MRR *#203, and* MRR*'s current coordinators, me in particular. I hope that he does not succeed in directing attention away from his own column, however, which in my opinion was the initial provocation for all of this yammering.*

I will address the arguments in his letter, but only after I have revisited Jeff's column in Hit List *#6. Note that none of the quotes were taken out of context.*

In this column, Jeff details predominantly white-kid "youth culture" subgroups over the last 50 years or so. He wraps this discussion up by claiming that the worst "look" of all is the "(wannabe) gangster hip-hop look."

According to his description, people in this group share the following qualities: "phony African hairstyles or shaved heads," baggy clothes and gold jewelry, Malcolm X badges, big athletic shoes, "Yo's galore (you know what I'm sayin'?), gang hand signals, crack pipes," and "moronic sneers."

"When someone wears that type of garish garb," writes Jeff, "they're basically conveying the following message to the rest of the world: 'I'm a misogynistic, racist moron with an IQ of 50, the moral character of a violent sociopath, and the fashion sense of a pimp... you know what I'm sayin'? Word!'"

He then goes on to say that "white niggers" are worse...There are very few things that are more pathetic than a dopey honky 'homeboy' who's desperately trying to look and act like a pathological black 'brutha.' Axe me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

This follows the structure of his other descriptions, with a few key differences: 1) None of the other descriptions make reference to race, 2) None of the other descriptions make reference to intelligence or morality, 3) None of the other descriptions make reference to language as an indicator of intelligence or morality, and 4) While the other descriptions describe very specific cultural groups with some accuracy, the description of "pathological black bru-thas" is nothing more than an amalgamation of negative stereotypes and is not descriptive of a real, identifiable sub-group of people. This is the essence of the problem.

For example, hip-hop culture, whether or not it is of the "gangster" variety, has never, to my knowledge, celebrated smoking crack. Selling crack, occasionally, but even this is a distinct faction of hip-hop culture that is not representative of the whole, though both groups might, if so inclined, wear banana boat (?) athletic shoes or Malcolm X badges.

If you are black, wear baggy pants, listen to hip hop, and have a shaved head, does that qualify you as a crack smoker? Or only as a misogynistic racist moron? Must you possess all of the "gangster" characteristics, or only most?

The sinister bit in here is Jeff's treatment of Black English dialect, which he indicates twice with the phrase "you know what I'm sayin'?" which seems to me a morally and intellectually neutral question, spoken by bus drivers, college students and secretaries all over the nation.

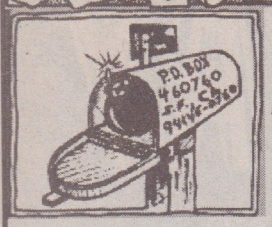
If, like many black Americans, community leaders as well as tough-acting teenagers, you sometimes or always use dialect, does this then make you a misogynistic, racist, "violent sociopath"? I can only assume Jeff is associating Black English (using his "phonetic" spelling of "bru-tha" and "axe," for example) with his "gangster" image.

This isn't new. People have been pointing to dialects, used by cultural minorities and oppressed sub-groups in all the nations of the world, as indicators of inferior intelligence and other unpleasant qualities for as long as language has been a political tool—that is, as long as there has been politics. I'm sure Jeff knows more about this than I do, which makes it less tolerable.

I am not suggesting that "criticizing certain elements of particular groups (is) synonymous with criticizing the entire group." But in Jeff's column, unlike in his descriptions of "white" fashions, no recognizable sub-group of Black people was indicated. Instead, qualities which many, if not most, Black people share (like the use of dialect) were used to indicate a morally and intellectually inferior criminal element.

And if, in fact, the "sociopathic underclass black culture" is "utterly alien" to the white kids who ape it, I can only assume it is also utterly alien to Jeff. This is the point of my column in MRR *#203, which tried to communicate (albeit too*

Letters



indirectly and self-referentially) that the very least privileged people can do is refrain from using their privilege to come to insulting and unfounded conclusions about people less privileged than themselves.

I am not interested in labeling Jeff a racist. I don't find that very useful, and I think flamboyantly throwing the label around muddies up its significance. But you have to call it when you see it, which is what I did, and what the anonymous letter-writer did, in a different sort of way. MRR did not "indirectly instigate a boycott against one of its chief competitors," or "smear" Jeff's character or reputation here— two individuals, acting individually, just insisted that he be held accountable for his own published words.

A world in which I would not react, out of politeness or fear, would be very different from the idealized world of open dialogue that Jeff claims to actively seek.

Now in regard to Jeff's criticisms of MRR's letters policies, I want to make the following observations.

1. Hit List, as Jeff has stated repeatedly, seeks to provoke and offend. Then why is he indignant when someone—like "Anonymous," or myself—is provoked? That would seem to be the natural progression, and not a cause for uproar.

Probably Anonymous did not send his letter to Hit List because, according to Jeff's own standards, it was not likely to be printed at all. It's possible, though, that he feared the lashings of Jeff's intellect, as suggested.

It's not surprising that he did not respond on terms more conducive to being crushed by Jeff in debate, nor even in a way Jeff considers intelligent. An opinion is not invalidated just because it is poorly articulated. Listen to punk rock records for examples of blunt, unsophisticated, emotional responses to perceived wrongdoing.

2. Our printing a letter is not equivalent to our promoting the viewpoint therein, as Jeff insinuates. The letters section is not a vehicle for editorial opinion, except when we respond to a letter-writer in print. Even then, it does not represent the opinions of the entire MRR staff, which he knows.

We may print a letter because we think the argument is valid, whether or not we agree with it. We may print a letter because it is heart-felt, though it may be badly argued, or for any number of other reasons. But we don't vicariously use other people's letters to bitch with—we're capable of (even renowned for) bitching on our own.

3. The letters section of MRR has been the slate for accusations by punks against other punks. As these are difficult to substantiate, we do not claim that they are accurate. We gleefully print the other side of the story when it comes to who ripped who off in mailorder, or who only carries pre-racist Skrewdriver records, or who leaned on whose table at the More Than Music festival. These are examples of accusations punks make against other punks in our "forum."

4. Anonymous did not make an accusation. Instead, he quoted excerpts from Jeff's column and interpreted them as racist. If a letter had accused Jeff, for example, of racist violence, we would not have printed it without contacting him, and almost definitely not then.

5. Anonymous begins his letter with "MRR, I don't know how I could distrust you and your reader's judgments." It is just as likely, since he claims to have been a Hit List reader, that he is referring to my letter printed in Hit List #2 as something appearing in MRR in determining this. In any case, he makes reference to an MRR column and to what he supposes is our mass opinion, so it is not correct to say that this letter had no relevance to MRR and was "solely attacking something" that appeared in Hit List.

6. Obviously Jeff is accountable for his printed words, as are we all, and for defending them when they are inflammatory. If his column stirs controversy that expands beyond his own walls and becomes fodder for public debate, then it may appear in any number of publications or conversations beyond his, my, or anyone's control.

7. Anonymous may be a coward. Or he may be protecting the reputation of a sick grandmother, or hiding from the cops. I don't know. The argument for accountability is a fair one, but the fact is that in punk rock publishing, many contributors and readers operate under punk pseudonyms, initials, acronyms, etc. Unless "Scab" is a high-profile punk, for example, "Scab" may as well be Joe Smith may as well be anonymous.

8. Lefty Hooligan's column, in which he examines his racial prejudice toward Germans, was in fact bothersome to me. But people who are one generation away from Hitler's concentration camps, or any sort of mass genocidal activity, are going to have strong feelings about it. The world at large is struggling with how to feel about the Germans, though of course many young Germans were not even born until after the War. Racism, American or otherwise, does not grow in a test tube, away from personal experience and global politics. The more people acknowledge their illogical biases to themselves, the more likely they are to dispel them.

9. As Mykel was slipping yet another "Black man's penis" allusion into his... uh, column this month (and my goat is not gotten, as his drive to sexually categorize all human beings is legendary) he made reference to new, post-Diallo cases of unarmed black men shot down by the NYPD on the basis of racial profiling. The cops' profile of black gangsters' characteristics—though I'm sure it is more thoroughly researched than Jeff's—proved to be just as inaccurate, at the expense of lives. Take note.

7. I am so weary of the right-wing, Fountainhead image that Jeff, Rush Limbaugh, and others have projected, of the lone defender of free thought desperately battling the forces of PC prudishness and repression (as represented by feminists, the left wing, affirmative action advocates, MRR, etc.). This is inaccurate, paranoid, ego-driven nonsense. The fact is, the world's power still lies in the hands of powerful, wealthy, white men, at the expense of women, minorities and the poor, who are not, in fact, organized en masse to restrict free expression and thought. If you doubt this, ask yourself who can be president in this country. Now ask yourself who can really be president. And that is an answer no one should cast aside just for the sake of argument.

Arwen Curry, arwenc@mindspring.com

Jeff,

My only reservation about running that letter in #203 was that it is almost entirely given over to quoting your fashion column in Hit List #6. When Hit List ran Bob Black's piece attacking Ward Churchill's work, you wrote in the intro words to the effect of: I leave it to the readers to make their own judgments based on the piece.

This person was calling you racist, and quoting you to make their point. I do not think you should be calling people "hypersensitive," given that you say how poorly the letter writer made their point while taking five times as much space to (attempt to) refute it. Jeff M.

PS Oh yeah, dressing in today's hip hop-influenced style (as almost every kid I see leaving Mission High School does) is hardly equivalent to wearing Klan robes. Jeff M.

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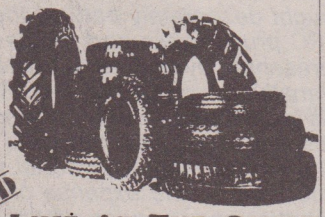

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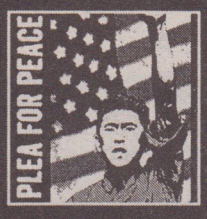

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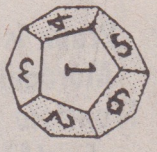

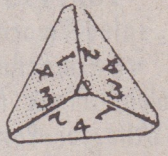

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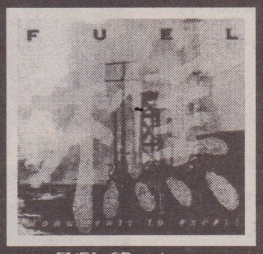

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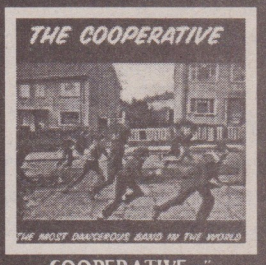

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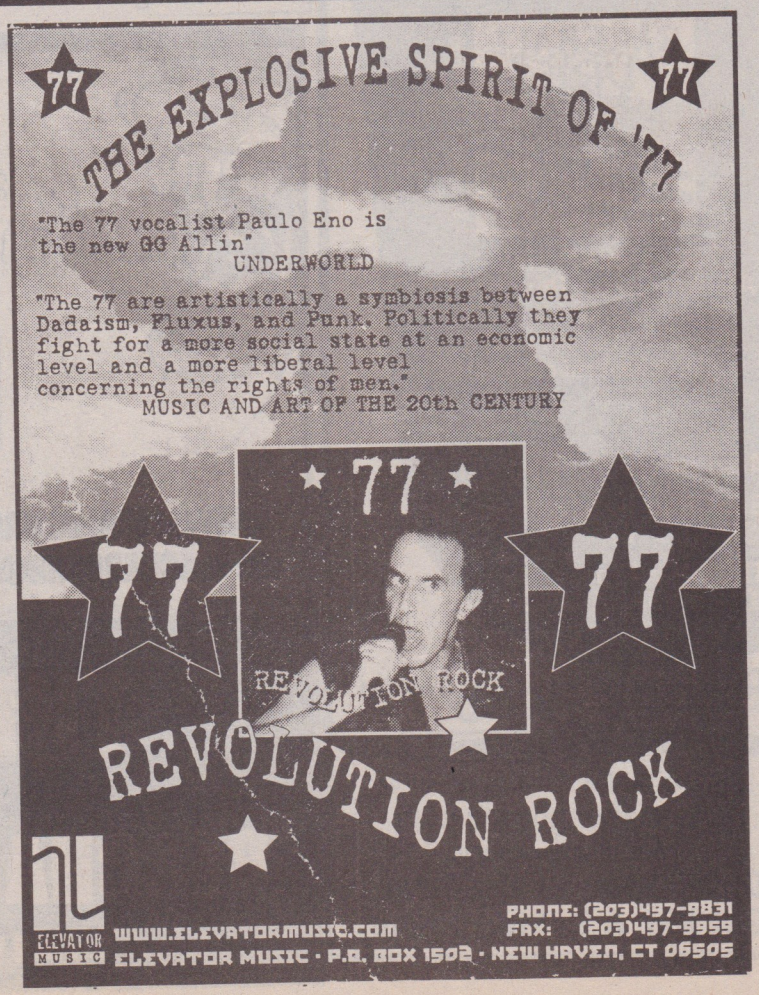

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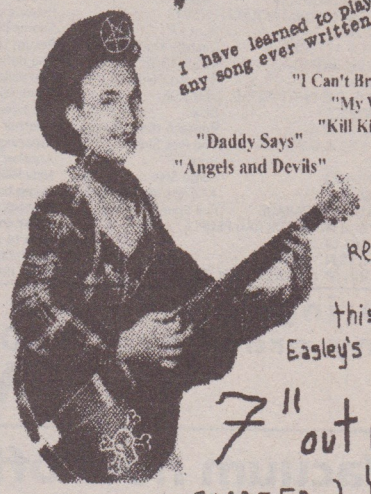

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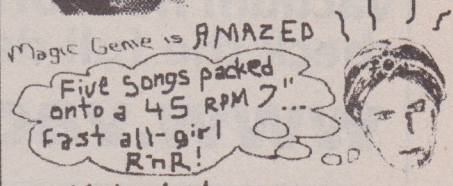

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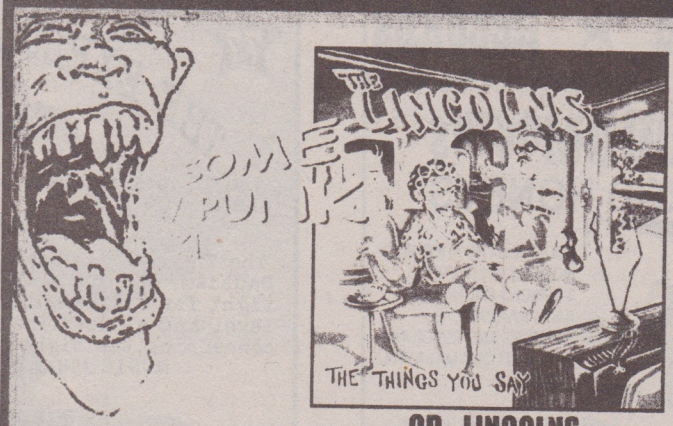

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Columns

Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not editorial policy.

I have long fought the clutches of the internet and remain critical and cynical about this newfound technology, amidst my usual overly positive outlook. I'm a techno-phobe by nature, and not prone to embrace new gadgets or technical electrical devices. Even getting around to using a computer in the first place was a monumentous step for me. For some people these gadgets come naturally. In fact, some people are always trying to get some new thing, some new tool or device to make what they do better, easier, faster; whatever the case may be. Some people are into gadgets for the sake of gadgets. I, on the other hand, am as stubborn as it gets about sticking to what works and not working any new chaos variables into the formula. This is partly out of necessity because my mind just does not work with these technical electrical devices. Not only does it not come naturally, but I seem to have an adverse effect on these items and cause them to stop working. My technical ineptness allows me to know full well when things aren't working as they should, but prohibits me from having the know-how to repair them or get them back to right. I hate to have to read a manual to get something to work and I get stressed out beyond reason over plugs and cords and connections. The bottom line is that I don't even want to deal with it.

My main complaints about the internet have been over the social implications and the need to keep up with the new technologies. From the beginning, I've watched as people got consumed by the new technology—spending enormous amounts of time in front the computer and wasting most of it—either at idle gossip and stupidity, or trying to find some shred of useful information, which always seems to take much longer than it would by other means. The few times I was initially coerced into checking something out I was met by frustration at the amount of time it took to get things to work and ultimately at the fact that most of what I wanted to do didn't work. Well, these things have improved and it's gotten faster and runs smoother. But that of course brings up new problems and perhaps my biggest frustration and complaint. It is near impossible to keep up with the advancing technologies. The more that you become dependent on a computer, the more you are forced to keep up with new versions and programs and ultimately new hardware to run these new programs. I resent the fact that the computer companies are always so many steps ahead of the public and that whatever products are on the market are already obsolete. And that by participating you are essentially forced to be the most passive of consumers and continually spend enormous sums of money in order to keep up. If you're in school, or work in an environment that keeps you up to date with new things and even allows you access or the ability to copy new software - this may not be such a big deal. But if you aren't in school and don't work a computer based job, how the hell are you going to ever keep up? Since in all the other aspects of my life I try to avoid supporting large corporations as much as possible and also avoid trying to have a continual NEED for more things or new things—and especially the societal influence of having to keep up, and continually upgrade, spend more money, all in the name of speed, efficiency and maintenance—the whole computer industry goes against my basic ideals.

It goes back to the problem of this sort of thing coming "naturally" or just plain easily, in the first place. I do OK when I have hands-on learning experiences with someone nearby on-hand to help me out and work through problems—just like at school or a job. But eight years out of college, all of the computer knowledge I once had is now obsolete and nearly irrelevant, making me completely computer inept in the present. I find that I have no technical support on hand and literally no means of working through any malfunctions that occur or even figuring out what kind of plug my computer has. Again, the monopoly the computer industry has on people is frightening—and I just don't see how "regular old folks" can ever begin to be able to afford to "maintain." And I must say that I have made such a point to avoid trying to "maintain" in this manner that I just resent the whole thing. I resent the control of corporations that I fight in all other aspects of my life having any sort of control over me. I don't want to participate and I don't want to play the game.

As for the social implications—I've long been critical of the way in which the internet sucks people in. At this point, all of my criticisms are old and overplayed, however I find that the media and even friends around me are startled by the idea that long-term use and dependence on the internet affects social skills and our ability to communicate with one another. I'll never understand why years later it takes a study and statistics to prove the obvious. It's all too easy to put up a facade, to retreat behind a screen, and to neglect dealing with the reality around you while you're plugged in. And it's also reinforcing the "more, better, faster" mentality of our society. Everything is about being faster. Working faster, moving faster.

I'm all for efficiency and getting as much done at all times, especially since having enough TIME is the very thing that I struggle with the most—and so with that outlook it would seem that I'd embrace any tool that would help me do more with my precious time. But that is not the case with the computer. I find that any time I'm near a computer with the internet, enormous amounts of time are wasted with little positive results. Minutes, if not hours, are sucked away from me, which could have been used much more efficiently in other ways. Yes, there is an enormous amount of information available on-line, and it is probably the best means for networking and spreading information quickly, that I won't argue. However, constantly moving faster does not necessarily ensure quality what we do.

I find that more and more people who are internet-reliant are flaky and have a really hard time following through and really connecting. The messages sent via email are much less personal and much less thought out than words on paper. And even the good, long, personal ones are rendered impersonal by the cold computer screen and likely uncomfortable chair that sits in front of it.

While the idea of immediacy is wonderful, as is talking to friends across the world in a matter of minutes for next to nothing in cost (and these are of course the values that I wouldn't knock)—the more people depend on this form of communication as their only form, the more splintered interactions become. New languages have arisen from the internet as well as new means of communicating. It's really incredible for me to think that there are an awful lot of people who just don't send letters anymore or don't even write with a pen.

For that matter, it's equally shocking that there is a whole new generation of kids that likely have never really written letters. I feel as though something is surely lost by not interacting with people one-on-one; not talking to people and hearing a voice, seeing their handwriting and being outside in the sun and hopefully fresh air. Being holed up in front of a computer in an artificial environment is not healthy. And I really don't think that the faster mode of working makes for

columns

quality exchanges. The way in which people communicate quickly over email reinforces the short attention span of our society. Often little thought is put into what is said in an effort to get the message out even faster. And for all those people who only communicate via the computer, the quality of personal social interactions becomes greatly reduced. And I just don't think that "more better faster" can always replace well-intended thoughtful exchanges and connections. Networking is an awesome thing, but how well do you really get to connect? I think that the faster mentality of this sort of communication also further reinforces the business-minded dealings of people. In the punk community, where I once felt like I really knew the people I exchanged zines with, and the bands whose records I reviewed, and often wrote letters back and forth to over time; these days the speed of the internet does make setting up a tour much easier, finding out about things in other places much easier, even getting to hear a band instantaneously—and none of these things can really be argued with—except that it's so impersonal and businesslike. It forsakes the importance of personal contact in an effort to move faster faster faster.

It's funny, because for years now I've been fighting the internet takeover—and every time I've written about it or aired some of my frustrations and complaints, I've received letters of agreement that condemn the evils of computers, only to be asked for my email address. In a very short amount of time (faster faster faster) the internet has taken over completely. I've felt it dealing with people in the punk scene, as I'm more and more out of touch with things since I'm not plugged in. Events that were once publicized by flyers and word of mouth social interactions, are now simply posted on-line. Everything is on-line, and in the mass media you rarely see or hear phone numbers and addresses anymore—just a dot com. Of course, this has enabled organization on a massive level, like we saw at the WTO protests in Seattle and the upcoming protests in DC. And again—on that level of networking I'm really starting to be convinced. But at the same time, just because you post some information doesn't necessarily mean that it's getting out to all the people that may want or need to know about it. It assumes that people are connected and know where to look, and that is very presumptuous. I think that the use of the internet as a sole networking tool is very over-assuming—that everyone has access—and that isn't the case. While the take-over has spread by leaps and bounds, there are still many, many, people who do not have access to this means of communication and don't understand how it works. It really brings up a lot of class issues, too. There is a growing number of people in this country alone who are unable to pay their bills and feed their kids—how are they going to invest the time and high expense of getting computer technology at their fingertips?

A whole new generation of people—both in society-at-large and in the punk scene—has emerged, that is completely integrated and dependent on the internet, and really don't know anything else, or that there is anything beyond it. The scariest thing about advancing technologies is how fast things really do move. I really started to feel this shift a year ago, though actually, the internet has been integrated into our lives for years now. It's not so different from the CD industry, which seemingly just yesterday the punk scene was in an uproar about—fighting, protesting... and look how quickly that was integrated. I fought the CDs too. I didn't get a CD player for years after most people, much in the same way that I don't have email or a web page years after everyone else does. The funny thing is, though there was real protest over CDs, the internet has been fully integrated. And in many ways, I can't help but see a bigger picture of how corporate control and tech-stock mergers infiltrate our lives to the point of control, before we even realize what has happened. It frustrates me that many people who agree with all that I have to say on the subject will admit that they've given in, that it's inevitable, and then of course will ask me for my email address. Sometimes I just want to scream! But just as soon as I'd like to be talking about resistance and really trying to fight it—I'm all too well aware that the internet is also a valuable tool for activists and organized protest, as well as a brilliant means for staying in touch while traveling (the world), even without a home base. But still, I feel the need to fight it. Obviously I've come around to a degree, where I can even present the counter arguments to myself and see some of the value. And I've even really questioned myself in the past year or so as to the validity of doing a zine that promotes networking and communication, while using a format that in many ways feels more and more obsolete. But I think that even those who embrace the internet need to question themselves about the exclusionary actions of being so singularly focused.

My ultimate frustration and the final straw for me with this issue came when I finally decided to take one of those free internet CDs and load the software into my computer, with the idea that it would be "easier and faster" to try and send my *MRR* column via email. What a mistake that was. The software took up every spare ounce of memory on my computer, and it turned out that I didn't have the built-in modem that I thought I had. In utter hysteria and frustration (the worst part of which perhaps being that just getting to the back of my computer induces all this stress and anxiety that is so great it prohibits me from usually even trying to do so — this is partly because it is physically hard to get the computer turned around due to the space I cram into, and secondly due to the fact that cords and plugs for electrical devices really fucking stress me out). So I call up *MRR* and Sean explains to me that the phone jack in my computer is actually an ether net jack, and that I would have to get a modem. This got me all stressed because I really don't want to "have to get" anything. I find out that the going rate for a modem is about $150, which at this point might as well be thousands, because I just don't have it. It's such huge deal in my life that I even entertained the idea of trying to do this thing that feels so inertly wrong to me—so I ended up talking about it a lot to everyone I came in contact with. I ended up with several people giving me advice —everything from offering old modems that they have, to advising an internal modem. The ease with which people talk about installing chips and boards into computers is mind-boggling to me. Like I said, partially because those chords and plugs really stress me out in a way that isn't rational.

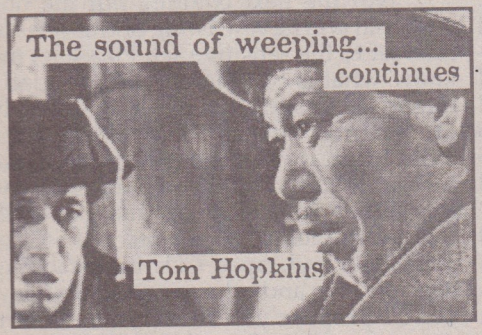
While it's easy for someone to say "oh, you just get a modem and insert it into the open slot," meanwhile, my brain is tweaking, and in my mind the computer is taking on monolithic proportions and I'm fighting some imaginary battle (and losing). When I get talking to my dad (who is an electronics sound guy computer tinker type) who knows nothing about Macs, I usually realize that I actually know a lot more than I give myself credit for. Because I know what doesn't work and what making it all work hinges on. It all comes down to plugs and cords and connections. Why I have such a ridiculous reaction to plugs and cords, I can't fully explain. But when people are talking about plugs and connections it's as if a barrier wall gets thrown up and all of my rational logical thinking shuts down. Hence the stress.

And these random offers of modems all come from non-Mac users. I inquire if they know what I would need to do to make it work on the Mac, which of course no one does. My dad runs by these questions: "Well, do you have a blatitty blah blah plug or a schockity blah blabh plug?" and my brain pinches a bit, because of

Columns

course I don't know, and the thought of pulling out the computer and looking starts to make me panic. At this point I'm nearly hysterical. And I've reverted to tangent mode about a plug, which in one of my finer moments of getting far into a mood, manifests in this bad stereotype of an accent where I call up the 1-800-mac.helpforlosers.com number and saying "Ah neeed a chord fer my computuh" (said with emphasis on the dumb sounding accent). At this point (and I realize it sounds melodramatic) I gave up. So much time had been wasted and I had gotten nowhere (this ordeal actually involves little snippets over a period of time—which included having a deadline to get the (last) column emailed, which was its own fiasco). At any rate, all of these little experiences further reminded me that I was messing with territory that I had previously sworn off and that of course, it's not going to be easy. Much time was wasted, and my computer is still mad at having had all that space-consuming software installed. Even after I deleted it all, my computer is still sluggish and not quite the same. I feel that my worst fear of computer-corruption was realized, without even getting on-line. The most frustrating part was that for all the ways in which society crams the internet down our throats, and seemingly makes it easy for the "idiot,"I find that it's not easy and it's certainly not cheap and once again I feel that I'm ready to head for the hills to live in a tree or a cave.

For direct correspondence, other than asking for my email address, write to Chris(tine) c/o *Slug & Lettuce* * PO Box 26632 * Richmond, VA 23261-6632



I try to include some item of interest besides reviews in each column. "Label Spotlights," "Pioneers of Emo;" something or another. Lately, unfortunately, people have been flaking on their end so, nothing. Therefore, in order to plug up the holes I am opening up the column to reader submissions. Get in touch about what you would like to do, and we'll see what can be worked out.

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The sleekly-dressed beatniks at GSL (PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712) have three new soundtracks to confusion available. Never really ventured a careful listen to GOGOGOAIRHEART. Don't know that the jagged guitar would allow a careful listen. The tempo is the speed of the yanks and tugs between a person's conscience and curiosity at a car wreck. New millennial electro-damaged art sampling nearly constantly plugged in and always unsettling. This LP/CD is the snot spit in the eye that the new romance is missing. Sure to be the schitzo blast at the next Frisco hallway party.

The GSL Remix Series marches on and with this parade, the grand marshall's songs being tweaked and knobbed haven't appeared in their clean form. Yet. The advantage of this 12" remix for THE CONVOCATION OF is that it renders their sound somewhat less a continuation of THE GREAT UNRAVELING. The GREAT UNRAVELING bleed into CONVOCATION OF as not so much an exact sound but a near exact experience, that experience being a painful hammering of repetition. Over and over, round and round, the same notes plucked, picked, and strummed and beats tapped and kicked. Occasionally an apocalyptic perfection is created, with the summoning of eerie feedback and off-balance drumming, all perfectly timed. But this space journey is much too long for me.

Five different colors of the body fluid puddle-shaped vinyl that showcases the seizures of THE LOCUST and ARAB ON RADAR. Mine is mama's milk white! Mmmmmm, nutritious *and* delicious. I was once given this description of ARAB ON RADAR: Ok, DAWSON was as fucked up of a version of the MINUTEMEN that Scotland could produce, and ARAB ON RADAR is a boxing match between DAWSON and the BOREDOMS of JAPAN. THE LOCUST continue to tighten up, speed up, shriek up, and get down. They also are the favorite whipping boys of the internet chat rooms.

And, really. Why is it so damn important for people that every band be nice to them and want to be their friends? Ever consider that, guess what, NO ONE CARES ABOUT THE REALLY COOL ROACH INFESTED VEGAN DINER ACROSS TOWN?

Oh, how I raved about the WAXWING LP of so many months ago. I drifted off to sleep a number of nights stroking its hair and whispering sweet nothings in its ear. More midnight rendezvous to come with the WAXWING/CASKET LOTTERY EP (Second Nature, www.secondnaturerecordings.com). More depressed, but slightly hopeful vocal focus, with the deliberate wall of music being built brick by brick.

As powerful as it gets, it remains suitably stark. I've heard and reviewed CASKET LOTTERY previously. Never felt the urge to skewer them, but neither have I felt particularly moved to look for more description than CHRISTIE FRONT DRIVE inspired Midwestern emo.

Another in a long line of "coming soon" releases from Troubleman (16 Willow Street, Bayonne, NJ 07002): UNWOUND/VERSUS split EP. I've never been more than the occasional UNWOUND listener. Whenever their output has interested me, it fit the mold of "Torch Song" with a straight-line guitar determination, head-shaking bass and drum work, and solid chorus. VERSUS, well, being the darlings of an unusually large number of twerps has kept me away from them. And, yes, they are twerpy, sweater-vest indie rock. And, yes, I don't care.

Now I will mention indie rock in a favorable way. FROM SAFETY TO WHERE blends a raw version of Carolina indie rock (SUPERCHUNK save the pop saturation) and Carolina screamo (raise your hand if you remember the convulsions of EURICH) on their EP (PO Box 11726, Columbia, SC 29211). A clean and succinct CORNELIUS. Quite the intriguing tractor beam at work (for about ten seconds I was backing up, but then I was ready for the shoulder-shaking emo boogie!)

Math-rock fans, get your slide rules out and start calculating the tight rhythms of THE SOUND OF RAILS. I was surprised by the vocal intensity, an ingredient often missing in these musician oriented bands. Even more surprising was the short duration of these songs. Well trained on their instruments, but they don't wank. Strange. The guitar sound leans a bit in the pop direction and the bass is turned down which leaves one without the typical Chicago-area comparisons. I keep thinking of a FUEL and HATED instrumental while this EP is at work, but only faintly. So, maybe for Bob Mould fans? (3 Bay Hopper, PO Box 241709, Omaha, NE 68124)

PC PHOBIA. Well, the name may have one thinking peace-punk/crust. Wrong. New Romance BAUHAUS homage mixed with a reserved version of the anthemic guitar sound the Canadians and Germans are such masters of. Terrible name for a band. (Törnrosas Väg 4 S-386, 96 Färjestaden, SWEDEN)

The info insert that came with the DOLORES EP (Johann's Face, 234 River Road, Topsham, ME 04086) offered the description of "post-punk emo band." Good job, pal, because I can see this at the vegan potluck picnic between some of the recent Gern Blandsten bands and any number of emo-pop bands from the Mid-

Columns

west (hold the bop-bop). Quirk in the bass, but no desire for the rest of DOLORES to run away from guitar hook driven danceability. Wait, not dancing... standing still, arms crossed, and head moving grimly up and down. Some brit-pop creeps in at times. Just so you know.

The split EP with MILEMAKER and YELLOW ROAD PRIEST (a strained vocal screamo band with excellent guitar jangle and bass damage that could be of some interest if their drummer wasn't so miserable) had me ready to jump into the pick up truck and drive straight across the country with the sole purpose of seeking out each member of MILEMARKER for a beat down. FUCK THIS PATHETIC SAMPLING BULLSHIT PLEASE! I guess this is art or the "something new and different and oh so superior" musical experience that will leave crotch-damaging rock and roll in the 20th century? Keep dreaming. ($3, PO Box 6347, Evanston, IL 60204)

Despite the piece of shit above, I bought the MILEMARKER *Frigid Forms Sell* LP (Lovitt, PO Box 248, Arlington, VA 22210). I watched them at Gilman, found them extremely boring to watch, but as I listened to them from the couch in the Gilman snack counter, I thought there was something eking to bust out of their by-the-numbers performance. The gamble on the LP has been well worth it. Sampling and electro-wizardry is a major focus of the LP, but the delivery suggests they spent more than five minutes programming the devices and tapping at the keys. The post-emo lunar lounge mood is maintained throughout the songs, the manipulations of time and syrup-slow movement at times creates a grim sound, which is tempered with grin-inducing vocal effects and biting lyrics. Whereas the past MILEMARKER LPs were average, this is MILEMARKER's *Shape of Punk to Come*.

The BLOOD BROTHERS haven't done a very good job of preparing us for their *This Adultery Is Ripe* LP ($7, Hopscotch, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385). The first EP hinted toward their ANTIOCH ARROW lust, and while full of damaged art-core terror and quite good, it was rather muddled. The split EPs are supremely forgettable. This LP instantly forms the BLOOD BROTHERS for those who might never see them, the way the *In Love With Jetts* LP did for ANTIOCH ARROW. Dual snide and stuck-up male vocals rip at each other as the guitar *completely and masterfully* focuses and bullies the sound. As the bass or drums start to walk out, a spastic cat fight breaks out and ends with guitar rips cleaning up the mess. However, does an LP this killer excuse the fact that one of the members of this band wears running shoes?

If you find some of the reviews horribly out of date, tough shit. I've been catching up on record purchases. Spending less on food means more money on records!

Look at the line up of words in the band names on the LOVE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN/JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE split EP (Normal Records). Is there any room left for a review? LOVE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN's sound takes up a lot of room with sweeping guitar in the Canadian tradition (DRIFT or ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY) and full out screamo mayhem. The crisp production has one find the just-quite-there guitar hooks at the end of buildups and keeps the vocals from being lost. JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE works in the screamo vocals, but lays off of the fluid guitar work. Almost off-tune guitar yank and pulse propels the band during its manics, while all members sulk out soft threats during the slow downs. Two songs from each band, both bands on each side, which improves the experience.

JOSHUA is still FIT FOR BATTLE on the split EP with ALL I ASK (supposedly members of ORCHID). The guitar is more easy going (still aggressive, just not jangly) on their sole song here, moving up front and pounding but with a really rich sounding bass mixed in. Ouch, the singers throat hurts. ALL I ASK has one song as well with a fantastic build-up to a switch up. Bass-driven groove with slight notches up, tensing up, speeding up, and then while the bass is still in the groove (and the groove is in the heart) the guitar saws into a crunch. Is there other ALL I ASK around? (Electric Human Project).

My oh my, the splits keep coming! Damn near beautiful guitar picking and singing vocals on the JULY track. I'm embarrassed by how much I enjoy this. I hope Bruce Roehrs doesn't walk in on me! I expected them to take off in a cliche emo way, but then I noticed there are only two people at work here, so no go. Agitated VELVET UNDERGROUND pop ballad?

JEROME'S DREAM was good enough to kill babies on their split with BOOK OF DEAD NAMES. This split suggests the whole family should look out. In the midst of their anthemic full-blast rampage is one of the most fucked-up (nervous) breakdowns of all semblance of musical order! And a Cajun two-step later they are building up with a solitary introspective guitar, but not to a screamo punch in the neck, just a chance to catch your breath. (Hit The Ground Running, PO Box 4181, Greensboro, NC 27404)

Hello, BLACK CAT #13. Nice to meet your circus soundtrack. Well, if the circus was wise enough to showcase the talents of Slampt! meets Zum meets HUGGY BEAR meets (boy, what a bunch of introductions) a keyboard that was briefly dipped in the water. The good news is that they have several upcoming releases. The bad news, that no matter how hard you work in life, you may find that you never get close to the rewards that others have fall in their laps. (King Of The Monsters. 8341 E. San Salvador, Scottsdale, AZ 85258).

Good thing Donut Friends (PO Box 3192, Kent, OH 44240) is a label that can put it all out and with style. Some fools only think of the Ohio of workshops at shows and bands playing on the floor. Donut Friends reminds some of the backpack sect that Ohio is a land of rock with the audio/visual help of the CHARGERS *Street Gang Funhousing* EP. Snotty, anti-charismatic rock'n'roll more than willing to pour a beer on your personal zine.

RACEBANNON is going to be touring this summer along with two other bands (can't recall who). Make sure to get to the merchandise table early and pick up their split with TO DREAM OF AUTUMN (label?) Intense, doubled up vocals, guitar drone and lurch that will drill right into the bowels, and tricky breaks with "what are you lookin' at" attitude yelled in the face. LP soon, chumps. I'm hoping for even more of the vocal ramble as songs give out. TO DREAM OF AUTUMN has all the character of RACEBANNON with storytelling attempt in the layout of their songs. Huge movements of sound followed by hollow valleys of singular instrumentation and movie samples. Slight tin-can effect throughout which increases the bug-eyed despair.

Not the next column, but the one after that will have a listing of web sites of interest to the sensitive set. Please let me know what is out there. I am especially interested in sites that don't focus solely on selling things. Do these sites exist? Email me the listings: dixie 13@pacbell.net. Don't you dare email me info about your crap ass auctions with minimum bids of $5 for records still in print. All vinyl, tapes, CDs, backstabbing gossip, news, and column proposals (Hey, Tom, I propose you shove your column up your ass!) to: Post Office Box 170482, San Francisco, CA 94117. *Tales From The Audience Vs. Band Wars*, "Volume I: Pie in the face to LE SHOK." What did you do in the war, mommy and daddy? Buying Guide: GOGOGO AIRHEART LP, BLOOD BROTHERS LP, MILEMARKER LP, LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR EP, FROM SAFETY TO WHERE EP, RACEBANNON/TO DREAM OF AUTUMN EP, BLACK CAT #13. (Pssst, just so you know, this month it was hard to narrow down the buying guide list).

Columns

1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

Hello. Greetings from the Belly of the Beast. Business is picking up at the old Prison Industrial Complex. In my last column, I may have given you young readers of *MRR* the impression that prison is the proverbial "country club" you are always being told by the media it is. I really get mad (make that infuriated) when I hear cops, prosecutors, or politicians spit that garbage out of their mouths. Do women get raped at country clubs? Do women get extorted at country clubs? If you watched that cretin Geraldo Rivera's report on women in prison, you would have heard about how women are raped, extorted for sex, leered at, and routinely groped and molested by male guards. And Michigan is the worst in the nation. The MDOC blocked the US Department of Justice from investigating for years, and women who complained were routinely retaliated against. Male guards work in the housing units and watch defenseless women shower, get undressed, and go to the bathroom. They frisk women daily. Women are victimized for the single fact that they are prisoners. You understand the consequences of dehumanizing a segment of the population? Ethnic cleansing my ass; in this state, prisoners are less than human.

Just because I told you that I was in two prisons that had music programs does not mean that all prisons have them. Far from it; most prisons do not. In fact, most prisons have limited recreation programs. What they do have are basketballs. They eliminated colleges, vocational training, and cut back on law libraries, but they have plenty of basketballs. Overcrowding is the norm, and so are unsanitary conditions. I'm in a six-man cubicle, in a 120-man unit, with four showers, eight toilets... well, the point I'm trying to make is, a country club, it ain't. The whole system was double and triple-bunked years ago. They have been shipping prisoners out of state, a practice that many states with overcrowded prison systems employ. States like Texas and Virginia are in the prison bed business, renting out human warehouses for states that have overcrowded prisons. And these prisoners who are shipped out of state find themselves in maximum security prisons regardless of their crime, hundreds of miles away from their families and legal counsel. Many are abused by the staff out of state prisons; beaten and tortured by poorly trained and underpaid guards. Texas was only the most glaring and extreme example of this. You did hear about it, didn't you?

Hey, I don't want to take up this whole column complaining. My intention is to merely drew your attention to the kinds of conditions prisoners are subjected to at your expense. Medical treatment of prisoners costs the public plenty, but the treatment prisoners receive is inadequate at best. CMS is the largest HMO in the country, and prisons are their business. Treatment is minimal, surgery is denied or delayed, and diagnostic procedures that are routine for free patients are difficult or impossible to get here. Transplants are forbidden. Prisons are notorious for high Tuberculosis, HCV, HIV, and other communicable disease rates. Sound like a country club to you?

Basketballs? Politicians play political basketball with prisoners. They use us to scare you, to extort money from you. Do you know why they call basketball players "cagers"? Because basketball was such a violent spectator sport that they had cages separating the audience from the players. What's that got to do with anything? I don't know. It's a metaphor, I guess. Figure it out.

Next column, I'd like to talk about political prisoners. We are all, to some extent, political prisoners—which doesn't mean that some of us don't belong locked away from society. Far from it. But for now, I want to say that there are some zines that you can read that will illustrate what I'm talking about. *Cry Justice Now* is a zine put out by New Life Evangelistic Center (hey listen: they are anti-government, death penalty, and prison system. Say what you will about Christians. These Christians are dedicated radicals putting out information about injustice in prisons). It is free for prisoners, and practically free for everyone else. Write CJNN, PO Box 2525, New Bloomfield, MO 65063. Another zine is *Prison Legal News*, 2400 NW 80th Street #148, Seattle, WA 98117. They have information regarding Prison Rights actions, the prison industrial complex, and resources for other information. It's published by two prisoners that have political views all *MRR* readers love, trust me. If you just buy one issue, it will be an invaluable resource for finding other information. Whatever. Contributors include: Laura Whitehorn, Daniel Burton-Rose, Mamu Abu-Jamal, Dan Pens, and Paul Wright, Capiche?

Criminals have become the politicians and the media's whipping boys. Our rights are being assaulted every day. Why should you care? You know why. We are not all rapists, and we are have friends, family. Just because we broke with the established order doesn't mean we should be subjected to subhuman treatment. Well, not all of us, anyway. And remember, they try stuff on us that they plan to do to you. Don't believe me? I got two words for you: drug tests.

Let me finish by saying thank you for all of the letters I've gotten. I want to say that we don't have to agree with each other's politics totally to have meaningful dialogue or debate, or even a good conversation! It would suck if we all thought alike anyway. Unless you are just wrong! If you know of any prisoner's rights zines, or anything of that nature, please send me their address so I can check them out. My address is still: Cary Saferian, 207905, 3510 N. Elm St., Jackson, MI 49201-8877. The prison crackdown continues. To all my brothers and sisters in lockdown around the world: keep up the struggle. I know there is nothing I can do or say to help you in your situation. I only wish I could. Later.

School has been on my mind a lot lately. I finally went back to finish my degree and I'm finding it dumber than ever. I started out at college ten years ago; I went to a business university because the dumb high school I attended was trying to push me into a Catholic college. I didn't have any college fund other than the small settlement I had in trust for getting hit by a car when I was seven.

Hold on a second, I was talking to my mom about the car that hit me and busted my leg into twenty pieces and my mom comes out with this: "Oh yeah, I felt so bad for the guy. He came in carrying you and he was all flustered. He asked me for a drink." I said "What!? The guy was probably drinking already! We could've been freakin' millionaires!"

Anyhow, I feel bad for the guy because he had this daughter in my school that looked like a duck. Whatever. I had a few thousand bucks that really couldn't even pay for two semesters of the college I was going to. I found the whole thing really lame, even back then. I never got the whole move-out-and-live-in-a-dorm

Columns

type of thing; for me, college is like high school except with a lot longer drive. So I quit that place when the dough ran out and took off for a li'l bit. It was kinda funny because the Gulf War started and my mom was afraid that if I wasn't in school. I'd get drafted. My mom's wacky. I told her to give the draft officer a couple of drinks. So anyhow, a few years before I had this tech job that was kinda fun, so I went in for an electrical engineering degree at a local community college. Half way through I went to look for some jobs, and the fact is that tech jobs pay far less than video editing jobs, even low paying video editing jobs. So I quit school once again.

So here I am. I enrolled in the state art college (oh boy) and I'm going full time to just get it the hell over with. Here are some observations that prove that school is stupid:

1. Supposedly this is a college for creative art and design and things like this. The whole college is littered with fliers that are almost entirely white paper with only text and maybe a glued on clip art. I don't understand? I mean even though it's the Dyke Club or whatever, why can't they spend 20 minutes making a nice looking ad to post up?
2. It's the closest college to the International Pepsi headquarters, yet the building I take most of my classes in has a Coke machine.
3. I took two classes taught by this rogue lame duck professor. He was great; he never graded the midterm, and was absent for the final. Both semesters. He also spent most of the class (which was dismissed two hours early each day) talking about his new job for the Board of Education. He explained that since he now had a steady income he didn't have to teach college anymore and was just doing the dean a favor (and me too!) His job was PR for the BOE and he did press conferences when they left a kid sleeping on the school bus in the garage all night. He also explained how he made up his whole Doctoral Dissertation, but it was enough to get his PhD so, that's all ya need.
4. In contrast, I took a Science Fiction film class and the androgynous guy teaching it went balls out nuts about the subject. He made us watch sci-fi western musicals from the '40s and write twenty-page papers on Chaplin. The sad thing is the guy's qualifications are that he works at the stock footage house that supplies all the old silent films that accompany documentaries on the History Channel. You know, the ones that really have no relevance to the subject, yet are supposed to be funny because they have that erratic frame rate going for them.
5. They have a "Coming out Day" where they set up a big pink closet on the school lawn.

The only good thing about it is that I go mostly at night, which means there's a lot of scary old people in the class that love to get their two cents in. Like refusing to read the text because they are Greek, claiming to have interviewed Orson Welles for their school newspaper the day after the *War of the Worlds* broadcast, and some fat chick claiming that since she was on a kibbutz and lived in South Africa she was allowed to yell at the Greek guy for disturbing the class.

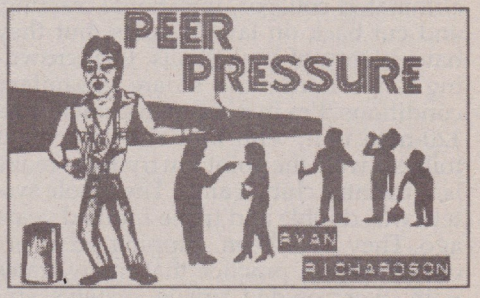
Oh OK, lets get to the good stories. See, when I was at the business college there was a boring flyer on the wall that said:

AN EVENING AT THE APOLLO MONDAY NITE IN THE CAFETERIA ALL ACTS CALL FOR AUDITION. So, I called. I had just joined BUGOUT SOCIETY and figured I'd pitch in getting them a show. Plus, if we won, the prize was like $200, almost enough for us to get dinner. So we showed up with all our shit on Saturday afternoon to "audition." Chuck had an idea, that if each of us set up in a different corner of the smaller cafeteria we'd produce quadraphonic sound. He was horribly wrong. But we played a GO GO'S cover and made the audition. We were told we had five minutes to play, which we figured out would be about three songs for us.

So we showed up at the talent show and they had this semi-big name ventriloquist guy doing his act. They probably paid him $5000 to do it. He was pretty lame, with some ugly muppet and a talking jalapeno pepper; we played with his doll when he went to take a leak. Oh, another good thing was that they had free food at this show; it was in the cafeteria. There were about 500 people seated on long tables sorta like that scene in *The Blues Brothers*. There were also people on the balcony. They set up a stage about fifty feet away from the tables with the judges (the school deans and administration) seated on the sidelines. We sat through ten dorm room lip sync acts, a fat guy who danced like ReRun and some girl who called sore throat before starting her acapella singing.

We get our stuff on stage quick and Chuck exclaims that the talent show reminds him of Kung-Fu movies on Saturday afternoons. We jump into our first number Queens Cugine, which is about those Eye-talian gentlemen that like to cruise the boulevard with their foot hanging out the window. It's got a pelvic thrust part which seemed to win a couple of the judges over. We then broke into Castle Carnage where we throw White Caste Hamburgers during the break which varied from Pat Benatar, Village People or a Sergio Leone western theme, depending on our mood and when our last practice was. The Bugout guys learned early on that the regular castles you pick up at the drive thru didn't pack much velocity plus you had to wait. So we opted for the ten pack of frozen murderburgers. They fly farther and hurt more. So, we started playing and all hell broke loose; table setting, chili, taco fixins all fling at us like a rainstorm in a Samurai movie. They shut the power and one of the deans went off crying and holding her head. I got up to the mike and asked if the prize would be paid in cash for tax purposes. The security guards all rushed up to us, while we stood there covered in beef and condiments. This bitchy girl (there always seems to be a bitchy girl who takes charge at these things) came up to Chris our drummer and was like "Give me your name!" He said "Claude Dijon." She wrote down the phony info he gave and then came over to me. She was like, "What's your name?" I told her my name was Bill Florio, and I lived at 123 246th St. and she made me show her my ID. This big guido guy came at us raging mad, exclaiming "YOU DON'T THROW FOOD AT STUDENTS!" Luckily the security guards were there to protect us. The whole place waited fifteen minutes of chaos while we wiped off and packed up our stuff and the campus police followed us to make sure we left. We sat at a diner fifteen minutes later in disbelief that we had just played the most punk rock show in history and no one came to see it. Gamp's dog Rudy Ray spent the next month or so licking food off our amplifiers, and that's my happy ending.

Oh, if you wrote me a letter, I haven't answered my mail since last July 4th or so, so I'll be writing to you sometime in the next two years or so. Everyone else can email me at video schmoe @flash com.net where I'll probably answer you in ten minutes.



Among the first things Jim Chance of PEER PRESSURE said was that my search for the band was much more interesting than the band itself. I'll leave that to the reader to decide. The details of Peer Pressure's formation and brief ten-

Columns

ure as a band are on the stranger side of such mundane details. The band formed in late '79 in Greenwich, Connecticut, after Jim Chance spotted his old friend Bill Chivo walking down the road. Jim and Bill had been members of a garage band called the Uncalled Four (yet another one!) in the late '60s. Chivo had headed out to San Francisco circa 1967 and hadn't been spotted since. Excited to see a familiar face in town, Chance—also recently returned to the area—offered Chivo a ride. The conversation inevitably turned to music, and eventually the words were spoken: "let's make a band." And so Peer Pressure was born. Jim Chance would play drums AND bass AND guitar. Chance was and is an extremely talented musician. Bill Chivo would pen lyrics and sing. As Bill puts it, Jim had the talent, but needed a certain creative push, and that's where Bill came in with his lyrics and "vocalizing" (he is loathe to call it "singing"). Bill was into punk rock (Ramones, Devo, etc.) but Jim —as an experienced and talented musician—needed some convincing.

"We talked about how tough it is to really think independently, how the aesthetic of the group always predominates, how it takes more courage than most people have to stand alone and be different. Gradually we come to give it a name: It is Peer Pressure that is the problem. You must resist it."

Peer Pressure set forth some rules for their songs: "Songs could never be more than three minutes long, with 2:14 as the optimum time. No overdubs. Just guitar, bass, and drums. And since the snare drum has as much metal on it as skin, you had to hear as much metal as you did skin – no amplified pillow drum sounds." Bill aimed his lyrics at the inevitably alienated teen set, despite the fact that both members were 30 years old at the time of the recording.

Their ruse, so to speak, proved successful; my friends and I were positively convinced the songs were recorded by Greenwich High School punks. Songs like "Underachiever" and "That's Why They Call 'Em Moms" left no doubt. Chivo's voice is especially convincing as a teenage Johnny Rotten-on-helium crooner. The Peer Pressure songs are less about inciting rebellion than about simply expressing some empathy with adolescent angst. The Peer Pressure EP is a soundtrack for popping your gum in class instead smashing the state, more about staying out past curfew than turning over a police cruiser. The band also hoped that disposable teen income would keep record sales going.

Adding to the bizarre nature of Peer Pressure is that they were a band only in the studio sense, i.e. playing out or touring was just not possible unless Jim grew a few extra arms. Despite this, Bill and Jim pooled their money and pressed up an EP, a d.i.y. effort from beginning to end. Jim's niece would yell "anticipate the future!" on the first grooves of Peer Pressure's *Sound of the '80s* EP. Both members hoped for bigger and better things and persisted in promoting themselves with full page ads in the *Village Voice*; hounding club owners; and dropping in on unsuspecting college radio stations. The *Village Voice* ad ran with the headline "PEER PRESSURE IS NOT NOW PLAYING AT THE FOLLOWING VENUES: CBGB's, Max's, etc." Needless to say, their persistence never paid off as planned, or I wouldn't be writing this column.

An article in the Greenwich paper about the record release shows Jim and Bill hanging out in the generic aisle of the supermarket where they hoped to have their Record snapped up alongside Beer, Pretzels, and Dog Food. The label artwork of the record reflects their fascination with generics, though the songs on the EP are anything but.

The title track, in my opinion, is the clear standout of the four songs. There are three unreleased songs—including an AMAZING cover of "Eve of Destruction"—that will be released soon. "Anticipate the future!"

Bill eventually headed out—unlimited Greyhound bus pass in hand—on a cross-country personal distribution spree. Restless and not content to simply mail records out, the hand delivery of the Peer Pressure EPs in far off places like Houston, Texas must have caught some store owners by surprise... the band wasn't—and couldn't be—on tour! Qualudes were apparently helpful in the traveling salesman scheme.

Unfortunately, it would be this trip that would dissolve the bonds between Jim and Bill. For right or wrong, when Bill returned to find that Jim had started some other projects, he found the slight unforgivable, and Peer Pressure disbanded.

Jim eventually moved to the UK and currently plays in a somewhat successful techno/trance outfit. Bill moved back out to San Francisco. The two haven't spoken since Peer Pressure ended.

Dear Readers:

The above will be my last monthly column contribution to *Maximum Rock & Roll*. Why not end the Peer Pressure column with Peer Pressure as the subject? It's too good. I appreciate any and all feedback I've gotten over the past few years (how long has it been anyway?) and, of course, nothing's better than some free records every now and then. I've simply run out of the monthly steam required to come up with decent column fodder (which is not to say I've always delivered the goods each month). I feel I've fulfilled my cosmic duties to *MRR*, and it's time to move on.

About the only thing I'll be working on these days is a revamped website that'll have a lot of gabbing about old bands, rare picture sleeves, old Texas punk flyers, etc. Stay tuned for <http://www.break my face.com>www.breakmyface.com coming soon to computer screen near you. I've got the old website parked there at the moment, but it should be gone by the time you read this. Vaya con Turbonegro.

Ryan Richardson, PO Box 49984, Austin, TX 78765

I subscribed to the Rage Against the Machine fan club online news letter. I got these from the fan club president. Neat! I thought I would share.

I'm back, like *Austin Powers*! Yeah Bay-be! *Austin Powers* 2 was great! Remember, Rage are on the soundtracks for the *Matrix*, *Godzilla*, *Spawn* and the *Crow*.

We all love Rage cuz of their integrity, but I think a lot of the time we forget that they use their popularity to support worthy causes, like these thoughtful films, all of which are now available on DVD.

One of those causes is Mumia. He is that dreadlock guy on Rage's tee-shirts ($25.99). He was convicted of murder even though he has a lot to say about racism! This says a lot about our country, although I'm not sure what. Maybe in the next news letter.

Ben Hadd

Ragers,

Waaaassssaaaahhhh! You know, like that commercial for Budweiser? Haha! Yo! Rage's new album *The Battle of Los Angeles* has moved two million units and counting! Way to shop! I think the label is totally stoked.

Part of the reason the product is moving has to be the success of the video. If you haven't seen it, watch *Total Request Live* on MTV. It gets pretty high in the countdown! Anyway the video makes

Columns

fun of the Gap and all of those preppie people who shop there.

On a completely unrelated note, Rage apparel is now available at Urban Outfitters, America's number one provider of alternative clothing. Remember, Urban Outfitters is the only way to be alternative!

Sincerely,
Ben Hadd

Wow, Latino music sure is popular. That's why Rage's A&R guy asked me to mention some of Rage's label mates like Mark Anthony, Jennifer Lopez and Menudo. All have great Latin releases now available at all Sam Goody's and Warehouse music outlets.

Show your respect for other cultures by purchasing any of these albums.

Latino culture is getting more influence all the time. That A&R guy says that Rage may choose another Latin American symbol/issue for their marketing campaign. He said, "If you thought selling Che T-shirts at the mall was absurd, wait until Rage embraces Sandero Luminoso!" I don't know what he meant by that.

Ben Hadd

Yo,

Rage has recently been playing a lot of benefits to free Tibet. Its so cool how they put their energy where it can make a difference. Tibet might already be free by the time you read this, but in case it's not, be sure to support the cause! I'm not sure what you can do, but one thing is to attend a free Tibet concert if one is in your area.

Some guy was telling me that it would be better to work on freeing Mexicans from NAFTA or something like that because the US is actually involved.

I was like, "Whatever! Don't you know that the Dahli Llama is from Tibet? The best person from Mexico is Ricky Martin." I mean, Che Gueverra was a Mexican, but he's dead so that doesn' t count. Man, all this talk about Mexicans is making me want a burrito. Yo quiero Taco Bell!

Anyway, free Tibet!

Ben Hadd

There is lots of news that doesn't match about Rage's tour plans. Some reports have them touring with Limp Biskit, others with Bush. Either way you can be sure of two things. They will choose a tour mate that reflects their values, and they will work hard to keep ticket prices below $80, which is because of their punk rock roots.

Actually you can be sure of three things, cuz number three is that there will be lots of rocking and moshing! My whole football team is going together.

We are gonna kick some ass!

Look for rage at an arena near you!

Ben Hadd

Tons of shit has been coming out. A lot of it is utter crap, total turds on vinyl (or CDs). However, just by the law of averages, there's also been a lot of really great shit floating in the toilet. So, without further delay, let's get down to business.

There are a lot of good new labels popping up, but with their two new releases, Tom Perkins (PO Box 970936/Ypsilanti, MI 48197) further proves itself a force to be reckoned with. The PIRANHAS LP ($9ppd) is absolutely amazing. They bring back the chaotic, noisy Midwest damaged art punk that the Midwest made famous. Only six songs, but it's a full platter of punk; you'll leave the table more than satisfied. Then you have the GERIATRIX 7" ($3ppd), more viciously snotty, shot up with a solid dose of rock 'n' roll. While you're writing for these records, throw in an extra three bucks for the PIRANHAS 7", if you don't already have it.

Another quality label, this one from Sweden (where I've been finding there are TONS of great bands, labels, distros and people) is Communichaos Media (Box 825/101 36 Stockholm/Sweden//www.communichaos.com). The last BURNING KITCHEN single they put out caught my attention. Since then, I've been keeping an eye out for their releases. This month they treat us to two new records, by ZOMBIFIED and SKELETOR. Communichaos' records always look really sharp (they started by doing design, then moved into putting out records) and sound really good. ZOMBIFIED have a roaring street punk sound, SKELETOR unleash thrashing guitars, and BURNING KITCHEN will make you run like yer pants are on fire!

More from Sweden...the MAGGOTS remind you what real wild garage sounds like, in case you've been gettin' down on the scene. This isn't the '90s rehashed, no-fi noise, no-no kids, this is the sound of the swingin' '60s, crazed, amped up, wild and rowdy and absolutely amazing. Play it at your next party and watch the kids dance like drunken frat boys and sorority girls! (Low Impact/Box 475/701 49 Örebro/Sweden//http://drink.to/lowimpact).

I can't mention Sweden and not squeeze in a plug for my favorite band of the moment: HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE. Jeeeeeezuuuusss Keeeeriiiissssst! Let me catch my breath. Seriously, if all the dribble being passed off as punk in other "punk" magazines has got you down, put yourself in a room with these records, put them on, turn up your stereo *as loud as it will fucking go* and deafen yourself with the fire that pours from your speakers. Fucking brilliant. Did you get their LP on Repo Records? How 'bout the *Gnarly* single that Wrench Records just put out? DO IT. NOW. Anybody got extra copies of HFOS singles on Ken Rock they want to part with? Get in touch, please.

The Italians show that they still hold the San Francisco garage scene in the highest regard. Had they been around seven years ago, the TRIPMAKERS would've been at the top of the garage trash heap. Drop the needle on their new single on Psych Out Records and you hear SUPERCHARGERMUMMIESHEADCOATS all rolled into one lo-fi, organ-infused mess. The MOTIVS share a small platter with the AUTOMATICS (who were recently seen surrounded by cops, covered in blood in front of the *MRR* HQ). The MOTIVS tip you off immediately with a RIP OFFS cover. The recording is a little thin, and I don't just mean trashy—it just doesn't leap off the vinyl the way I love. So I turned it up louder and got hit with a wall of distortion and broken English. Much better. It's good, but not essential, competent but not stunning.

Personally, I like that all this garage rock is still coming out. Granted, some of it is utter shit, but the good is great, and with new stuff coming out, I don't have wear out my MUMMIES records (though *nothing* coming out today even comes close to touching the MUMMIES).

Rapid Pulse's (PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460) first LP is by none other than San Francisco's own TRUST FUND BABIES, one of the better bands in the City right now. They deliver the goods on this 45rpm LP. Sounds like Mr. Greg Lowery could have been in this band. It's great to hear an LP from SF that's not all wrapped up in trying to be anything other than simple, great punk rock. Thank you TRUST FUND BABIES, and thank you Rapid Pulse. Now do yourself a favor and get your own.

SMOGTOWN and TEENAGE KNOCKOUT are the two newest releases (both 10"s) on Dead Beat Records (PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078). SMOGTOWN go for a classic SoCal anti-surf punk rock and do it up smashingly. TEENAGE KNOCKOUT twist red hot guitar rock 'n' roll into their beer-soaked punk. Listenin' to this 10" is making me weepy-eyed 'cause they sound a little like the PROBLEMATICS. Both of these records have spent a good amount of time on my

Columns

turntable since I got them earlier this week. Both bands sound as if they've been to a fair number of STITCHES shows, which, as far as I'm concerned, is a great thing.

LE SHOK recently came to the Bay Area, playing Gilman St. with the LOCUST. LE SHOK's "you're paying to see us suck and be assholes on stage" schtick was met with a pie in the face, care of *MRR*'s own Tom Hopkins. Go read Tom's column and take to arms! Help stop the spread of shitty bands! While the LOCUST had an array of merchandise, including make-up compacts and belt buckles (bleech!), LE SHOK had only a few records for sale. I still say their records look better than they sound. 1.5 minute songs that are good, but not mind-blowing. They're mostly awash in agitated noise.

After their Lookout! Records debut, the SPLASH FOUR turn back the clock, hitting a more traditional '60s sound, absolutely drowned in fuzz and distortion. They share this release with the CRASH NORMAL, who seem to be going through an insane identity crisis, played out in a distorted mess of madness. ($6; Yak Sakana/51, rue Pierre Renaudel/76-100 Roven/France)

Bomp has given the world another turd of a live STOOGES album, *Double Danger*. Wow, you can *almost* hear Iggy's vocals. This is from '73. I guess if I'd ever seen the STOOGES (I wasn't even born when this was recorded), all these crummy-sounding live LPs might mean something to me. But they don't.

On the contrary, you'd probably expect the live SID VICIOUS LP on Get Back to stink worse than a New York City public bathroom, but it's actually not bad. Basically, it's like a live "best of" featuring NEW YORK DOLLS and STOOGES songs. He's got a real band behind him, and for most of the record, Sid actually gets through the songs without much trouble. The sound quality is above average too. Get this over that STOOGES LP, even if your instincts tell you otherwise.

Another live record, this one reaching back into the '60s... the ANIMALS have a new 10" of live recordings of CHUCK BERRY and JOHN LEE HOOKER songs. Paying homage to their roots. It's a great recording made in late 1963.

If the MURDER CITY DEVILS just don't do it for you, try the BLOOD BROTHERS LP on Hopscotch Records. Harder! Faster! Louder! Not on Sub Pop!

Mike Lucas is the man responsible for two of the most fun records I've heard in a long time...or, at least partially responsible. The PHANTOM SURFERS have outdone themselves this time with a raw, raunchy album full of no-holds-barred blue humor. I'm sure this record is gonna upset more than a few suburban moms who can usually trust Lookout's cartoon punk to be rated PG. Boy, I'd love to see the looks on some of their faces during the first minute when Rudy Ray Moore (Dolemite) explains the magic of surf music as an introduction.

Then, Mr. Lucas, one of Esperanto's foremost advocates here on the West Coast, dishes out a split LP with one of his many bands, SIR DANCE A-LOT and their Peruvian counterparts, the MANGANZOIDS. This LP just further proves the musical genius (or madness) of Mike Lucas. See SIR DANCE A-LOT live if you get the chance.

Germany's DIALTONES seem to be working toward a goal of putting out more records in a year than any other band. Following on the heels of their debut LP on Screeming Apple, they have a limited edition, one-sided single on Radio Blast (PO Box 40566 Düsseldorf/Germany), a split 7" with AEROBITCH on Beluga (Box 8158/10420 Stockholm/Sweden) and then one more on Bad Afro (Poste Restante/Frederiksberg Alle 6/1820 Frederiksberg C/Denmark). And these DEVIL DOG torchbearers are just warming up.

From the sunken city of New Orleans come the MACGILLICUDDYS, whose new single on Now Or Never (1615 Sixth St. NE #2/Mnpls., MN 55413) hits with a one-two punch. Again, like a lot of records that have been coming out, the recording leaves something to be desired, but the music is hot rock 'n' roll with a sharp snarl.

The DICKS *Hate the Police* 7" has been bootlegged (at least, I assume it's a bootleg). Copies of the WEIRDOS' *Destroy All Music* have popped up in record stores around the Bay Area. Did Bomp reissue it, or is this too a bootleg? Aussie raging punks, the SICK THINGS also have found themselves victims of the bootleg boom. Who's next???

Look for ***Killed By 7" #10*** very soon. The INVADERS (UK), F (US/FL), AMSTERDAMNED (NETH), and FALSE PROPHETS (US/NY) are comped on what is rumored to be the last in this series. Limited to 400 copies, as usual.

Crypt Records has finally gotten out the next four volumes of ***Teenage Shutdown***. To be honest, I've only heard two of the four so far, but one of those was the *Target: Fuzz* edition (#13) and it was one of the best in the series!

Are you going to the Las Vegas Shakedown in August? Well, if you're undecided, the folks responsible for the Shakedown are putting together a comp coming out in June that should clear up your indecision. With about half of the songs exclusive to this comp, it's gonna be a doozy. ANDRE WILLIAMS, ZODIAC KILLERS, FUZZTONES, REAL KIDS, SUPER BEES, SCREWS, MONKEY WRENCH and more are slated for the project. Keep your eyes peeled for it. Hey, would it be too much to ask to put it out on vinyl? Please?

For those of you who spend too much time in front of your computer: Our favorite mailorder, Underground Medicine, now has a website. For the latest updates go-to: www.undergroundmedicine.com. And **Lowdown Kids**, the online KBD-type comp in Real Audio has been updated: http://home.wanadoo.nl/baytree/fierce/lowdownkids/low down kids home.htm. Goner Records has a new website address: http://www.goner-records.com.

Can anyone recommend any good books on the SHANGRI-LAs? They seem to be especially elusive these days. Plenty has been written about most of the other girl groups...oh, and I'll mention here that a CD of their B-Sides, alternate takes and radio spots is out. It's called *Myrmidons of Melodrama* and is a 34-track UK import, so you know it's not gonna be cheap, but it'll be worth every penny you pay for it.

For those of you living withing KALX's listening area (in Berkeley), be sure to tune into KALX "LIVE" on Saturdays. Terry Hammer, who recorded a number of killer shows at the Mab, way back when, has given Rick Sylvain "Vainman" an edited version of his special, "Remembering the Mab, 20 Years Later." What is this? Well, he's going to run a CD a week of live shows, kicking off with the LEWD (this started back in late March...). Other bands slated to be run: SVT, READYMADES, CONTRACTIONS, NO SISTERS, VKTMS, MUTANTS, etc. I haven't heard it yet, so I don't know if it'll just be one or two songs from each band, or whole shows. Either way, it's a GREAT idea! If you work at a radio station, and know how to get in touch with Hammer, you should see if you can get a copies to play on *your* station.

Ahhh...another of my dream projects is to create a syndicated punk radio show, like what *MRR* Radio used to be. But for now, I'll have to keep dreaming.

That's it this time around. Your required reading this time around is Lester Bangs' *Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung*. Readers of the "other" large Bay Area punk magazine might want to pay special attention to the essay titled "The White Noise Supremacists." The book is readily available, so you don't have any excuse to not read this fine collection of writings on rock 'n' roll. If you've read it before, read it again.

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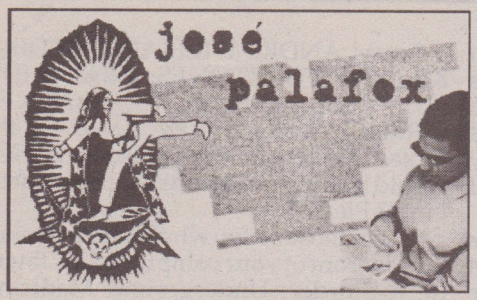
Columns



u b black don' step back sit u now to the front
this b your bus
u b brown don' stick around traverse the full length
inside the belly of the shark
n' take his heart out
u b white u not b all right, b left to do
what got to b done.

—Alurista *Z Eros* (1995)

Ever since I was a kid, I knew that I wanted to play drums. After working at a swap meet for a few years, I was able to afford my first drum set. I remember practicing for hours in an old trailer that my dad left in our backyard. I practiced to various types of music, but I mostly enjoyed playing to jazz and Be Bop. I took drum lessons for a few years and learned how to sight-read: everything from Salsa, Dixieland, Bossanova, Samba, Big Band to just plain "rock." When I joined my high school band, I realized that something was really beginning to bother me. I hated the way my classmates and my teacher talked about music: to them it was an industry. It was a way to make a living, a "career." I can remember another drummer in our class who would always talk about how his dream was to be in the "hip" drum magazine, "Modern Drummer." The only people I ever saw in those type of drum magazines were rock stars with long hair who bragged about their "licks" and their double-bass drum sets with a million cymbals. I couldn't relate then or now. More and more, I became more interested in playing music that would challenge the notion that music needed to be all nice and happy.

I had seen my uncle's punk band, "Mercado Negro" play in Tijuana, Mexico a few times when I was in high school. I liked that they didn't give a shit whether people in Tijuana liked them or not. They made their music and played it. They were a big contrast to many of the other bands in Tijuana that played typical "ranchero" music. Many of these Mexican bands played on "Revolucion," the main tourist street near downtown Tijuana. Mercado Negro played when they were able find a place to play, in small isolated places in Tijuana. I liked that their lyrics were about the real and ugly things in our country, Mexico—unemployment, corruption, violence, having to leave home and migrate to new places—and about not seeing a better future ahead. Many of the things that Mercado Negro sang about in Tijuana, I could relate to living here in San Diego, "Americas Finest City" (no joke, this is how it has been referred to for many years now).

I hated the fact that I lived in such a polarized city: rich white folks lived in La Jolla, while people of color were ghettoized to the southeast area of San Diego. I grew up in Southeast San Diego. I remember the long bus rides from school to my house—about 1 1/2 hours—because many kids on the bus would laugh and make fun of the way I looked. At this time (more than ten years ago), I had the longest mohawk, many piercings, a leather jacket, and combat boots. This was before the time that it was cool to be "alternative" and have tattoos in mainstream society. There was something about going to punk shows and hanging out with friends there. We had much in common. We were against many things: family values, patriotism, racism, sexism, money, god, and just society in general. Such anger, such rage I had—it was so easy to be against everything and not know what I supported. Not that I know everything now, but as I look back, I remember feeling uncomfortable that my mostly all-white punk friends did not understand what it was to be person of color and an "illegal" immigrant in a city that every day told us that we were not welcome.

As someone who was born in Tijuana, it bothered me when a friend of mine, a white "punk" kid, talked about how lame and gross something was by referring to it as, "it's so TJ" (a reference to Tijuana). It bothered me that I was taught at a very young age to be ashamed that Spanish was my first language; I was ashamed to have been born in another country, even if that country was right next to it; I was ashamed that my parents were not like all the other parents in my high school. It's hard to explain, but when one is bombarded every fucking day of your life that you (brown, yellow, black, red people) are in a messed-up situation because you have not simply worked hard and pulled yourself up by your own boot straps, one begins to really believe The Lie. The history books tell you this. The media, the movies, your teachers all tell you this. They wouldn't lie to you, would they?

I remember the first time I read Malcolm X. I cried. I learned to stop being a victim. I learned of a long and rich history where slaves had risen up against their slave masters. For such a long part of my "schooling," I was made to accept this racist and classist set up. I started getting involved with Chicano groups like MEChA in high school. I started to make connections with the oppression and the resistance of black people that Malcolm talked about. Chicanos, Native Americans, and Asian Americans in this country have also been more than just victims, for they too have fought hard to live with dignity and to make this country a better place for their families. Being punk and being a person of color, then and now, means that one learns to negotiate things in life. Although I would say that punk/hardcore has been a major part of my life, I must admit now that there were many things that bothered me, that I never really addressed in the past. The fact that that we were punk kids into the same music and at times, sharing the same outlook on life, did not mean that we were a homogeneous subgroup of people in society.

No one in the San Diego punk/hardcore "scene" ever told me not to call out racism whenever and wherever we saw it. Quite the contrary. Many kids in San Diego wore shirts that Mike D. made (vocalist for the old straight edge Chula Vista band, Amenity). I remember many kids wearing the "End Racism" t-shirts. For a while, in the early 1990s, San Diego had a major problem with Nazi skinheads coming to shows and terrorizing all of us. I remember this one time when this tall skinhead named Bert, a member of the San Diego Boot Boys (SDBB) beat up my friend Justin. I'm glad that many kids wore the "End Racism" t-shirts and called out the Nazis when they saw them, but what was even harder was to point out the deeper and more embedded racism in US society. One important point that Daniel Jonah Golhagen, author of *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* (New York: Vintage, 1996) reminds us is that it wasn't just Hitler or the Nazi Party that should be at fault for the Holocaust atrocities, but that complicit in all this were the millions and millions of people who also went along the Fascist program to exterminate Jews. "Not economic hardship, not the coercive means of a totalitarian state, not social psychological pressure, not invariable psychological propensities," Goldhagen argues, "but ideas about Jews that were pervasive in Germany, and had been for decades, induced ordinary Germans to kill unarmed, defenseless Jewish men, women, and children by the thousands, systematically and without pity" (p. 9).

I remember living in San Diego around 1994 (I moved to Berkeley in 1995) when Californians were debating whether or not to pass Proposition 187, the measure that would deny services to undocumented immigrants there. I wrote some stuff that was eventually used for the Swing Kids 7" insert. I was pissed that Californians were now going to freely

Columns

vote on a proposition that would affect the lives of millions of people and yet, many of these undocumented people would not be able "vote" their opinion. How did the citizens of California become complicit willing executioners in Governor Wilson's war on immigrants at the US-Mexico border? Why did Californian's pass Proposition 187? What ideas did they have about undocumented people? Regardless of the answers to these questions, I felt sickened by what was happening. I was also a little scared because I was still waiting to hear from the INS as to my citizenship status. What would happen if I was told to leave? I could live with family in Tijuana, but I would have start all over and this would be very hard for me. I wanted solidarity with all immigrants by kids in the punk community. I'm sorry to say that many of the kids in San Diego at this time were more concerned with wearing tight pants and looking "punk" as they jumped from their instruments (Antioch Arrow, anyone?).

You see, part of white privilege in society is being able to live a normal life in a city like San Diego while never having to ever be scared that one day the Border Patrol might drag you from a city bus because you don't look "American." White privilege means that many punk kids of color have, at times, not called out the racism within the punk scene—not because we don't see it or feel it—but because when we do, we are told that this is merely compromising "the unity" of "the kids." How many times did I repress shit that my supposed white punk friends said that really hurt me, and yet I said nothing because I did not want to challenge certain individuals within the scene? Sometimes the racism that kills the most is the not by those outright Nazis, but by condescending white liberals who preach for a "color-blind society."

I remember not too long ago, last summer to be exact, when Bread and Circuits played the Columbus, Ohio "More Than Music Festival." Many white punk kids had such a hard time understanding-and still do!—the need for a "safe space" for people of color and for women. I still have the red flier that was put up next to the people of color safe space. It read: "Are you for segregation? Do you despise the civil rights leaders before you? Grow up!" Regardless of what people thought of the fest, it was a good and healthy exercise for white folks there: the good old days when people of color kept quiet are over! As Josh Sanchez, a participant in the people of color group at the fest, put it, "The safe spaces aren't there to keep you out. They're there so we can be together and learn from one another. We don't get that opportunity very often. What happens with my Mexican family is something you can't understand. Yesterday I went to the minority-only discussion, and for the first time ever since I've been involved in punk I sat in a room full of people who did."

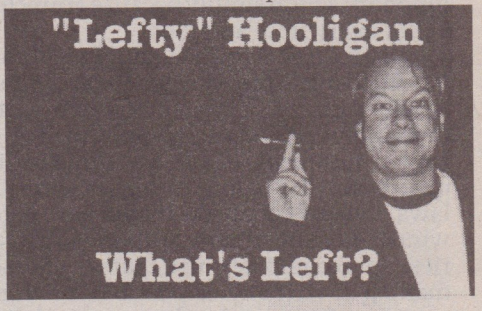
But understanding how racism impacts society and the punk/hardcore scene is merely part the equation. In a global economy where rich white countries dominate and exploit "underdeveloped" Third World countries, we must also be able to challenge and contest this global apartheid. I think what has always bothered me about the anarchistic tendencies within the punk scene has been its extreme individualism. As long as one doesn't hold racist and sexist views, it's implied, that's all one has to do. As an activist, I know too well the importance of the "mass line" in organizing: working with people from where they are, and not from where we expect them to be! So for folks who personally hold anti-racist attitudes, this is a good thing that should be supported. But the need to address structural inequalities is also a life and death situation. Think of what it would have meant for undocumented immigrants in San Diego to know that people in the US decided to come out publicly against things like Prop. 187 and state that no matter what "law of the land" was, that they would help and stand with them? What would it have meant for San Diegans to go down to the border and give food and clothing to those that our government has labeled "illegal aliens"? What we need are more that just music festivals. We also need punk kids to realize that, just because we are part of this "sub group" in society does not mean that 1) we in the punk/hardcore community exist in a vacuum away from all the social ills in society, and 2) that theory and practice go together. Sometimes actions do speak louder than words.

On a related note, something was said a long time ago about me in the very first issue of *Heartattack* (March 1994, #1) by Kent M. I have since had many conversations with Kent about this and it should be obvious that ideas are not static but constantly change, so I don't think it's all that fair to hold someone accountable for something that was said years ago. It's not a big deal for me (I actually consider Kent a very good friend of mine), but I never wrote back. This is my first time ever writing for *Heartattack*. I always wanted to respond, but never did so here it is, a few years later.

During the whole debate about whether to support bands that had members of color or women in it, many folks took the position that we shouldn't judge the music quality of a band based on the race and/or gender make up of the band members. "Jose is an amazing drummer because he has a sick style and a lot of talent," wrote Kent, "The fact that he has brown skin doesn't make one bit of difference." Actually, the fact that I lived in a state that was out for Mexican blood, especially of those brown skinned non-US citizens (like myself) did and does make much of a difference. I have always practiced to make my drumming better, but never have I separated who I am (Chicano) and what I happen to do (play drums). You see, people of color in the history of this country have always had to remember their skin color. Other times, a little lynching, a little genocide, a little bit of gunpowder justice, and "interment camps" will do fine to remind us of who founded America and for whom.

I have always approached drumming as something that is felt and not as a tactical manner. It's a feeling I can't explain. Maybe this can be another article in itself. I would like to end with something that jazz pianist Cecil Taylor once said. "Anybody's music is made up of a lot of things that are not musical," Taylor once said in an interview, "Music is an attitude, a group of symbols of a way of life, whether you are conscious of it or not. And of course, it naturally reflects the social and economic and educational attitudes of the players. And that's why the fools don't think I play jazz."

Note: this was submitted as my column for *MRR* (#205) *and* for the special *Heartattack* issue of "race and punk" (#26).



"Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue. Extremism in the pursuit of liberty is no vice."

Barry Goldwater, 1964
speech written by Karl Hess

I have no use for nostalgia.

It's a poor excuse for an emotion. Nostalgia sanitizes and sugar-coats our memories, attaching a tepid longing for times and places that never really existed, at least not as nostalgia presents them to us. It's a faux feeling based on a romanticized remembrance for which I have little patience.

So why was I upset when the Peace and Freedom Party didn't make it on the

California ballot this last March?

Founded in California, the Peace and Freedom Party qualified for the state ballot in 1968. I've registered Peace and Freedom ever since I could vote in 1970; that is, when I wasn't so disgusted with American politics I didn't bother to vote at all. Now, I don't listen to "oldie but moldie" rock stations, and whenever I hear someone playing a song from the '60s/'70s my first reaction is not to flashback but to upchuck. Yet I still have a soft spot in my heart for the old Peace and Freedom Party. That's despite the 1968 slate that included rapist Eldridge Cleaver for President and buffoon Jerry Rubin for Vice-President, not to mention the ongoing joke of paleo-Leninist Gloria La Riva's presidential campaigns.

This is not because I believe electoral politics or third party movements can achieve any substantial social change. I've gone on and on about this in previous columns, so I won't bore you with an extended anti-electoral diatribe. Suffice it to say, I spend maybe ten minutes every couple of years voting which, despite the ideologically pure arguments from my fellow left communists, neither legitimizes the capitalist political system nor engenders illusions of effectively reforming that system. I vote defensively exclusively on local propositions and for third party candidates because the former have such an immediate impact on people's lives and the latter might toss a tiny, temporary monkey wrench into the works. I haven't given up radical politics or revolutionary action simply because I punch a ballot every now and then.

Nor do I decry Peace and Freedom's failure to make the ballot as some capitalist conspiracy to maintain the two-party monopoly over American politics. Registration numbers or vote percentages to qualify for the ballot, campaign finance laws, lack of corporate media coverage, winner-take-all results and open primaries do accomplish just that of course, making it virtually impossible for third parties to function, let alone succeed. But while a proportional, parliamentary-style political system in this country might make things more interesting, it would not fundamentally challenge the rule of capital.

No, I'm afraid my attachment to the old Peace and Freedom Party has more than a little whiff of nostalgia to it. I don't support the party's current demands for full employment, passage of the equal rights amendment or gay rights to marriage and military service, among many other points in the party's platform, because these proposals would merely make everybody equally oppressed. Yet there I was in the polling booth on March 7, a little sad because Peace and Freedom hadn't made it on the ballot. I had to settle for voting Green Party, with the occasional Libertarian thrown in for comic relief. It was just another reminder of how much things have changed since I became socially conscious in the late 1960s.

I don't go to high school reunions for similar reasons.

It's the end of summer, 1999. I'm standing at the corner of Powell and Market in San Francisco, the most popular spot to hold a demonstration in the city because of the visibility. The governor of Pennsylvania has just signed the 90-day death warrant for Mumia Abu Jamal and this "day after" demonstration is bringing out the usual suspects in the Bay Area's Left. I usually give these generic demos 20 minutes of my time, tops. Just long enough to note which front group of what vanguard party is putting it on or in attendance, and to pick up everybody's propaganda. I'm well on the edge of the crowd, backing up, telling someone I've met at the rally that I'll probably get something to eat before I take BART home, when a woman's voice startles me.

"Is that you, Lefty?"

I turn and see a woman about my age, short styled brunette hair, wearing a smart business suit and carrying a soft leather briefcase. She's pretty in a brittle sort of way, and ever so vaguely familiar. The way I'm looking at her answers her question, but for the life of me I can't place her.

"It's me, Vickie, from high school."

I take a minute to put the name with some memories, and then to superimpose those 30 year-old images over the reality standing in front of me.

"Vickie Anders?"

"Anders-Larsen, but yes, it's me!"

We shake hands. I'm a little awkward and embarrassed. We were both in an honors/college bound track during high school, and I'd had a crush on her. I was trying to combine my burgeoning New Left politics with my nascent hippie counterculture junior and senior years. Vickie was leftist, interested in Bohemianism and willing to experiment in all sorts of ways, but she was also way too brainy and intimidating. At least she intimidated me at the time, with her MENSA IQ and big tits. We never dated, let alone slept together. However, we did enthusiastically discuss the politics of the new Peace and Freedom Party. One of my last memories of Vickie was at a high school graduation party in 1970 where she wore a low cut sweater exposing plenty of cleavage. She had a classic Peace and Freedom "Free Huey Newton" button,—with the Black Panther chairman seated holding a spear in one hand and a shotgun in the other—on one breast at about nipple level, with a corresponding button reading "I'm BUCK NAKED under these clothes" on the other.

"So, do you live in the Bay Area?" I ask. I'm wearing my made-for-comfort punk uniform; black Converse, black jeans, Negativland's "Christianity Is Stupid, Give Up" t-shirt, and a black Dickie's work jacket. That, and clearly knowing folks at the demo, says I'm from around here.

"No, just here on business." She glances at her watch. "Say, I have an hour before I have to catch a cab to the airport. Want to get a cup of coffee, maybe something to eat, catch up?"

I hate "catching up."

"Sure," I say. "I don't know the neighborhood too well, but there's an Eppler's Bakery a couple of blocks down."

"That should be fine."

We exchange small talk on the walk down Market. That I live in Oakland, write a political column in *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, recently got fired from a job distributing punk music, and am in the middle of rewriting my second novel for publication. That she commutes between a husband in New York and a job in Washington DC for a major public interest/environmental law firm and doesn't have time for much else. Eppler's is your average bakery, nothing fancy, mostly Danishes and other pastries meant to be eaten with coffee. She gets coffee, I order tea and we each buy a baked good, retiring to one of the small tables for some conversation.

We begin with the "good old days." Again, I have no interest in or use for nostalgia. Yet I must confess that one year in my past still resonates with me.

1968.

ROTC buildings at Stanford and Berkeley burn down. State troopers murder three black students at Orangeburg, South Carolina. Martin Luther King is assassinated in Memphis and riots break out in black ghettos across the country. Students at Columbia and San Francisco State Universities occupy buildings and go on strike. Robert Kennedy is assassinated. Street fighting rages in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention. The Black Panther Party starts free breakfast programs for children and organizes rainbow alliances with the Young Lords, Young Patriots, Rising Up Angry and Black Disciples. The New Leftist Students for a Democratic Society peaks in membership, veers toward Marxism-Leninism, and begins to vehemently factionalize. Weatherman emerges, advocating armed struggle by white radicals in the US.

North Vietnamese and Viet Cong military forces launch the unsuccessful

Columns

Tet Offensive across South Vietnam, discrediting US claims that the war is almost over. French students and workers call a general strike and almost overthrow de Gaulle. Czechoslovakia breaks with the Soviet Bloc by demanding "socialism with a human face," and invading Warsaw Pact troops crush the revolt. Street fighting provos and house-squatting kraakers gain prominence in Amsterdam, and a New Left emerges in Germany. The Cultural Revolution's Red Guards storm around China, until Mao lifts his blessing and calls in the Peoples Liberation Army. Under Mexican government orders, the army massacres hundreds of students demonstrating in the capital city, and US black athletes raise clenched fist salutes at the Mexico City Olympics.

A lot of us believed that The Revolution (capital "t," capital "r") was right around the corner in 1968. Most of the folks reading these words weren't even born in 1968. I turned 16 and got politics that year.

I'd been a model student prior to 1968, even a jock on the swim and water polo teams. I remember seeing the grainy black-and-white TV pictures after VC guerrillas stormed the US embassy in Saigon and from the bloody battle for Hue. The US government's brutal little police action in Vietnam didn't look as if it was ever going to end. Somewhere around my sixteenth birthday I realized I had just two years before I was legally required to register for the draft. That meant figuring out where I stood on the Vietnam War, patriotism and fighting communism, killing or dying in combat, potentially resisting conscription with its consequences of Canada or jail; a whole slew of issues that quickly pushed me to the left.

I was a pacifist by the end of 1968, and a hippie digger anarchist to boot by the time I filed for Conscientious Objector status after registering for the draft in 1970, in turn burning my draft card at the first convenient public protest. The anti-war movement rose to a crescendo in those years as well, cresting with the nationwide student strikes and popular mass demonstrations against the war in 1970. These two plus years were crucial, not just for my becoming a Leftist, but also for defining myself as a political person.

I did two years at a junior college from 1970 to save money for UC Santa Cruz, and of course my politics continued to evolve. I tossed the pacifism by 1972 to remain an ecumenical, countercultural left anarchist sympathetic to alliances with libertarian anarcho-capitalist types. I junked that idea by 1975, concentrated on syndicalist and communist anarchism, and started to read a little Marx. I jumped into punk rock by 1979, and anarcho-punk by 1981, reading a little more Marx on the way. I considered myself an anarcho-marxist by 1984, and dropped the anarchism for a catholic, libertarian marxism by 1991. Despite the somewhat strident Hooligan left communist line pushed in these pages, I'm a much more genial heterodox infantile ultraleft kinda guy, really. I've even used several recent columns to describe aspects of my character—spirituality and anti-German racism—that don't jibe with Hooligan's radicalism.

Vickie went straight off to an Ivy League college back east, where she did her brief stint in radical politics. I'd heard she binged on drugs and sex her freshman year, once she got away from home. She became a radical feminist, with sympathies for the Weather Underground. She visited Cuba and was arrested several times at anti-war demonstrations in this country for riotous behavior. She decided to organize immigrant women workers upon graduating, but her two years in the work force sobered her up fast. Fortunately, she still had an Ivy League education, and the social contacts that came with it. She was working for Jesse Jackson and his Rainbow Coalition when she attended graduate school. Then she worked on a series of Democratic presidential campaigns; Carter, Mondale and Clinton. By the time we shared coffee, pastries and conversation in 1999, she was a typical liberal. Pro-choice and pro-death penalty, tough on guns and crime, supportive of affirmative action and US intervention in the Balkans; you know the type.

Vickie and I were both lost in reverie as we talked, our eyes distant, our smiles dreamy. Given the momentous events we experienced, it's not surprising that we tended to romanticize the '60s. Nostalgia is not the only danger from this however. Demonizing is the opposite side of the coin from romanticizing, and it's surprisingly easy to flip that coin. Starting with David Horowitz, there are plenty of '60s folk who now condemn their past in no uncertain terms. One in particular, Larry Livermore, now indicts punks for using the methods and tactics of the '60s. Ignore that Horowitz did a one-eighty because his friend was allegedly murdered by members of the Black Panthers, whereas Larry merely got rich. Larry's criticism of punk is mostly specious because those same "hippie" methods and tactics have been the mainstay of movements for social change for the past 200-plus years. I've argued in previous columns that we have to go beyond this inherited "protest politics as usual," not because it's hippie shit but because it's largely ineffectual and very boring. One of the "proper channels in a democracy" intended to shore up the status quo by incorporating incremental reform to head off social revolution. The potential for something new emerging was what I enjoyed in last year's "battle for Seattle," and I've noticed that those who dismiss present day protest movements for practicing little more than '60s politics never offer even a suggestion as to what people might try and do instead.

But I digress.

Most folks would regard my political evolution over the past three decades as incidental at best, considering it a minimal movement from one point to another on the Left's left, in defiance of that "self-evident truth" that people get more conservative as they get older. Indeed, Vickie kept condescendingly smiling and clucking: "Good old Lefty. Haven't changed a bit." That irritated me to no end, but it did get me thinking about consistency and change in political belief systems, as well as that timid form of reformism known as liberalism.

That's one reason I quoted Goldwater's speech written by Hess at the head of this column. Both men were ardent anti-government individualists throughout their lives, though the political courses each followed differed radically. In 1964 Goldwater and Hess were rabid anti-communist, limited-government conservatives who considered the ten amendments of the Bill of Rights the political equivalent of the Ten Commandments given Moses by God on Mount Sinai. Goldwater remained a player in the GOP as governor of Arizona, and his commitment to individualism and freedom brought him to support abortion rights and the legalization of marijuana before his death in 1998, scandalizing his fellow conservative Republicans. Hess dropped out of the Republican Party, sailed right past libertarianism and wound up on the far left as a communitarian anarchist who believed that small face-to-face community and not the nation-state could best guarantee individual freedom.

Goldwater stood pat and politics changed around him. Hess jettisoned his old politics and embraced the left of the Left. Yet both contended that they remained true to their core political principles, and their respective commitments accounted for where they eventually wound up.

A little closer to home in punk rock, Tim Yohannan kept to an unwavering Maoist politics with a Goldwater-like consistency for as long as anyone could remember. Yet even Tim admitted to evolution, telling me a couple of years before he died that while in the old days he would

Columns

have summarily lined up and shot the Fortune 500 CEOs "come the revolution," he merely wanted them to work as janitors in their own companies. At the meeting where Tim canned Jeff Bale as an *MRR* columnist, Jeff expressed an individualistic commitment to personal freedom and responsibility that accounts for his trajectory from the naive left anarchism of early *MRR* to the quasi-libertarianism of *Hit List*. This political migration resembles that of Karl Hess, in reverse.

Curiously, at that same meeting, Larry Livermore accused little old anti-Leninist, anti-Maoist me—then the fully anonymous writer of a strictly three dot, news based column in the old *MRR* news section—of being Tim's RCP stooge because "Lefty" Hooligan liked to quote Marx. This is the time to remember that Livermore's evolution from self-described social democrat/democratic socialist at that meeting to his present position as the reactionary, paternalistic "elder statesman" of punk can be directly correlated to the growth of his financial portfolio. It's a gutless move that lacks the passion and principle of David Horowitz's conservative denunciation of his red diaper/New Left past or Arthur Koestler's disillusionment with the "god" of Soviet Communism.

That's pretty much my argument with Vickie's liberalism as well; its general lack of passion and principle. It's overall gutlessness. I have little in common with Barry Goldwater's politics, but I can sure identify with "moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue; extremism in the pursuit of liberty is no vice." Such sentiments appall any good liberal, who considers them dangerous and extremist. In turn, Vickie's move to the safe ground of liberalism after the '60s followed a well-beaten path trampled by the likes of Tom Hayden and Daniel Cohn-Bendit.

I didn't get into it with Vickie. We only had an hour, and most of that evaporated telling our respective life stories. In the old days, I would have picked a fight in order to denounce and demolish her liberal politics. Instead, I politely wrote down her East Coast particulars with no intention of contacting her. We had little in common beyond three years of high school. Nevertheless, life is far too short to create an enemy simply to remain politically principled. Except for those few years between 1968 to 1970, I never actually believed I'd see a genuine social revolution in this country in my lifetime. Still don't. That's one reason why both my first and second novels compensate by speculating on the social conditions that might precipitate revolutionary situations in these United States. And one reason why I didn't condemn Vickie as a sellout or *bourgeois* apologist or any number of other epithets I've used on radicals-turned-liberal in the past.

Perhaps I also had a little nostalgia for the Vickie I knew in high school. A bogus emotion based on an airbrushed past, much like my feelings for the foundering Peace and Freedom Party. Nor is the irony lost on me that a '60s cliche was "don't trust anyone over 30," and that the old Peace and Freedom failed to qualify for the ballot after 30 years.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o *MRR*.

I'm more worried than a gerbil in a homobar. It's the eve of the primary. Though I voted for Bradley, things look grim. Bradley will lose. Running will be a born-again Christian who believes in tax support for churches and teaching creationism in school. That's the Democrat! The Republican will be a moron with a large bank account, filled by every corporate slimeball who's ever poisoned a well. Jezus fuckin' Christ!

As usual, I'll vote third party, applauding those who don't vote at all, packing my bags in case I have to make a quick getaway when they make masturbation illegal.

You know Tipper Gore's PMRC connection. You know Al Gore's Christian proclamations. There's no excuse. If you read this column and vote for Gore, you're a traitor. If you love music... If you love your freedom... what's left of it... If you hate Christiandom... you absolutely cannot vote for Al Gore. Pat Buchanan would be better than Gore. At least *he* is anti-NAFTA and doesn't take money from the Chinese.

I've heard all the lesser of two evil arguments. I've heard the Supreme Court justices arguments. They don't mean shit. Life under Gore would be no better than life under Bush. A third-party vote or no vote at all tells the politicos they can't take you for granted. If you always vote for the lesser of two evils, you'll always get an evil. In any case, the next four years are gonna be pretty nasty.

I used to take sanctuary in being a New Yorker. America's problems didn't affect me, I said. Things are different here. Not any more.

Either the people in this city are not the same as they once were, or they've lost their balls. You can't even have a good riot in New York.

In LA, Rodney King gets roughed up. The cops get off. People go bonkers. In New York, the cops actually KILL someone. Forty one shots. The local Negroes have a march. A fuckin' march! My, how peaceful of you. Next time someone gets shot, why not have TWO marches.

Actually, there've been two more killed-by-cops since that one. No riots though. The only riot was a buncha white punks in the East Village. What happened to them? The city bulldozed their garden. For flowers, they get it up for a riot. Kill a racial brother, and you have a march. Jezus, what good is having a big dick if you've got no balls?

I love riots. A good one would kill Guiliani's Senate chances. Of course, rioting for a jury verdict isn't the best of reasons. Juries have to decide cases on their merits, not on street pressure. Caving in to public opinion is a lynch mob mentality... and we already have that in Congress. So riot against the shootings, not the verdicts. Yeah!

The public will get their pound of copflesh out of these cops anyway. The government will keep putting them on trial until SOMEONE finds them guilty of SOMETHING. It's the American way. Fuck double jeopardy. That went out with the rest of The Constitution. You know that. How many times have you complained about losing your rights? You forget that cops have civil liberties too. Along with baseball players who make statements we don't like. But that's another column.

For this one, let's get back to my South American adventure. Having left Brazil, land of ugly guys and sexy girls, I'm now in Argentina the land of Tango, Gauchos, and Uggi's whole-pizzas-for-$2.

When last we left me, I moved from the ritzy apartment of some very hostile Argentines into the lesbo-friendly *Fun People* commune.

The band is leaving in a few days to go on tour. My Quilmes pal, Roman, told me that the band is a bunch of rich rockstars with an exotic tourbus and rock'n'roll lifestyle. I can't wait to see what it's like. We'll be traveling in luxury. Roman told me. Complete Rock'n'Roll decadence,

The first time I visit the Fun People, I ring the bell. The door opens. There's a tough-looking guy, naked from the waist

up, with double pierced nipples and a Samurai haircut. He introduces himself as Manny The Manager.

He's not a typical cigar-smoking, cocaine-sniffing manager though. He's the booking agent, friend, trouble-shooter, tour supervisor, and baby-sitter for the band. He's like a Jewish mother, making sure the chicken soup never runs out.

The commune itself is a live wire of activity. There's a record label, archives, living quarters for Fun People singer, Carlito aka Nekro. She Devils and sundry other visitors stay in sundry other rooms in the place.

Nekro is a smallish guy, about my size but thinner-boned and more sensitive looking. He's also got a lot more head hair and a lot less body hair than I have. He writes, sings, and has the world's weirdest record collection.

"You like The Pretenders?" he asks me.

I shake my head.

"That's too bad." he says. Pulling out an obscure bootleg as well as a video. He's also got GG Allin, some Country and Western classics, and Janis Joplin.

He asks me to check his transcription... "My friends all have porches. I must make almonds." Not quite it.

Also in that commune is a Goddess. Tough, funny, with beautiful self-confidence and a raspy voice that's like alcohol on my balls. Her name's Pilar. She's a lesbian. She lives there with her girlfriend, a cool German girl. They fight all the time. Typical lesbo stuff.

Part of the band She Devils, Pilar's co-female is not her girlfriend, but Patricia, another devil of a woman. She too is in "a relationship"—with the band's male drummer. (It's a conspiracy!)

My one day with Pilar is pure heaven. We visit Eva Peron's tomb. It's in an amazing mausoleum in the heart of Buenos Aires. Pilar tells me Evita isn't really in the tomb. The army stole her body after doing something very nasty to it. Juan, her husband, suffered a post-mortem castration as well has having both hands removed. Still, Evita has a tomb, fresh flowers and all, amidst the evil generals and dictators of the past.

Most of the tombs are more elaborate than Evita's. Towers of cherubs and angels, surround proud statues of the scummiest dictators. The door to one of the tombs is open. It looks empty. The architect cut a small window in the concrete under the shelf where the coffin usually lies. Pilar reaches in and fumbles for awhile.

(I write words originally spoken in Spanish in **bold** type.)

"Look at what I found, Mykel," she says.

She's holding up what looks like a four-foot long prop from a science fiction movie. It's glass. For most of its length, cylindrical two inches in diameter. At the bottom, it changes into a bulb, as wide as a double fist.

"What do you think it's for?" she asks.

"I don't know, maybe it's for ashes." I say.

"There are no ashes in it," she says. **"There's nothing in it."**

"Maybe the ashes got scattered when someone busted into the tomb." I answer, **"Maybe they reform into the original body that now walks around here at night. I don't know."**

She lifts the glass object turning it in the sun. **"I think I'm going to take it home,"** she says.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," I say. **"I'm not a superstitious guy** (lie) **but I don't think having one of those whatever-it-ises in your room can be good luck. What happens if the original occupant, now scattered to the winds, wants to come home? Do you want her dragging her chains and howling through the house?"**

Pilar's subtly tanned face whitens.

"Tu tienes razon," she says, and, to my relief, puts the glass thing back.

We take some pictures of me crying at Evita's tomb, go for a couple of beers in a fancy outdoor restaurant, and talk about sex.

"So, why are you having problems with your girlfriend?" I ask her.

"Well, you see, she answers, **"I love her, but I like other girls too... Lot's of them."**

"What is your type?" I ask her.

"I want to fuck anyone!" she says, **"I have no type..."**

My pants tighten.

"As long as it's a girl."

Droop city.

Back at the commune, I bid farewell to The Goddess as she goes off work her night job. I switch to Patricia who takes me drinking. Somehow I wind up in a live broadcast on Argentine radio, with a reggae band from Venezuela. We're talking about "the music underground." It's sprung on me in complete surprise. And while I can understand the questions, my Spanish is malo enough to completely fuck up the answers. My jokes get no response. When I answer seriously, the place cracks up.

"Yo Patricia," I say. **"How about if I speak English and you translate?"**

She agrees and the rest of the night goes well, except I wind up in bed alone... again.

The day comes to leave on the tour. All the Fun People are here. Here too are two roadies, a soundman, a merchandiser, Manny The Manager, and the members of the supporting band Lo Quero.

The big white bus is not exactly the lap of luxury. Yes, there are beds in the back. Well, not exactly beds, but half a dozen large shelves with pieces of foam on them. Yes, there are drugs. Two joints and a large bottle of Quilmes beer. The super video, is a small portable TV, connected to a VCR, mounted high above the bus windshield. Half the windows are cracked. The other half won't open. The air conditioning is a vent about the size of a small microwave oven. It's on top of the bus, just a rising and lowering piece of metal. Some ritz.

Before we leave, we have a farewell feast. Fit for the rock'n'roll kings of decadence. A feast, an obscene orgy of food. A cornucopia of abundance: Two Uggis pizzas.

We pile into the warm bus and wave to our well-wishers. The boys stick a boring California skater tape in the VCR and head out of town. Once outside Buenos Aires, the bus picks up speed. When it does, the videotape changes. Porno! Yeah!

Before we can enjoy the thrust, the wind forces the airvent closed. Manny The Manager finds a piece of wood to prop it open. A few miles down the road THWAP! The wood falls to the floor. The vent slams shut.

This happens two or three more times before Manny resolves the problem by turning the wood piece vertical, and hammering it into place. Not long after that, the wind catches the vent cover, rips it off and sends in clattering to the highway behind us.

Now it's cold. Freezing inside. This should be spring but it feels like Mongolia in here. Manny The Manager, with a manager's resourcefulness, grabs a plastic garbage bag. Me, with 35 years of travel in my rectum, have come prepared to help. Duct tape! I never leave home without it. It can get me out of more jams than a $50 receipt from the Police Benevolence Association.

Together we tape the bag around the hole, Manny holding. Me taping. Soon we have our shield, wildly noisy as the wind tries to rip through.

In the few minutes before it succeeds, I talk with the Fun Boys. I ask them about their reputation as "big rock stars," and the naturally accompanying SELL-OUT.

"We tour a lot," says the bass player, an attractive young man with skin the color of English tea. "A lot of people come to our shows. Maybe that's why."

"It also comes from America," says Carlito/Nekro. "Like for instance, we were in New York. And we go to Esn-

deider's place to sleep. Here we are from Argentina. We've never been to the US before. He's got records like the first AGNOSTIC FRONT album. Stuff we've never seen. But he wants to show us the newest radical group from Peru. Jesus Christo! We can get Peru here, but AGNOSTIC FRONT???"

"Was that a problem?" I ask.

"You bet!" he says. "Suddenly we're *America-focused* and we don't care about what goes on in South America. And blah blah blah. All these great records, and he wants to talk politics!"

That's as deep as I could get into the reputation mystery, because just at that moment, the plastic bag rips off the bus top. Papers, cards, everything inside goes flying. So much for the luxury ride.

The show itself goes smoothly. Both bands are great and Carlito is a magnetic performer! There are a lot of very young people, and a few obnoxious drunks. Strange for a punkshow, huh? One particularly repulsive feature is the number of couples—boy girl—holding hands, making out, yuk! If you wanna fuck, do it. But don't just show off. Who needs that?

The show starts at midnight. We leave about four AM the next morning. I bid my farewell. The band heads South. I head for the beach.

Beach, yeah right. The temperature drops like the Viagra ran out. It's freezing. Did I bring a jacket? Are you kidding? It's spring. Yeah, right.

Back in Rio for a few days before coming back to New York. Leonardo, who I originally stayed with, is on tour with his band *Jason*. Mancini, another friend, has parents who don't allow guests. Fernanda, my first love of the trip, hasn't answered my email.

It's raining. I'm in a hotel. My feet hurt from walking. I'm sunburnt from trying to get a month's worth of beach in 12 hours at Copacabana. I've got a cold-sore as big as the Rio slums on my upper lip.

The next day, in the Rio airport, I'm stupid enough to tell the truth. A rude Continental Airlines "security officer," asks if I have anything that I can use as a weapon.

"I got two pairs of nail scissors," I say.

He wants to see 'em. They're packed away in my locked bag. In my toilet kit. Under condoms, shampoo. The works.

"They are in my bag." I tell him.

"Show them to me." he says.

Wow! Am I mad. Unpack everything. Make a mess on the floor. Condoms here and there. Pills rolling. I shake, I'm so angry. Get one pair out, a cheap pair I bought in Brazil. I slam it on the desk in front of him.

"Is that all?" he asks.

What an idiot I was, telling the guy the truth! I get the other pair. More condoms, earplugs the works, spilling this way and that, while the crowd on line gawks.

"You have two choices:" he says. "You can check your bag or..."

"Keep 'em!" I yell at him.

"You can pack your things now." he says.

I do. One hard-ass in the security crew and I get him. This does not bode well for my return to New York.

Back in The City... as usual, not glad to be. I wait on line at the bus station, Ahead of me, a mom carries a baby—about six months old. She makes goo goo noises while looking the baby in the face. Then she turns her body and WHAM! smacks the kid's head against the plexiglass window in the waiting room. The kid says nothing. Then more goo goo noise, and WHAM, whacked against the glass again. Each whack sends a resounding THUMP throughout the waiting room. People look over their shoulders. The mother takes no notice. WHAM, she's at it again. From the black hair of the kid, I first think it's an Oriental family. A glimpse of the short mom's face says no. She's hard to peg, though a lot of Hispanics are on this route.

Now I'm on the bus. Next to me, actually a couple seats over, are a couple speaking in a language I don't know. Greek? No clue. Whatever it is, I wish I were there.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: TheBoss@MykelBoard.com) receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *Amazon screw dept:* I removed the Amazon Books link to one of my websites. That's because of Amazon's recent patents on openly available internet techniques. If Microsoft is trying to take over the internet, Amazon is trying to take over how it works. And if they win? What kind of task-master would Amazon be?

Well, here's a message I got from them about listing sex stuff in their auction site:

Greetings from Amazon.com Auctions and zShop!

This is to inform you that listing #0208H645683 for "THE RAPEMAN: Notorious Japanese Hentai" has been canceled.

As listed in the Prohibited Content for our website:

"Erotica and artwork are permitted. This includes prints, paintings,MPA-rated NR movies, and other material that is not sexually explicit, including magazines of the type you'd find at a convenience store. We do stipulate that listings of such items not include explicit images—as at the convenience store, please leave nude images 'behind the counter' (i.e., use censor strips or don't include images).

Amazon.com participants may not list pornography or material that includes graphic images of sex acts. They also may not list erotica and artwork in inappropriate categories. Images and language may not be graphic or obscene, and links to pornographic Web sites are prohibited."

We determined that your listed item was in violation of these guidelines, and have ended the sale. In the future, if you are at all unsure about whether you should list an item, I would advise that you err on the side of caution and contact us before listing it.

Thank you for your interest in Amazon.com Auctions and zShops!

Best regards, Keith Womack Amazon.com Earth's Biggest Selection http://www.amazon.com

—> *666 dept:* My pal Irwin forwarded me email about a candidate for Pope. He may take over when the current on-the-cusp-of-deather finally meets Dr. Lucifer.

The London Times reports:

The leading conservative contender to succeed the Pope yesterday said that the "Antichrist" was already on Earth in the guise of a prominent philanthropist whose concern for human rights and the environment and advocacy of ecumenicism masks his real aim: the destruction of Christianity and "the death of God".

Cardinal Giacomo Biffi, 71, the Archbishop of Bologna, said the Antichrist advocates ecumenical dialogue between the Roman Catholic Church and other Christian denominations, including

Anglicanism and the Orthodox Church. This appears to be a worthy aim, but in fact is being used by the Antichrist in an attempt to water down and undermine Catholicism to the point where it collapses.

We can only hope.

—> *More religious nuttery or let the idiots duke it out dept:* According to the Associated Press, two Southern Baptist congregations are preparing to teach their members how to convert "cult" members. Cults include Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses.

The Cult Awareness Impact Crusade was scheduled for Feb. 6-8 at Calvary Baptist Church and Oaklawn Baptist Church.

Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses are not Christians, say the Rev. Mark Corts, Calvary's senior pastor, and the Rev. Philip Henry, assistant pastor for evangelism and new-member assimilation.

They want to help prevent their members from joining those religions and teach them how to convert Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons to Christianity.

The denomination also issued a

Columns

booklet last year saying Hindus have "darkness in their hearts that no lamp can dispel."

What could be more fun than having these Christian idiots trying to convert one another? I can see armies of doorbell ringers, switching tit-for-tat in each other's neighborhoods. Maybe they'll leave the rest of us alone for awhile.

—> *How much sex do you get in Russia? dept:* Moscow paper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* reports on a sex education program now being tested in back woods cities. The book for first graders shows a pair of dogs going at it. A booklet for the Seventh Grade is called *Your Friend the Condom*. In the 9th grade, students learn masturbation "to relieve psychophysiological discomfort." Now what about another, even better way of relieving that discomfort?

—> *Clearing the clutter dept:* I found a 1998 magazine that reports on a group started in Shumen, Bulgaria. Called the "Male Democratic Movement for the Support of Bill Clinton," the group sent a letter to the US Supreme Court. The letter said, *A strong state can be established only by spiritually, as well as sexually, strong politicians. It is a shame to persecute one of the few real men of the late 20th century.* The article adds that the group has prohibited homosexuals from membership, but will accept women who believe "a strong politician should be strong in every respect."

—>Although they exclude homos in Bulgaria, they more than include them in Denmark. For the first time, a homosexual couple was officially invited to an event at the Danish royal palace. The press celebrated the idea. The monarchy's reaction? "What's all the fuss about?" Ah, there ain't nothin' like a Dane!

—> There's so much more to tell about my South American trip, but I've been back so long the memory is fading like a morning erection after the first piss. I do want to mention Marcello. The Argentine GG Allin. Well, not exactly GG. GG could never have gotten it together to put out a fanzine AND be in a band. And though Marcello doesn't shit on stage, I wouldn't stand in front at one of his shows.

Body Bag is his zine. Somewhere between *Answer Me* and *MRR*, it's on newsprint with interesting and gory things, if you understand Spanish. You can send Marcelo $3 in well-concealed cash for a copy. Write to him c/o at: C.C. 16 C.P. 1427 Suc. 27 "B" Buenos Aires AS ARGENTINA.

—>*Take that.... dahling dept:* Parinya Kiatbusaba is an 18 year-old Thai kick boxer. He's also a *kratoey* or "lady boy." He feels himself to be "a woman inside" and likes the pork up the poopchute. He boxes wearing make-up and nail polish. His opponent in his first fight said, "He will learn that boxing is a game for a real man." Yeah right. That real man was down and out after five rounds. Parinya packs 'em in at Lumpani stadium and has done more to promote gender tolerance than a thousand Washington marches.

—>*Something in the water? dept:* It's weird enough that Vermont is the first state to give homo couples the same rights as het couples. What's weirder is that their capital, Montpelier, is the only state capital that has NO MCDONALDS! They're just lucky it's cold there. Otherwise, they'd have the largest unAmerican population in America. Maybe they already do.

—>*Just when I thought no one was reading dept: Zine Guide* reviewzine released its survey of best liked and most hated zines. *MRR* is on the top of almost every list! Here are the results for this mag:

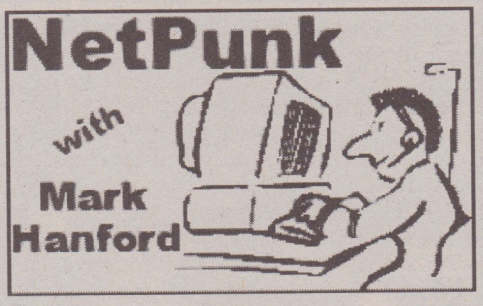
Least Favorite Zines Among Girls #1: *Maximum Rock'n'Roll.*

Least Favorite Zines Among Boys #1: *Maximum Rock'n'Roll.*

Least Favorite Zines Among Labels #1: *Maximum Rock'n'Roll.*

Least Favorite Zine Overall #1: *Maximum Rock'n'Roll.*

A perfect score!!!! What more could you ask for?



This month I have a slew of sites submitted by various readers. Some of you are trying to get their band mentioned, and some of you are simply being helpful. I appreciate all of your e-mail, because hey, it helps me write this column —plus, it turns me on to some fun punk stuff that otherwise I'd never run across.

If I were giving out honorable mentions for helping me find sites, I'd have to give one to Ricky Ferry. He wrote me with basically an entire column worth of links on the DC scene. I'm not going to use all of them this time around, but a few of the stuff in this month's column probably came from him. You can check out his website at http://www.geocities.com/mcpunkska/ .

One site that he didn't send me is http://www.proberecords.com, which is the home of everyone's favorite naked punk magazine and record label, *The Probe*. This site focuses mainly on the stuff Aaron has available. There isn't much content here. For that, you'll want to visit http://www.punkrocksex.com/ This is an "adult" site, with nekkid banner ads and the like, so you want to be careful if you're checking it out in the library or computer lab. A bunch of material from *The Probe* is online here, including some interviews and articles from past issues, as well as a few photos. Check it out.

The punkrocksex site is actually designed by Kittyfeet.com (http://www.kittyfeet.com/). This is the home of Michael Dean of the band Bomb. Kittyfeet is a very cool site. Not only are there Bomb songs and Michael Dean stuff that you can download in mp3 format, but the site is organized in such a way that you're are always discovering something new. You could spend a lot of time here running across things you haven't seen before.

Another wacked-out site is that of *Testicular Pressure* zine, label, mail-order, and whatever else they do, at http://www.testicle.com/. All kinds of weird stuff here, from punk rock, to psychedelia, to sex and comics. Yet another site with stuff to keep you busy for days on end.

Nihilism on the Prowl has some of the nicest background layouts I've seen on a website. Dealing mostly with Britpunk (or American bands that sound Britpunk), this site has a bunch of old punk rock photos from the '70s and '80s, a handful of interviews and reviews, and a columns section that hasn't really taken off yet. Still, visiting the site is worth it if only to see the nifty layout. Nihilism on the Prowl is at http://www.suffer in suf fragettes.homestead.com.

If looking at band photos is your thing and you're into hardcore, you'll want to check out Danielle's Punk and Hardcore Photos. Along with the band photos, there is also a section of art photos that is pretty cool, and some random photos that probably aren't that interesting unless you know the people in the pictures. Anyway, it's worth a look at http://www.punkmusic.com/daniellesphotos/.

If you have a zine, record, video, book, etc you'd like to get some distribution for, you might check out Stranger Than Fiction at http://www.nvo.com/diystro/. They seem to have their shit together. The only drawback I can see is that they only pay %50 on consignment, which is a little bit weak. Still, check out their site to see what they do.

Somebody e-mailed me (it might have been Ricky) to turn me on to the *Buzzerzine* website. Well, it doesn't look like the site has been updated much in the last six months, but there is a ton of writing here, some of which is political, and some of which are rants that crack me up (hint: read everything by Veronica Stabb). You can visit Buzzerzine at http://

NEW

FUCK ON THE BEACH/RUIDO split 7"
DEAD MAN'S CHOIR "SHE DON'T LIKE IT" 7"

SORT OF NEW....

46 SHORT "SPECIMEN" CD/LP
SCARRED FOR LIFE "BORN WORK DIE" CD/LP
THE FIXTURES "ONE CRISIS SHORT OF CHAOS" CD/LP
V/A "BITE THE BULLET" sampler comp CD
w/UK Subs, Dayglo Abortions, JFA, Raw Power, Ciril, Electric Frankenstein and all the Know bands...
RUIDO/INSULT SPLIT 7" (1st 300 on clear vinyl)
DEAD MAN'S CHOIR "SHE DON'T LIKE IT" 7"

OLDER STUFF - BUT STILL AVAILABLE

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR "WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME" 7"
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN/LE SHOK SPLIT 7"
ARSON FAMILY/46 SHORT SPLIT 7"
ALL DAY "WHEN WE WERE GOOD" 7"
INSULT "I WANNA BE A BURN VICTIM" CD
DAS KLOWN "HOLY CRAP!" CD/LP
ALL DAY "NOBODY LIKES A QUITTER" CD
DRAIN BRAMAGED "HAPPY DRUNX" CD
THE FIXTURES "DANGEROUS MUSIC DEFECT" CD
DAS KLOWN "LIVE AT ZED" CD
V/A "WHAT WERE WE FIGHTING FOR?"
A Dead Kennedys Tribute CD
w/Electric Frankenstein, Anal Cunt, Final Conflict, Visual Discrimination, Eyelid, Blanks 77, Das Klown, etc...

COMING SOON

ARMISTICE/CIRIL split LP
V/A THRASH OF THE TITANS mega comp with Fuck On The Beach, DRI, DS-13, Anal Cunt, Hirax. Cripple Bastards, Ruido, etc....

OTHER STUFF AVAILABLE

Anal Cunt/Insult "Live radio sessions" split CD
Dead Nation "Face The Nation" 7"
Fuck On The Beach/Flachenbrand split 7"
No Reply s/t 7"
V/A "Still Can't Hear The Words" Subhumans tribute CD w/ Cress, Chokehold, Assert, Wat Tyler, Hellkrusher, etc.."
Grief/13 split 7"
Stack/Narsaak split 7"
Armistice "Endless Struggle" 7"
Das Klown "Sink Or Swim" 7" (blue vinyl)
Boobyhatch "Hip Shaking Asscore" 7"
Nerve Agents/Kill Your Idols split 7"
Armistice/Flux Of Disorder split 7"
V/A "Scene Through My Eyes" 18 band comp LP w/ DSB, Fuckface, Brother Inferior, The Neighbors, The Gaia, etc..
Scream "Live At The Black Cat" CD
Positive State/The Twenty Two's split 7"
Cabal "Severing Teeth" 7"
Disprove/Auvgrund split 7"
Ramraid/Zero Zero Seat split 7"
Antidogmatics s/t 7"
Bom Dead Icons "Part Of Something..." 7"
The Missing 23rd "The Powers That Be" CD
46 Short/Mother Fuckin' TittySuckers (gehenna members)split 7"
Rancid Hell Spawn "Teenage Lard" 7"
Das Klown/All Day split 7"
Perdedores "Viva For Fun!" 7"
OMOBNA/PUS split 7"
Drain Bramaged "I Won't Be" CD
V/A "Cash, Gash & Thrash" comp 7" w/ Wadge, PELME, Bad Acid Trip, Utter Bastard, Fallout
Carol "Prefabricated" 7"
The Fixtures "Screw The World" 7"
Eyelid "Days Infected" 7"
Rupture/Flachenbrand split 7"
PUS "A Life In Fear" 7"
Hellchild/Gomorrha split 7"
The GC5 "Takin' It To The Streets" 7"
Depite "The Last Breath" 7"
All Day/Stomach split 7"
Diavola Rosso/Y split 7"
Onward To Mayhem "Six Acts..." 7"
The Workin' Stiffs/The Bristles split 7"
Fisticuffs "Apocalypse Now" 7"
Crippled Heroes "Cycle Of Oppression" 7"

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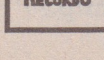

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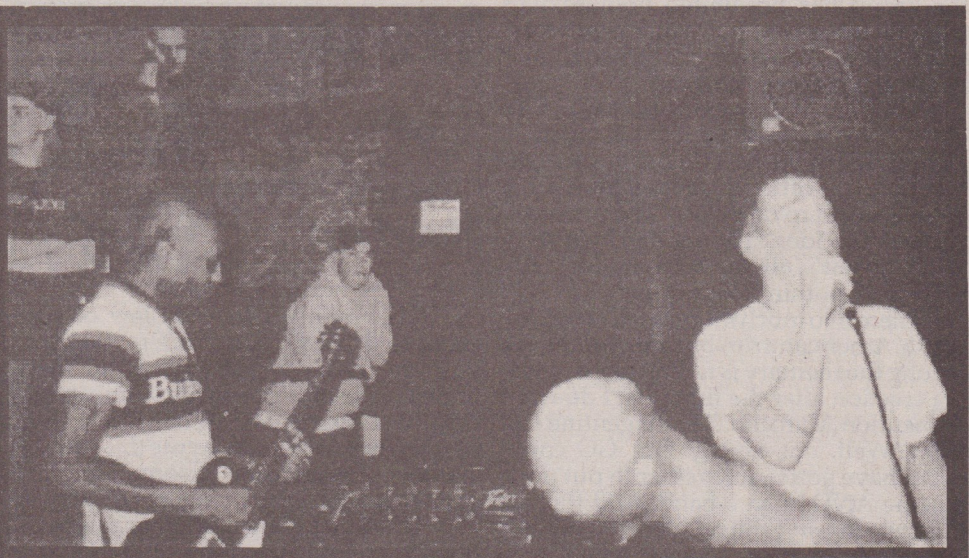

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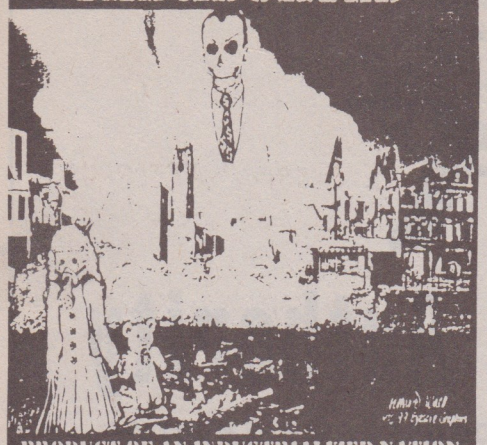

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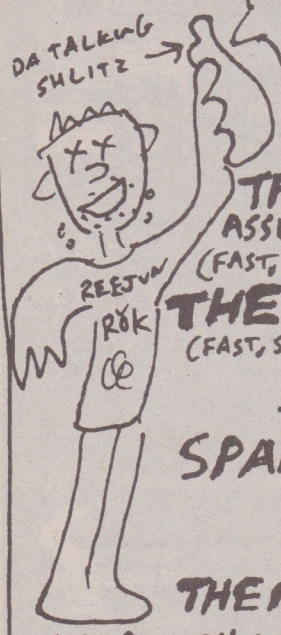

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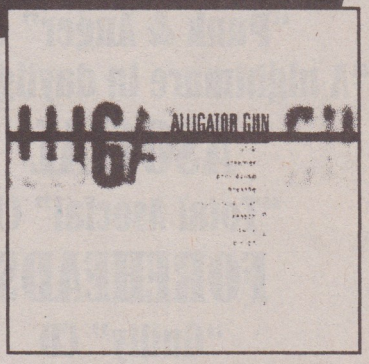

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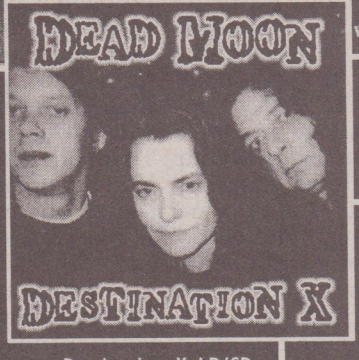

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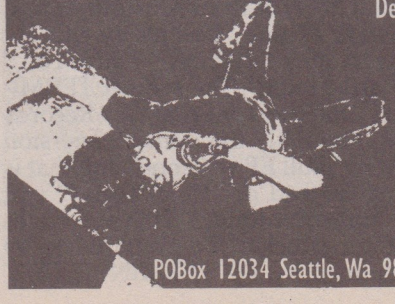

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Columns

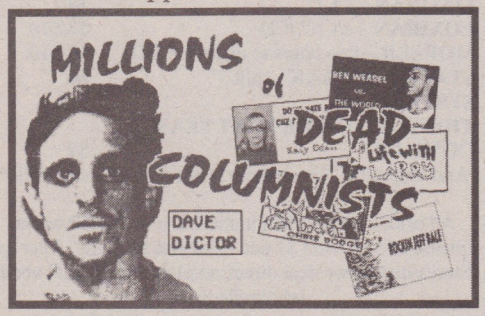
www.geo cities.com/buzzerzine/.

On to some more music sites. Antidote is a kick ass band from Holland whose style is in the late-'70s / early '80s Britpunk vein. Their site contains the standard info about the band—a bio, discography, tour dates, etc. However, they also have some real audio songs for you to download, and that's why you want to visit. Check out their stuff, because you'll probably want more. The Antidote page is at http://members.xoom.com/anti_dote/ .

Check out http://personal.isla.net/tainayjavier/RugAnarweb.html for information on the Puerto Rico hardcore scene at Rugitas Anarkus. This page is the home of 'Zineverguenza, Anaconda Records, and the band Cojobo. While there isn't a ton of info here, there are links to other Puerto Rican sites, and I always find it interesting to read about what is going on in other countries. Oh, the site is in both English and Spanish, so you should have no problem checking it out.

One final site for this month is PastePunk at http://www.paste punk.com/ While much of the bands they feature lean towards the Epitaph / Fat Wreck variety, they also have some interesting rants and articles, and they keep the material fresh. There was brand new material the day I visited, and several updates within the past month. By far, the most compelling reason to visit is for the articles.

OK, so that's all the time I have this month. E-mail me at netpunk @die hippiedie.com or write me at PO Box 8059, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Oh, and I am now streaming audio on the web, with songs culled from my vast record and CD collection. I may even start throwing up demo tapes of bands from the '80s that NOBODY remembers. Visit me at http://www.die hippiedie.com/. Over and out.



I've been completely without my last lover for a year now. And it's weird but—and I ought to know better—I've been bitter. Bitter that she broke away from me. Bitter over her decision. It's a sucky feeling. I don't want to feel bitter. And truly I don't even have a right to feel bitter. The whole time of our 20 month relationship I was addicted to speed. Going nowhere faster than the whole world and feeling very smug about it at the same time. I was into my own head on many levels and the very least of them sexually. I ignored her quite often while staying waxfully medicated. I provided material comforts but emotionally very often was vacant.

And by the time I got busted and needed to pull out of my addiction, she was over me and emotionally divested. The hole in myself only became more apparent as I wiped away the numbness for the long road of getting and staying clean. My loneliness just kept feeding my anger which kept feeding my feelings of isolation. I haven't held anybody in a year's time. Shit, it used to be so easy when I was young. And even easier a little later when punk came around and I got to be a freak at the punker's ball. And with the whirlwind of punk, there became so much to celebrate. Being a part of it so early on in Austin, Texas, with The Dicks, The Big Boys, and the Raul's crowd, then on to San Francisco to live at big punk squats like the Vats and Soma Laundry Foundation. Touring the road, constantly meeting people. Everything so wonderfully exciting. Gigging with the Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, Minor Threat, S.S. Decontrol, The Crucifucks, O.D.F.X.,Reagan Youth, and the lower east side punks. Then taking it to Europe, being lost, out past midnight, all by myself , my first night in Bristol, England and running into Chaos of Chaos UK, meeting Disorder and the Amebix, The Wyers Squat and BGK and Jesus and the Gospelfuckers and blazing a path into Italy and Spain and on and on and on.

Take a deep breath and just let it go. I remind myself of a book Laura Lee of the Barrington Co-op in Madison, Wisconsin shared with me when my first punk love relationship broke apart. It was a book titled *A Beginner's Guide To Higher Consciousness*. It talked about love and their various chakrahs, from your head, to your heart, to your crotch. Your lower chakrahs were about power, control, and orgasm. The higher chakrahs were of the heart and spirit and were about giving without expecting. Like an old grandmother with her newborn baby grandchild. Giving all that love, not even being sure that child will ever even remember her, but giving that baby unconditional love. Furthermore, understanding that love's true evolution can force you to end up having to let go of that power, control, and orgasm. And that realization frees you up from those feelings of bitterness and loneliness so you can start again. To embrace the spirit of love unconditionally, especially towards past relationships that have moved on. So this is to myself, and to you all out there holding onto those non-positive, lower chakrah stuff, and especially concerning the bitter fallout of love. Let yourself move on in a healthy way, to go ahead and appreciate those that gave you the amount of love they could before moving on. Appreciate that you got to have those feelings and the good memories, and move on today forth and go of lighter heart, ready for a new journey. I bid you good fortune in all your new endeavors.

mdcops@hotmail.com.

STILL A HOODLUM

Fuck yes! The REDUCERS SF.have a great new single out on TKO Records. This rocking seven inch starts out with a bang on the title cut "No Control." Glen and the REDUCERS SF. sing: "So many towns 'round here sing the same stories, bring the same wet tears..../It reeks of futility where material matter don't amount to a heap of shit/Well it sure as heck can stir some souls, but nobody up there gives a fuck about it." Great street sounds from San Francisco's favorite sons. Flip this single over and you get another instant classic by the REDUCERS SF. In "Never Find Me," the band sings: "The problem is working/My life's from nine to five/My life's been taken away/Well they hold you down in this stinking fucked-up town/They hide the facts/ And it all comes back to me/And there's no way out for us drunken screwed up louts/ That's alright because it's my city." Excellent! Be sure to grab this 7" as soon as you see it. You can look forward to a REDUCERS SF. full length LP on TKO before the end of the year.

Frank and TERMINUS CITY have two excellent seven inches available for you right now. The first example is out on Mad Skull Records from Amsterdam and it's called *My Castle* . Besides the title cut this EP includes the songs "Thank You " and "Hard Times." The second TERMINUS CITY release is on Squigtone Records and it's essentially the domestic version of the Mad Skull EP with one song that is different. Instead of "Hard Times" you get the song "Nothing." This shit rocks like a motherfucker! Be prepared to be overwhelmed by the TERMINUS CITY

COLUMNS

full length LP *Justice Isn't Always Fair* on TKO Records coming out in May. You will find the songs "My Castle" and "Thank You " on that upcoming barn burner. Write to Squigtone Records to get *My Castle*: 166 Spring Street, Newton, New Jersey, O7860, USA.

Don't Forget that the brand new THOSE UNKNOWN EP from TKO is waiting in the wings—Bill and fellow THOSE UNKNOWN member Ed have moved from the Garden State to the Golden State and we can expect some live appearances in support of the record. We are looking forward to this event.

You lucky skinheads and punks get an American Oi! hammer this month!

Josh at Upstart Productions has collaborated with Andy and Kathy from Iron Bound Records to release a NIBLICK HENBANE CD called *And We Fall* that has all the seven inch records, live material, and some ass kicking demo tape stuff. This great CD gives you the big picture on one of New Jersey's earliest and most respected Oi! outfits. NIBLICK HENBANE started in 1987 and included in this collection are seven demo songs and three live songs from that year. In 1988 NIBLICK HENBANE had a track on the Headache Records *N.J. and You* compilation. Included are 1990's *N.J. Oi!* 7", 1991's *What's Your Deal* EP, and the *Land of the Brave* EP from 1993. This CD overview offers a good perspective on this fucking excellent band. The demo songs have first rate sound quality. You must give 1993's *Hoodlum* a spin and you'll remember how this band grabbed you by the throat ten years ago and didn't let go. Also included is the great NIBLICK HENBANE version of "Goin' Down the Bar" with Armen Wretched playing bass. Fucking A! Get this CD right now! Write Upstart Productions, 65A-West Madison Ave. #254, Dumont, NJ 07628.

The second high quality release available on Upstart this month is the KIDNAP *1979-1985* CD. This is classic French punk rock that laid the cornerstone for some of the punk and Oi! bands that would emerge in France in the '80s. The CD has a nice insert with a detailed discography, band lineage, and reproductions of fliers from the old days included. This is another very refined and complete package from Upstart Productions.

Novak and Chapter 11 Records in conjunction with TKO Records has finally released the SUBURBAN THREAT ten track CD entitled *American Punk*. These Sacramento skinheads start out full blast on the title track "American Punk" and continue to rock like crazy all the way down the line. This is in-your-face hard Oi! combined with good Hardcore punk influences and intelligent lyrics. Listen to "Failing System," "Outside World," and "Brotherhood"—Cesar, Oscar and Ryan kick ass on this release! There is a really good cover of "Bloodshed " by the BRUISERS here as well. This is a fucking strong CD by SUBURBAN THREAT!

The GC-5 come pile-driving straight into your living room with a relentless punk rock EP this month. The new EP on Transparent Records is called *The Price of Security*. This "punk for the thinking man" has good lyrics with lots of well thought out ideas. In "Pile of Evidence," the GC-5 write: "I've got a pile of evidence, motive and methods that crawl to my defense determined to see you as you are/You'd like to control us/You'll never get that far/But I don't see too many heroes in this world of 1's and O's." This is fast guitar punk with strong singing. Fans of the BELTONES and the HUDSON FALCONS would do well to listen to THE GC-5 if they have not already done so.

Blind Beggar Records has some fine Oi! for you skins and punks this month.

First up is a CD compilation of all twenty eight songs from one of Canada's veteran Oi! bands the LAGER LADS. These guys have been playing top-quality street music since 1993 and this CD, *The Good and the Bad*, gives you a fair representation of the brutal power of these Windsor, Ontario skinheads. Included are songs from the *Made in Canada* self-produced cassette from 1993, the *Aggro Nights* cassette, 1995's *Rose City Bootboys* EP, the GMM Records' *Making the Last Call* EP from 1996, the *Bruised, Boozed, n' Tattooed* EP from 1997, and much more. This is fucking tough Oi! with bad-ass gruff vocals and good lyrics about drinking and fighting.

Next up on Blind Beggar is V/A *Brewed in Canada* with six of the better Oi! bands from the current street rock scene in Canada. First up is the BLATHERSKITES doing "Hypocrite" and "Stand Up Proud." This band has Ter (GLORYSTOMPERS) on vocals and some fancy guitar work as backup. The next band on the compilation is the HAMMERBOIZ with "Everyone Screws the Common Man" and "Johnny". This is good street rock played with feeling. Band number three on this compilation is THE NEW BREED. The song "The Times" provides good rock n' roll with a punk and Oi! guitar foundation. "Wasted Youth" and "Lies in Print" continue the punk leanings of this melodic band. Band number four is the mighty SUBWAY THUGS from Vancouver, British Columbia with first rate playing by Mike and Rob on guitar and bass respectively unleashing the great song "Bastards." You'll remember the song from the Oink Records picture disk release by the SUBWAY THUGS. The second song by these men is "Deceived," which has Greg's trademark deep rough vocals on top. The fucking SUBWAY THUGS kick ass! The next track on this compilation is supplied by THE RABBLEROUSERS and it's called "Get 'Em Boot Boys." THE RABBLEROUSERS also play "KKK Klansmen" which ridicules the Klan. The final band on "Brewed in Canada" is KING SIZE BRACES and their loud Oi! songs "Brotherhood," "Beer," and "Skinhead." This band has some full strength street n' Oi! thunder for you!

The third CD presented by Blind Beggar is the twelve track "Street Justice" by the aforementioned RABBLEROUSERS. This CD has some well-honed street-punk tunes for you guys. The music has an eighties punk influence with prominent guitar leads, a big sneer and a bad attitude lurking in the melodic vocals.

Kick N' Punch Records out of Stockholm, Sweden, has an interesting new punk record out now with the SNIPERS EP *Blood Sucking Freaks*. This unique blend of two kinds of music manages to meld the horror of the MISFITS with the punk rock acumen of the UK SUBS. There are a couple of slow menacing numbers, but for the most part this is uptempo punk rock played with lots of vigor. Give this record a listen if you get the opportunity-you will like what you hear!.

GMM Records offers up two new new CDs for you punks. First on the agenda is the tough-as-nails hardcore punk band A GLOBAL THREAT out of Massachusetts. This band continues to dominate the "charged punk" world in their neighborhood with the great CD *Until We Die*.

Number two in the fresh meat department from GMM is THE VIGILANTES from Cambridge, Massachusetts with their CD *City Lights That Lead the Way*. This is 1983 No Future type punk with a favorable comparison to THE FORGOTTEN.

The TRUST FUND BABIES from San Francisco have the corner on the market for 1977 style STITCHES melodic punk in the whole Bay area. Jim from Underground Medicine/Rapid Pulse Records has served up a tasty morsel of punk and roll on the new TRUST FUND BABIES self-titled LP. With great songs loaded with hooks like "Suicide Pill" and "White Trash Rock and Roll," the TRUST FUND BABIES are the bar-band that has the mother-fucking shit right now!

Outsider Records is in the midst of a marketing blitz for BONECRUSHER *The Singles Collection* CD. Good shit! Get one from Dave & Dave at Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, California, 90809.

The German Oi! group BIERPATRI-

Columns

OTEN has a gruff and nasty CD out on Bad Dog Records from Berlin, called *Geh Miit Gott*. This cornucopia of venomous sounds employs elements of hardcore and metal to flesh out the Oi! approach.

Alex and SUBMACHINE came through San Francisco recently—all the way from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania for three shows at the end of their two month US tour in support of the new LP *Fresh Out of Give a Fucks* on Radical Records. This fucker kicks ass! As always SUBMACHINE put on a forceful and dramatic punk rock show for all the lucky drunks at the Mad Dog In The Fog Pub. SUBMACHINE are true survivors of the punk road wars. Long Live SUBMACHINE.

Until next month,
I'll be seeing you.
See ya around.
See ya in Hell!

Hey, let's get right to the fucking thrash. Let's fucking go!

FACE OF CHANGE's debut full length will be out soon on Soul Force records out of Spain. If you're not familiar with Sapporo's premier youth crew band, you're definitely missing out. While I was only recently turned onto them from their split CD with SLANG, they've been around since 1990 and have a couple of releases out. One, you should hunt down is their debut EP, which by the way is awesome. They mix melody with the energy of 88-era youth crew for some really strong songwriting. Japan has blown up with some great youth crew lately and FOC is leading the way. While the new CD isn't as raw or fast as their earlier releases (the 1990 demo is fucking great... the best they did in my opinion) it's still a good introduction. Write Soulforce to see when the official release date is: M.L.P, Apartado de Correos No. 18.199, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN.

Naomi from Skippy Records (she put out two FLASH GORDON records—they are one of the best fast '80s-styled thrash bands I've heard—look for their stuff now poser!) gave me a new comp CD called *Get Up and Stand Up* put out by GSR (?). It's got the last tracks from the now defunct S.D.S, some songs from MENTAL DISEASE, and two from JASON LEE as well. There are some new bands featured as well, the best being SPARKY and TROPICAL Z. The comp is hit or miss, but if you're a big fan of S.D.S, you have to get this to complete your collection. Write Reidians Music Office, 202 Kawamahaitu, 1-250 Kawama-cyo, Minato-ku, Nagoya City, Aichi 455-0076, JAPAN.

Next up are a two of tapes that I got recently. The first is a promo tape from Minneapolis' THE REAL ENEMY. This tape was a limited give away in order that people know what to expect on their forthcoming LP due out on Underestimated in summer 2000. These five songs show TRE's developing songwriting. I think the last couple of songs on this tape are their strongest yet. For those who are not familiar with TRE, they combine political images/lyrics with what we have come to pigeonhole as straight edge hardcore. I believe their motto is "making straight edge punk again." So wait for the LP.

Next tape is from a SXE band from Belfast, N. Ireland called CIRCLE AGAIN. While the music was formulaic at best, I was stoked to see some energetic music coming out of Belfast. I must admit I'm not familiar with the scene there, and although I do correspond with some Irish punks, I don't have a really good handle of what is going on there. The tape is five songs with demo quality recording. It's available from Sure Hand, PO Box 1251, S11 8WE, England (a label I've written about before... ask em for a catalog!)

Here are a couple of zines I've gotten recently that I think are worth mentioning. One is a zine printed in Detroit called *Rehash*. As the name suggests, *Rehash* reprints old interviews from the legendary bands of hardcore lore. In this issue, we have interviews with MINOR THREAT, LIFE SENTENCE (completely forgotten hardcore band whose debut 12" EP was one of the best records to come out of Chicago!), SEPTIC DEATH etc...You get the point. Photocopied, 8.5 x 11, about 30 pages. Good zine, good idea! It's $1 plus some postage, so write em at: Zanna, PO Box 201, Troy, Michigan 48099-0201.

Got a zine from Australia called *Muster Up*. It has a lot of info on the local scene, some interviews with touring bands, etc.—a good read. The white background/layout is a little too much, but the purpose is served. Just another good DIY hardcore zine. Mick Sols, PO Box 2187, Carlingford NSW, 2118, AUSTRALIA.

Not too much else is going on. Let's see... oh, there's a funny rumor going around Australia about how WHN cancelled our tour there because we don't like some band. That's news to me...we cancelled because our ultra-sensitive singer couldn't get out of work. By next column's deadline, WHN will have traveled out to the Chicago Fest, so maybe I'll have some stuff to report on. Besides that, watch for the full LP out July 1st on Sound Pollution. And while I'm shamelessly plugging my bands, watch for the PLUTOCRACY full length due out on 6 Weeks Records on June 1st. And what would some self-promotion be, without a plug for my label? 625 has a shitload of releases out in the next two months: EPs by LIE, DxRxY, MAJESTIC 4, FALL SILENT, a 41 band thrash compilation, plus full LPs by CRUCIAL SECTION and GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS. So watch out for those.

Again, send in any material you want me to consider for review... I will only review those things that I think are worth mentioning so don't expect much. Talk to ya soon...Max XXX

Max, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413.

Contrary to those sappy public-service announcements and your naive public-school civics teachers, you can hardly ever make a difference by yourself. A single vote has never swayed an election of any importance, putting on a happy face has never stopped war, and sorting your trash for recycling hasn't done squat for cutting back pollution. Each of us amounts to less than 0.0000004 per cent of the population, which in a representative democracy means you're worth something less than jack and very little more than zero.

A rare exception is the seven percent of Americans who choose to drive those laughably-named sports-utility vehicles. Their decision to ride high is fucking up the American economy, environment, and quality of life, not to mention the issue of life and death.

The 83 percent of drivers who are either too considerate or too poor to buy an SUV are well aware of the fact that they're three times more likely to die in a car crash if they're hit by an SUV rather than a regular car—hell, terrorizing other motorists is half the fun of owning an Expedition. Now researchers for the National Transportation Research Board (part of the National Academy of Sciences) have found that drivers' tendency to follow SUVs at greater distances is causing traffic jams in suburban towns that

Columns

never experienced them just a few years ago. And as anyone who drives regularly can attest, SUVs accelerate much more slowly—partly because they weigh three to four times more than cars, partly because their drivers are worried (justifiably) about the SUVs' tendency to roll over in turns. Considering all of these factors, researchers calculated that a large SUV takes up as much space in traffic as 1.41 cars. At intersections with a short signal cycles, says Hugh Greechan of the Westchester (NY) County Department of Public Works, "If you have three cars in front of you, you'll get through; if you have two sports utility vehicles in front of you, you'll get through. But if you have three sports utility vehicles in front of you, you won't get through."

Each incremental delay builds exponentially. It doesn't take long for a seemingly trivial additional delay per 45-second cycle to cascade into a colossal traffic jam, even in suburbia. Sprawl's not the problem—since population density remains the same in most suburbs, it's clear that SUVs are the culprit.

Adding to the haze and smog is a federal loophole that allows SUVs to spew five times more pollution and one-third more carbon dioxide into the air than cars. And with SUVs getting as little as nine miles per gallon, your decision to go the fuck-the-planet route has the same impact as driving *ten cars at the same time*. Ever doubted that you can make a difference? That seven percent of SUV owners is the sole reason the United States can't meet its targets for air pollution reduction under the Kyoto Accords.

"We sell a lot of SUVs because that is what the customer wants," Ford spokesman Terry Bresnihan says. "We've got to build a vehicle that someone will want to buy. Don't you think if we could build a 40 mile-per-gallon Explorer we would?" The trouble with this idiotic free-market reasoning is its reliance on a basic assumption—that Americans are entitled to buy anything they want, regardless of how dangerous and harmful it is. Of course, our society doesn't *really* believe that; we ban heroin, nukes and kiddie porn despite the fact that they're all viable products with eager markets. SUVs kill far more Americans every year than smack. In a few decades, we'll all look back and wonder what the hell we were thinking when we put up with this madness. Why wait? Let's ban SUVs now.

Americans with large families and those who live in rugged rural areas make a case for SUVs. How else would they get around? The question ought to be: how did they get around pre-SUV? Vans and stationwagons, and jeeps, respectively. In any case, inconveniencing the tiny percentage of the country that drives unpaved roads and produces more than three kids seems like a tiny price to pay for eliminating these gas-guzzling, smoke-belching deathmobiles.

Finally, if saving bunny rabbits and little kids doesn't make the case for junking SUVs, try saving your financial ass. As the price of gas hits $2 per gallon around the country, the economic impact—mainly from higher transportation costs being added to consumer prices—threatens to unravel the current economic boom. For instance, Fedex just added a three percent fuel surcharge for package deliveries, and airlines are passing $4.4 billion in expected jet fuel price hikes this year to passengers. With the labor market tighter than ever, inflation can't be far behind. Since SUV drivers consume 43 percent of all gasoline in the United States, putting them back into cars would reduce consumption by more than a third—and that would have a huge impact on the current OPEC-induced squeeze.

Why should 93 percent of the population suffer increased air pollution and risk of death, not to mention another recession, for a tiny minority of selfish assholes who don't give a damn about anyone but themselves? Think about it the next time you're sitting in traffic.

Send stuff to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, e-mail: ted@rall.com, web site: www.rall.com.

This is *MRR*'s family or breeding theme issue or something like that. I'm officially sterile. Sperm count zero. I had a vasectomy in 1988 at age 19. I wrote about this experience in the first issue of *Profane Existence*. I outlined what were then my political and environmental concerns that lead me to my zero population growth opinions, especially in regards to myself. Re-reading my reasons for taking such a drastic family planning measure 12 years ago, I have to say I still hold all the same views. The population of our planet continues to grow out of control as we do untold damage to our natural environment, even with our current population. So I thought some of you might like to hear the viewpoint of a guy who had a vasectomy as an idealistic teenage punk kid, now some twelve years later.

First, I'm still amazed that a doctor would conduct such an operation on a nineteen year-old kid. I mean, I look now at some of the tattoos I got when I was nineteen and ask myself, "what the fuck was I thinking?" I had to go into the doctor's office with my girlfriend at the time for a counseling session. We told him we were planning to get married and spend the rest of our lives together (which was a lie) and that we didn't want to have a family, ever. He seemed to think I had my mind made up—or maybe he needed new tires for his Cadillac—either way he consented to perform the operation after this one counseling session. In contrast, when my mother re-married some ten years ago, it took months of counseling for a doctor to agree to perform a vasectomy on my stepfather. The operation cost only $240, which was a little more than a week's pay for me as a screen printer at the time. People were amazed that I would take such a drastic action. Lots of people told me I'd regret it. I never have. Here I sit, twelve years later, still unmarried and childless and happy to be so.

I started fooling around sexually at age 14, I got my vasectomy at 19, and I'm 30 now. In that time period, I think I've had sex with between 80 and 90 women. I never got any of those women pregnant! I never had to force a woman to choose between carrying and ending a pregnancy. Never had to make her go through emotional and physical stress of abortion or childbirth, etc. It's sort of embarrassing now, but I when I was younger and drank a lot I was a "player," a "skirt chaser," and all around slut. Older now, and over six years sober, I'm still trying to live that image down, but I think I acted about the same as a lot of punk guys who liked to party, played in bands and toured around a lot.

In the swinging Seventies, getting a vasectomy was a hip form of birth control for guys who got around. In the age of AIDS and increased awareness about STDs, a vasectomy is considered a great form of family planning within a monogamous relationship where both partners have tested negative. However, it is no longer a license to swing without a rubber. This was a big problem for me in my wilder, drunker, looser days, and in drunk and horny stupors I often failed to practice the safe sex I should have. I was lucky and I've learned—a few close calls with STDs shocked me enough to be more careful, and I must add, respectful. Our society gives kids a lot of mixed messages about sex in their formative years. When I first started fooling around, AIDS was just starting to become recognized as an epidemic, and there was none of the AIDS prevention activities going on as there are

Columns

today, such as punch bowls of free rubbers at places where young people hang out. In those days, the number one concern was pregnancy, not STDs, and once the threat of impregnating a woman was removed from my shoulders, it was easy to forget about the threat of STDs. Like a lot of young people, I thought it couldn't happen to me, and luckily it didn't. However, that was just blind luck. Unsafe sex is like Russian Roulette, and someone as "active" as I was spun the chamber too many times.

The temptation to engage in unsafe sex is to my mind the only drawback or regret I've experienced in twelve years of sterility. I've never harbored any desire to breed or multiply. I don't care much for kids. I don't want the responsibility of raising a family. I've never met a woman I'd seriously want to spend 18 years raising a child with. And call me selfish, but I'm too absorbed in my own projects to be any sort of father, or even boyfriend. I don't think I'll change my mind, ever, but if I did, I could always adopt or hook up with a single mother. That's not likely, but it's the kind of thing I tell my grandparents who can't understand my lack of "family values." I've seen a lot of my friends change their lives in major ways due to (usually) unplanned pregnancies. I know a lot of men who knocked up women in moments of furtive passion who are now paying child support for decades to a woman they barely know and child they never see. This sort of social irresponsibility turns my stomach. I know men who had children and have worked hard for years to support them while their mothers lead a dissolute life. Parking the kids with grandparents and partying until the welfare and child support checks run out. I know many who put kids up for adoption or struggle to raise kids with no support from an absent father or mother. All in all, I know very, very few couples who sat down and decided to have a child, planned for it, and are still happily together raising a family. I hate to sound conservative, but I feel that a lot of the social problems we have in America today are the result of poor parenting. And these failed parents are typically thrust into a world of responsibility for which they are unprepared as the result of a sudden and unplanned pregnancy.

I was born as the result of an unplanned pregnancy in the days before legal abortion. My parents split when I was three and I grew up with my mom, on welfare, struggling to make ends meet until I hit the streets myself at 16. My dad stopped paying child support when he went to prison one time, and never really took much of an active role in my life. Sometimes I 'd see him every other weekend, sometimes not. I don't regret or resent my parents for any of this, and to tell the truth I'm glad I didn't grow up in some sterile middle class suburban environment. But I'm not sure I'd recommend that upbringing to every kid. Since many of my childhood peers died or went to prison quite young, I'd have to say that I was one that beat the odds rather than the norm. That said, let's talk about music.

I recently had the good fortune to see From Ashes Rise again. They really tore it up at the Old Barn Punk Fest this summer and I was stoked to see them at the Inferno last month. If you are not dialed in to this band, get with the program—totally raging, powerful, intelligent hardcore. They seem to have found the perfect mix of dark, brooding and metallic hardcore with full throttle '80s style thrash. The turnout at their Minneapolis gig was paltry (it was a Monday night) but those of us who showed up have seen the light.

Hail to Sweden department: Everyone knows by now that I'm hooked on Scandinavian thrash and there is a lot of great stuff coming out of Sweden right now that some of you might be missing. DS-13 finally has their 12" out on Deranged Records of Toronto. Some of this material is previously released stuff from splits and such, but it should serve as a good introduction to the North American masses. Totally killer hardcore like Poison Idea, DRI, Minor Threat and Negative Approach, crossed with modern fast hardcore. This record is "all killer and no filler," start to finish, soon to be a classic and my pick for best album of the 21st Century. Skitsytem is a band finally getting some attention, I can't keep their new LP on Distortion on the shelves at Extreme Noise. This LP is a real hardcore monument. The production is clean and powerful while still feeling raw and brutal. After seeing these guys once in a Minneapolis basement and then again on a big stage with a killer PA in Umea I'm totally won over. Uncurbed's new LP on Sound Pollution is almost as great as *Peace Love Punk Life*, but not quite as over the top. Totally killer raw punk thrash with out of control guitar solos and some of the wackiest political punk lyrics—I love this shit. Another band I can't keep in stock at Extreme Noise is Wolfpack. With an LP on Distortion, an LP on Farewell and a split with Skitsystem, this band is weighing in some heavy hardcore damage. Accursed new LP will be out by the time you read this, I haven't heard it yet but I'm certain it will be 100%. Some 7"s to look out for: M'Pati from Gothenburg—really heavy and brutal HC. Despite from Malmo (not the Wisconsin Despite), Victims, Scumbrigades, ENS, Intensity... fuck why are people still listening to all that wack shit they call hardcore nowadays when the real good stuff is there for the taking? Finland's Diaspora has an LP out on Elderberry, political HC with two female singers. There is also an 8" flexi comp. out of Finland called *Outoo Maa* with some killer fastcore thrash bands.

Much ado has been made lately about new Clash releases. I think the live double LP was kind of weak. I saw the Clash, albeit during their weak 1984 tour, but they still were a very high-energy band. I was pogoing around in front of the stage for the whole set. That energy just doesn't come through on a double live album. Another item is the re-issue of remastered Clash LPs on CD. Why? Why tamper with the classics? I don't want the Clash *s/t* and *Give 'Em Enough Rope* to sound "better." I want them to sound the same way they did when I first heard them as a kid. What's next—"we've digitally remastered and cleaned up all those Minor Threat sessions?" Leave the digital, CD, whatever to the new music and preserve the artifact that is '70s punk in its original context, on vinyl the way it was released.

I was excited to see the first issue of *Short Fast and Loud*, a new zine that will cover fast hardcore. There was a feature where the columnists listed the five most embarrassing records in their collection. This got me thinking about what five records I'm most embarrassed to have. Let me say this first though. I have a lot of records that have little or nothing to do with punk and hardcore and I'm not embarrassed of that at all. I have tons of '60s and '70s rock albums, lots of soul, R&B, Hip Hop, and Reggae, lots of what we used to call New Wave, some Blues, Jazz and a lot of Metal. Records that I was embarrassed to have a few years ago are now probably big tickets on Ebay like my autographed Judas Priest and Slayer picture disks or early Siouxsie and Banshees and Adam and the Ants 7"s. Things go around and come around and what's not cool now might be the next big thing. I mean, who would've thought that Swing music would make a comeback fifty years after its heyday? That said, some music will never come back into style because it had very little merit to begin with.

Here then, are my five most embarrassing records:

'Skrewdriver- *Antisocial*. 7" OK, we all know that this record came out before Skrewdriver got mixed up in Nazi politics but that doesn't really help because we all know what this band became. Still, "Antisocial" is a pretty kick ass song, and the lyrics are right on too. Of course this band went straight downhill after this

Columns

record and I in no way endorse their later material.

V/A-K-Tel comp. *Hot Nights, City Lights*. I actually paid 50 cents for this one. Primarily because it includes Anita Ward's "Ring My Bell." An old girlfriend of mine used to play "Ring My Bell" whenever she was in the mood for ——. Being a guy who can never get enough ——— I now have the fondest of memories attached to this song. That said— I remain on record as being totally against Disco music.

Loverboy—*Get Lucky*. This record is incredibly corny. It has no redeeming value critically and will not even be remembered as a footnote when the history of Rock Music is written. However, after ten years in construction, I feel special empathy for songs like "Working For the Weekend" which is a Friday afternoon job site favorite. "You take me to the top" is a great ballad and ladies of the '80s will agree with me that this was a great "make out" record in it's day.

Portishead—*Dummy*. OK, this one is especially embarrassing because I heard this band on commercial "alternative" radio, then went out and paid full price for the record at a place downtown that carries a lot of import vinyl. Call me a sucker, but I really like this band's mix of hip hop, soul and pop. That said, this is the only contemporary popular music record I own, period.

Weird Al Yankovic—s/t. OK, this record mostly blows, but it's totally worth it for the two big hits "My Bologna" and "Another One Rides the Bus." I played this album for some people recently and they didn't quite get it. But in the early '80s this was so fucking funny since bands like Queen and the Knack were actually taken very seriously then.

Trying to narrow this down, I actually rejected a lot of records that I decided I wasn't embarrassed to own at all and I kept telling myself "hey (fill in the blank with Jethro Tull, Urban Dance Squad, Montrose or whoever) really isn't that bad. There is of course no substitute for real punk. Hardcore Rules!

I was a punk rock test tube butt baby. It's true. I'm glad *MRR* decided to have this little "punks with families" issue so I could tell the world my story. The year was 1977. My mother was a punk rocker named "Spit." She had pink hair, a bone through her nose, and things all over her pants. My father, "Fart," was the meanest punk rocker in town. He wore a shirt that said bad things on it. He wore shoes too. One night Fart went to CBGB'S to see the legendary local band Flat Top Tony and the Purple Canoes play a punk rock concert. My dad was dancing to them and so was my mom. Then suddenly he had sex with a test tube and my mom got pregnant. Six months later, I came out of her ass. I was a test tube butt baby. A few years later the Meat Shits wrote a song about it. Well that's my punk rock family story. HUZZAH!

And now I'd like to share some punk rock recipes!

FILET MIGNON WITH FOIE GRAS
(serves four)
4 filets mignons, about 6 to 8 ozs each
4 slices long French bread, 1/2 in. thick
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons olive oil
Salt, pepper
1 cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons minced shallots or onions
1/2 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
1/2 cup brown sauce
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 large truffle
1 1/3 oz crock (pate do foie gras)

(To some Americans, Truffles are expensive oddities; to the French they are culinary diamonds. Their somewhat nutty flavor perfectly accents such dishes as filets mignons.)

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan, add olive oil, fry bread until light brown on both sides and set aside. Preheat electric skillet to 350, sprinkle filets with salt and pepper, panbroil until brown on both sides, cooking about 3 minutes on each side, and remove to warm platter. Add wine, shallots and vinegar to brown drippings scraped from skillet bottom, and simmer until reduced to half its original quality. Then add brown sauce, parsley and 2 tablespoons butter and bring to a boil, stirring well, and turn off heat. Cut truffle into 12 slices, foie gras into 4 portions, and place filets mignons on fried bread slices. Place 1 portion of foie gras and 3 slices of truffle on each. Spoon sauce on top.

And for desert:

CREME BRULEE WITH PECANS
(serves four)
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup milk
< teaspoon salt
1/3 cup sugar
5 egg yolks, well beaten
2 tablespoons oloroso sherry
2 ozs shelled pecans
Brown sugar

Heat cream and milk to boiling point, but do not boil. Add salt and sugar, stirring until sugar dissolves. Slowly pour cream mixture into egg yolks, beating well. Heat, stirring constantly, in top section of double boiler over simmering water until custard thickens. Avoid overcooking or .custard may curdle. Stir in sherry. Pour into a greased shallow heat proof casserole. Chill in refrigerator overnight, if possible, keeping casserole covered. Put pecans in blender and blend until finely chopped. Sprinkle evenly over custard. (crushed pecans tend to lump; break them apart with fingertips.) Cover pecans thoroughly and evenly with about < in. brown sugar, smoothing top with tines of a fork. Place under preheated broiler flame until sugar turns medium brown; avoid charring. Chill in refigerator until serving time. May be served as is or with sweetened whipped cream.

There you go punkers! Now go feed your fucking kids.

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Exercising my prerogative as a *MRR* columnist to break out the verbal equivalent of color slides of my vacation, here's some miscellaneous impressions of a recent sojourn to Peru (I would spare you, but at least two people in Peru insisted, and they haven't seen mention of Peru in *MRR* since Juan's scene report of several months ago).

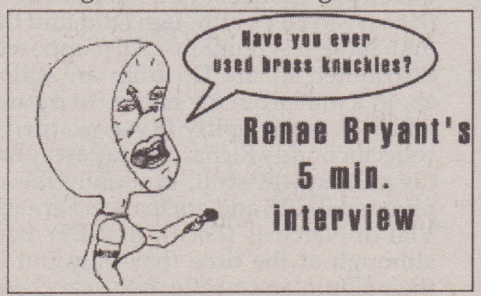
First off, no luck in finding the elusive Leuzemia LP (Peru's first punk band {counting the likes of Sixties gods Los Saicos as garage punk, although I reserve the right to make semantic reversal at a future date since who really cares?}) which took them about six years to put out (it's not easy to DIY), although I did find their first Nineties reunion CD (supposedly distributed in the US from an address about a mile from my house—it figures!) which is pretty spiffy (I was warned by collector buddy Richard to stay away from the subsequent stuff, especially the unplugged {!} LP) and got to meet Fernando Vial of Narcosis (Peru's first DIY band, although at the time they only put out their album on cassette, two years before Leuzemia's LP) who is putting together a Narcosis CD (I'll tackle all these sticky

COLUMNS

details when it comes out, thank you) (plenty of information on Leuzemia can be found on the net or web (the distinction still isn't clear to me, but what the hey) in the Rock En Espanol web ring (which I guess would make it the web) along with lots of the usual "alternative" bands that soak up all the press so that even old-timers such as Los Yaps and Rebel D'Punk are undeservedly obscure (which brings to mind a recent discussion about Mexican punk bands in which a fellow was singing the praises of a band I hadn't heard who didn't seem to have a Spanish name; when I asked about this, a friend of his pointed out that they were actually Brazilian, to which the gentleman of the first part said, "But I love Mexican punk rock. Los Crudos! They're Mexican!" Chalk up another one for the American educational system).

I saw two shows. Not being able to find the fliers easily, I can only mention by name Manganzoides (full disclosure: I put out a split LP with them, so I won't discuss their greatness as my opinion would be suspect) but the anti-President Fujimori (going for a third time despite a constitutional limit of two) show had a very Gilman street feel, except not so annoying (it probably didn't hurt that they were selling rum). Someone would make announcements or deliver an anti-Fujimori speech (one seemed to have poetical touches about the plastic in the street, but then my Spanish leaves much to be desired), then a band would tune up for about ten minutes followed by a fifteen minute set and then there would be a fifteen minute break. I know this all sounds something of a blur, but THAT'S MY LIFE (copyright Neil Hamburger).

In closing, even though I met a lot of fine people and ate some of the best seafood in my life, I highly recommend that you don't go to Peru simply because I don't want to go back and find a bunch of your all-too-hard-to-avoid Ugly American backpackers that can't afford to leave six bit tips sweating like pigs under your ninety pound backpacks because you can't afford a buck fifty for a taxi whining about the lack of this or that. Aw shucks, just kidding. No I'm not. Good night God bless!



So, if I only would have stuck to last month's column subject matter, I wouldn't have the subject matter I do for this month's theme issue. The theme is "punks and breeding... or not breeding." Since I have a story for everything, I have a story for this too. I've commented on slightly, alluded to, and hinted about, within my columns, when appropriate, that I have a nine year-old son. Well, I don't literally have a nine year-son in my possession. I gave birth to a son nine years ago, when I was nineteen.

I was nineteen and in my first year of college, on a full ride academic scholarship. One of my classes was even "dirty thirty," Biology 30, Human Reproduction. I was in my first punk band. That's how my ex-boyfriend and I got reacquainted. My drummer was his best friend. We were exes because three years prior, he had rediscovered his family religion, Jehovah Witness, and I did not want any part of it.

When I saw him again he had rediscovered his other family religion, Alcoholism, and forgot all about Jehovah. Since I was still looking to replace my own alcoholic father and didn't realize it, any alcoholic male would do. This one reminded me of home.

So, one night we discussed birth control, etc. We had done some heavy petting, but had not had intercourse. That night we talked and then fell asleep holding each other. I woke up to him kissing me. Then, of course, one thing lead to another and we finally consummated our relationship. I loved him. I used to love any man that needed me. That's what the daughter of alcoholics do, they "co-depend."

Anyway, for some foolish reason I thought he would "withdraw." He didn't. I couldn't believe it. As any guy's worst nightmare would entail, I started crying.

For some reason, I knew I was going to get pregnant. I didn't count my days. I didn't know when my day of ovulation was, but somehow I knew I was pregnant. Instead of going to the hospital for some heavy dosage of Ortho Novum 777, I just let nature take its course.

You see, I first had sex when I was fifteen. It was a quasi-date rape situation (another story for another column). The guy withdrew, but I still thought I would get pregnant. So, I started this mind-fuck with myself. I would pray to "god" that I wouldn't get pregnant. In fact, I made a deal with "god." I said, "Please don't let me be pregnant... if I don't get pregnant, I promise that if I ever do get pregnant, I'll give the baby up for adoption."

Well, it was like fate was holding a card in its pocket and now it was time to pay up. I had to honor my word. Even if it was some bizarre deal with the invisible man.

I waited two weeks and sure enough my home pregnancy test said, "positive." I wasn't surprised, but I cried a lot. Being very impulsive, I called the first adoption agency I saw in the phone book, Children's Home Society. The second phone call I made was to my mother. I told her I was going to move out. Out of nowhere she asked me if I was pregnant. I started to cry again. My family sat me down and said they would support me in any choice I made. My choice was adoption.

You're probably wondering where the father was at this point. Surprisingly, he didn't try to deny his responsibility. We actually stayed together for three months, until one night I asked him what he thought was going to happen in the future. He said that he wanted us to move in together and that we could raise the child. He would babysit while I pursued my band, etc. Of course he said all of this after a night full of drinking. All I could think of was that I did not want my child to be raised by an alcoholic. So, I told him, "no," that wasn't what was going to happen, and that I didn't love him. He left and I didn't talk to him again until I met him at the agency, where he had to sign his parental rights away. He wasn't very happy. In fact, I remember him being quite furious. But what did he care—at this point ,he already had a new girlfriend.

The following months were filled with school, work, and explaining to people that I was giving my baby up for adoption. I lived in a small town, so everyone knew. I never did give a fuck what people thought—it didn't change just because I was pregnant.

I read up on pregnancies, ran until I was six months pregnant, at which point my parent begged me to stop running in the mornings, and ate more vegetables. I stopped drinking caffeine, listened to classical music, and studied all the time. I cried a lot. I didn't want to be pregnant. I started getting attached to the baby in my body.

At eight months, I had chosen a family to adopt my son. The woman was going to attend lamaze with me. I decided I'd give the father of my son one last chance to take a part in what was going on. I called him and asked him if he could play weekend dad. He told me his life had changed. What I didn't know at the time was that his new girlfriend was pregnant. What he didn't know at the time was that she would have an abortion. I told him I didn't need him and that I had done just fine without him. I had gone eight months without him—I could go eighteen years. I hung up and knew I had to continue on with my decision.

One month later I gave birth to a

Columns

nine pound, ten ounce baby boy.

The adoption was an "open adoption." We would keep in touch, I could visit him, etc. They said it was better for everyone involved. It was a good plan. I saw him every three months until he was one year old. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, the family planned to move to North Dakota. I felt very hurt and betrayed by this family, who told me they were going to stay in California. I found out later that the mother and father had even split up for a year. The adoptive father had a drinking problem. The irony.

Anyway, I didn't see my son again until he was five and they were visiting the grandparents. He was loving and perfect. He understood that I was his "biological mother." Wow. I had a great visit with him. He even said he loved me. I cried the whole drive home, uncontrollably, like a baby.

It wasn't the first time—I often cried for my loss. I cried in the hospital. My mother was so angry. She didn't want two strangers to raise her grandson. Honestly, the pain my decision caused her will never be healed until I give her another grandchild.

When I got home from the visit, I decided to call his father. We made arrangements to meet. We talked about our mistakes and apologized to each other. He was the only other person who knew exactly how I felt and I was the same to him. I gave him a bunch of pictures and we said we'd stay in touch. He had fallen in love with a nice woman who had a son. He said he didn't have any plans to have any children of his own. He thanked me for the pictures. He was finally sober. He seemed happy.

So, it's been four years since I've seen my son. They've given me an open invitation to visit. I never made it. I started talking to my son on the phone a year ago. He was so animated and talked a 100 words a minute, just like me. He wrote plays for his friends to perform. He hasn't missed one spelling word on a test since he started school. This year his mom tells me he's "just slightly" the brightest in his class and the obvious teacher's pet.

One day his mom told me he was disappointed that I hadn't visited. I realized I had to make it a priority to go to North Dakota. So, I leave in late April to see him, while I'm off-track. He knows all about me. I sent him postcards when my band was on tour. I write him, send him packages, and talk to him on the phone at least once a month.

Giving my son up for adoption was the hardest decision I have made in my entire life. I believe it was one of the most selfless decisions I have made also. I could have had an abortion, but I didn't. Two people who couldn't have a child of their own have one now. I miss him. It's weird, but it's true. Whenever I think about it I cry. It's like there is this mother inside me who cries, if I let her. She cries for her loss. She probably won't stop crying until she is allowed to fulfill her potential. She isn't satisfied just teaching them, unfortunately.

So, that's my story. It's not very punk rock and it even had a happy ending. I would end my column here, but I've been putting off talking about new releases for about three months. So, here it goes.

Rendered Useless is a new female fronted punk band from Los Angeles that sent me their demo. It's very entertaining. Those of you familiar with Neil Smith will recognize him as the guitarist for this band. They can be reached at <mailto: ru@100punks. com> ru@ 100 punks. com.

Female fronted pop punk band Co-ed have a split cd with Pollen. Since Discount has broken up, Co-ed will very easily fill the gap left by the band's demise. The new release is on Cool Guy Records (PO Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670.) Look for an interview in a future issue of *MRR* with the band.

The Dairy Queens sent me their 7" and it is hardcore. It was a lot harder than I expected, with some crazy heavy growl type vocal on a couple of the songs. I prefer singing and really like what they did with those songs. You can contact them through <mailto: selfishsatan@ webtv.net>selfish satan@ webtv.net.

Klinefelter from NoCal has started their own label and are pressing their own cd at home etc. Serious DIY. They put their own CD out and a split with Ill Tempered. They are doing a hardcore comp that my own band will be on. To find out more email <mailto: kirkman@ volcano.net> kirkman @volcano. \net.

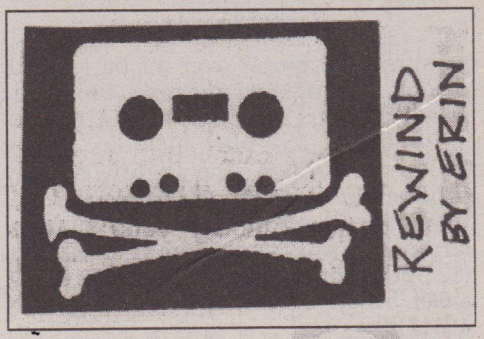
Last but not least, I finally picked up local boys Los Infernos', latest 7" release on Alternative Tentacles. I'm impressed as always with this band.

In some personal news, I am reforming All Or Nothing HC. I had a serious conflict of values with one of the members and decided I could no longer play with them. This is giving me a little time off from paying three-four times a week between live shows and practice.

Hopefully, by the time this comes out I will already have a new line-up and be playing.

As always contact me through <mailto: webmistress@ ontherag.net> webmistress @ontherag.net or PO Box 251, Norco, CA 91760-0251.

I am putting together another all girl fronted comp, so send me your demos, etc. for consideration. There will be 32 bands on it.



Ready? Good. ALGODON are a mostly sludgy style hardcore band, with occasional forays into the superfast world, and vocals coming in from the lower depths of hell. It's evil, it's good. ($2 ppd. 6 songs, good production, lyric sheet. PO Box 25171, Raleigh, NC 27611).

ANTAGONY has crusty vocals of the really deep kind, and the shout-above-the-noise kind, and plays dark music of varying tempos (from the slow to the crazyfast) of the crusty / metal persuasion. (6 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 470 Edinburgh Circle, Danville, CA 94526).

BEARDS NOT BEERS have super metal chunky guitars and mostly play at that mid tempo that lets you throw your whole body into the head banging. Sometimes they bust into the thrash. I love the public service announcement songs that straight edge bands do. These guys have a "look both ways before you cross the street" song. Good advice, even for the drunks. ($7 ppd, 7 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 130 South Front #626, Memphis, TN 38103).

BOB THE SINGING BASS PLAYER is a full band with the vocals really up front of the standard slow tempo rock song. The leftist political lyrics are a little more flushed out than a bumper sticker. (12 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. PO Box 10101, Detroit, MI 48210).

THE BUSTED LIVES are all about the rockandroll. Mid paced and solid, the vocals go back and forth between yelling style, and this sort of moaning style that's still kind of singing. (12 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 6517 Farallon Way, Oakland, CA 94611).

Here's a first for me: the demo column got a bootleg! It's the CIVILIZED SOCIETY? album *Scrap Metal*, and of course it's great. Mid '80s political punk, male and female vocals, catchy and tough. (12 songs, great production, lyric sheet. No address (the curse of the bootleg!).

CHUPACABRA JR. is basic rock that's sometimes vocally reminiscent of 23 MORE MINUTES, with that combination of melodic and chain smoker vocal chords. Sometimes the humor is reminiscent of the DEAD MILKMEN. (7 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 33 Pine Grove, Amherst, MA 01002).

Columns

DICKIE SABONER hard edged, almost metally guitar over the basic punk drums. (2 songs, good production, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 2965, Tempe, AZ, 85280).

FLASH 454 play melodic, catchy slower pop songs. The slightly muddy production works for bands like this, I think, keeping the vocals as an equal instrument instead of up front and apart. ($2 ppd. 6 songs, decent production, lyric sheet. 520 W. 143rd St., East Chicago, IN 46312).

FLUSH sounds like a hard rock band, chunky guitars and hard hitting but not fast playing drummer. Guitar solos even! (6 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 16 Lexington, San Francisco, CA 94110).

THE GARGAMELS play slightly faster than your average pop punk band. Catchy music, nasal vocals, funk breakdown, a good pro-loitering song, but an anti-punk rock girlfriend song? "Thanks to all the plastic surgeons across the world—keep the tits comin"...Hmm. (15 songs, clean production, no lyric sheet. 6646 Spring Brook St., San Antonio, TX 78249).

The HOUSE OF HASSELHOFF demo is great. Spazzy and poppy, with vocals like SCARED OF CHAKA and the screeching hardcore guy vocals too. It balances out the annoying stuff about both genres. ($2 ppd. 6 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 28 Dubard St., Columbia, SC 29204).

HUMAN BUFFET are all about the late '70s New York style rockandroll revival. Comes off like, say, THE DEAD BOYS with more guitar solos. (18700 N.E. 25TH AVE., N. MIAMI, FL 33180).

IN THE RED play(ed) hardcore, not the blazing fast or bordering on speed-metal kind, but screaming-his-heart-out-vocals over songs, that have the thrash part and the middle breaking-it-down emo sort of part. There's some great drumming that punctuates the music in a really cool way. ($2 ppd. 5 songs, good production, lyric sheet. PO Box 11046, Portland, OR 97211).

INVAZIJA is the reason I do this column, or should I say, bands like INVAZIJA. This is really good, melodic hardcore that's interesting and thick and heartfelt. The straightforward hardcore songs are great without following a formula. Lithuania. Yeah! ($4 ppd. 11 songs, great production, no lyric sheet. Amigos, Radzia, Krokuvos 7a - 19, 2005 Vilnius, Lithuania).

KUCHENMESSER. 8 play really good hardcore, *Profane Existence* style, although maybe not as totally blazing throughout, but don't have any contact information on their demo tape. I think they're German, but I don't know. Maybe they'll write into the letters section, maybe they'll die wondering whatever happened...**CONTACT INFORMATION IS VITAL.**

MISSING SPHINCTER have the musical variety of WAT TYLER and the thematic similarity of an amazing rock opera of elimination! Shitting! "Drop the Log," "Uncontrollable Hole," "Don't it Make your Brown Eye Blue." Get the picture? ($6 ppd. airmail, but also will trade! 9 songs, good production, lyric sheet. Slimeon, 14 Huxley Place, Palmerston A.C.T. 2913, AUSTRALIA).

NEGATIVE MAN has a melodic edge (maybe it's just the lalala's everywhere) to their mid tempo basic three chord punk. (11 songs, good production (pretty clean), no lyric sheet. 2 South Dahlia St., Denver, CO 80246).

NERVOUS WRECK play pop punk (girls, girls, girls) that almost make THE RAMONES look like they play fast. They have a good "Leave a message" immediately appropriate for your answering machine. (17 songs, OK production, no lyric sheet (mine came with the zine *This Place Sucks* #4). 907 NW Edgewood Dr., Albany, OR 97321.)

THE NIMRODS have a little of the anthemic pop sensibility, mid tempo, catchy, etc. 1/3 of this demo is covers. 24 songs, good production, but it doesn't fucking matter because they didn't put any contact information on their CD. Meaning they sent it to *Maximum* and only put a return address on the envelope. Don't let this tragedy happen to you.

ONE SIZE FITS MOST sound DESCENDANTS-ish from melodic vocals to tough drumming to, well, just all the way through. ($8 ppd. 24 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 901 S. 28th, Lincoln, NE 68510).

THE PAJAMA SLAVE DANCERS play faster than their alter egos, and remind me of the SEA MONKEYS but with more guitar emphasis. (33 Pine Grove, Amherst, MA 01002).

POPE GOAT VII is two guys and a 4 track, the result of which is a heavily layered sort of eerie mix of songs. It's mostly pretty droning slow songs, and the feedback effect on the vocals is something they never seem to tire of. Weapons listed include "herbs and ales." (7 songs, okay production, no lyric sheet. PO Box 280627, Northridge, CA 91328).

POPULATION CONTROL play that modern punk sound, with vocals and backup vocals reminiscent of BAD RELIGION. (6 songs, good production. They didn't put a real address on their CD demo anywhere, so I guess you'll just have to find a computer: popcontrol @ dangpow.com.)

My first ever CD demo that won't play is by LES SCHTROUMPFS ALCOOLIQUES. They are from Belgium and I'm sorry I can't review your demo, but it just won't play.

Technical Difficulties From Day One is also *Scam* #2 1/2, featuring 30 bands (including LOS CANADIANS, CHAOS L.R., THE EAT, the PINK LINCOLNS, the STUNGUNS) from The Region (maybe the boundaries are Arkansas to Florida to Tennessee?). It's a great rockin' compilation (usually with comps, I listen for the bands I like and describe them, but it's been 20 minutes since I started listening to this tape and goddamn it, I still want to describe every band!) Mostly tangible raw fun punk; even the fast stuff has a melodic edge; even the prettier songs have a spine, still managing to be tough punk rock; even the ska-tinged songs aren't annoying. ($3 ppd. 51 songs, varying production, no lyric sheet (but extensive liner notes). PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401).

THE TRASH MONKEYS have a great sense of humor, and that's the quickest generalization I can come to. The main instrument for their first song is their own whistling, then a super dancy song with nasal vocals, next up a lounge "sexy" song, then a country ballad, then the reason the name's familiar to me... it's the song on the *Killed By Florida* comp! I bet they sent this to *MRR* and expected an album review instead of ending up in the demo column. Another disappointment. Only four songs are really driving, but the others are at least good, and some are great in the way that punk was great before hardcore. (19 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 1015 S. 17th Ave. Suite 10, Hollywood, FL 33020).

The singer of TWENTY THREE has kind of a crooning thing going on, that works fronting the fast paced pop punk music bed. For other songs he sort of goes into gruff mode, but his vocals are always really up front. (12 songs, decent production, (except for that vocals too up front problem mentioned earlier), no lyric sheet. 242 W. 27th, Houston, TX 77008.)

The U.S. AGENTS have punk rock, influences ranging from late '70s SoCal stuff all the way to the modern day RANCID. Because they don't stick to one genre—it's not derivative, just faster than mid paced basic punk rock. (10 songs, varying production, lyric sheet. 5210 Courtneys Corner Rd. Summerduck, VA 22742.) Enough already!

I also need help getting booking numbers from around the Puget Sound, especially little towns on the Olympic Peninsula.

Please send all information you have to PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Demos, too. With the contact information, alright?

Columns

THE TABB THEOREM

"Thank you, dear," the old lady with the walker says to me, as I hold the elevator door open for her with my right foot.

"Uh huh," I reply, half-awake at the unholy hour of 8:30am.

"Well, you have a nice day," she says to me as she limps on by, coughing up what sounds like nice solid lung cookies.

"Uh huh," I tell my fellow juror, who, like me, had to just pass through a battery of cops asking all sorts of questions.

"What's your business here?" one officer asked, as he chewed on a donut and got white powder on his mustache.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked another, as he tucked in his shirt and did the manly ball-scratch.

Wonderful.

As I made my way down the hallway of the 11th floor of some building on Centre Street, I silently cursed for allowing myself to be trapped in the spider web of Jury Duty. I'd envisioned the whole Manhattan legal process to be one huge sticky mess, and now, here I was, like Vincent Price in *The Fly*. Help me.

After a few minutes of wandering around aimlessly, I found the "room" I was supposed to go to. It was more like one long fucking cave. Dark, and full of scary people. Coughing and hacking up nasty germs, that I would be sure to catch. It was worse than the subway. Gross.

Next, it was time to wait.

Wait until they called out my name.

George Tabb.

That's Tabb. With a "T."

One of the last important letters of the alphabet. Well, next to "W."

And what I mean by "important" is determined by the first letter of your last name. Let's face it, "U, V, X, Y and Z" aren't that popular.

And we are all called in alphabetical order.

By everyone.

From your first grade teacher to your last nurse at the senior citizen center. To God himself.

"I'm ready to go into heaven now," I'd tell the guy with the white beard.

"Shut up and sit down," he'd say with a booming voice, "your last name starts with "T." We are only up to the letter "D." You got at least two centuries before we get NEAR you."

Yup. I was fucked. Just like I was now with Jury Duty. Only thing to do was sit. And wait. And think.

Think about how my placement in the alphabet has affected my placement in life.

Fucking letter "T."

***

"It's not fair," explained Wendy, a couple of months earlier, "I really wanted to be picked for a jury."

"Are you nuts?" I asked her as P.J., our seven pound Yorkshire Terrier, barked in agreement.

"And I wasn't picked because of my last name. By the time they got to me it was too late. The Jury box was full. It's discrimination."

I told her that since we both had last names near the end of the alphabet, this is the way things would always be, and to get used to it.

"But it's not fair," she repeated. P.J. barked in agreement.

"Are you fucking nuts, too?" I asked my dog, "What, you want to serve on a jury?"

P.J. Tabb just tilted his head sideways, put up his ears, and licked his lips.

It was then we discussed what we now call the Tabb Theorem.

A theory at least as important as Newton's Laws of Gravity, Einstein's Laws of Physics, and whoever it was that discovered dogs lick themselves because they can.

The Tabb Theorem goes something like this:

In American society, we are trained from an early age to respond, in large groups, to our last name. This is sometimes called "Roll Call." In almost every instance, these "roll calls" are done in alphabetical order. Therefore, if a person's last name begins with the letter "A," he is most likely to be one of the first persons called. As the letters in the alphabet progress, one is more likely to be called later and later. If one has a last name starting with the letters "T,U, V, W, X, Y, Z," he will most likely be called last.

On the surface, this may seem as a mere inconvenience to those blessed with names from the end of the alphabet. But upon further examination, it becomes quite apparent that there is much more to this than just a matter of patience.

Much more.

We, as young Americans, according to the Tabb Theorem, are trained to be either alpha aggressors or passive pussies, and all because of a last name our grandfathers probably mispronounced at Ellis Island some eighty years ago.

If we were lucky enough to get a last name starting with a letter from the beginning of the alphabet, our position in life is probably much higher than those who have the latter letters (P-Z).

By higher, I mean better paying jobs, jobs higher on the corporate ladder, more powerful political positions, and even more success in the arts/entertainment field. Just look at Elvis. Does one really believe he'd be nominated as a man of the century if the name he used to promote himself was Presley?

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

The way the Tabb Theorem works is like this. Those born with a last name containing one of the first fifteen letters of the alphabet are more likely to achieve much more in life than those stuck with the later eleven letters. And the reasons for this are as follows:

1. Having a last name starting with A through O means that when a young individual is called upon in the classroom, he or she will get the chance to voice their opinions and/or solve the answer to a problem first.

2. Being able to talk first gives those lucky letter holders a chance to express themselves more freely.

3. While expressing themselves, others will tend to listen. Until they get bored. But in the meantime, self-importance begins to become realized.

4. Trying to get attention from other children after their minds have begun to wander (about halfway through the alphabet) is like trying to get a straight story from a lawyer.

5. Subconsciously, this means that those with letters late in the alphabet are more likely to feel less important, because less attention is paid to them.

6. Feeling less important leads to lower self-esteem and self-confidence, which starts the psychological spiral downward that will continue throughout one's life until intense psychotherapy has begun.

7. Psychotherapy may answer many of life's questions, and lead one to realize that their parental units were damaged, but it does not change the fact that you will still be called next to last in whatever it is you do.

8. Which of course, brings us back to DOH!

So, to paraphrase the Tabb Theorem, you're fucked if your name starts with the letter "P" and beyond.

This all may sound like some sort of oversimplification, but not when it's really contemplated.

Who were latest bunch of Presidents of The United States of America? The leaders of the free world?

Well, there's Bill Clinton. And before him, George Bush. The letters "C"

and "B." Before that was Reagan, but he doesn't count because he was an actor, and any self-esteem he may or may not have was fake anyway.

Before that was Carter. Before him, Ford. Before him, Nixon. Before him, Johnson, and before that, Kennedy. The letters "C", "F", "N", "J" and "K." All letters from the first half of the English alphabet.

But wait. It gets better.

Rich people.

Successful, with money.

Like Bill Gates. Or Howard Hughes. Malcolm Forbes, or Bill Clinton. Oh, I already mentioned him. And there are many more. Of course, there is Donald Trump. A "T" name. But there's always an exception to the rule. Even if it lumbers around drunk hitting on anything with two legs and two breasts.

Then there are the great thinkers, who had the confidence to get their ideas well known. Like Edison, Einstein, Asimov, Franklin, Jefferson, and of course, Dr. Joyce Brothers. Do you think these people would have freely expressed their ideas if they had always been called on last during their formative years? Right. Blow me.

Artists? Musicians?

Here it gets a little tricky. But the Tabb Theorem still holds. Just look at the Beatles. John Lennon. Paul McCartney. George Harrison. And Ringo Starr, the exception to the rule. But also, the drummer. The Beatles were successful because three of their four last names started with letters before "P", and more importantly, the name of the band began with the letter "B."

Now, I know what you're thinking. This has nothing to do with an individual's last name. But, upon closer examination, it has everything to do with it. See, the guys in the band with the good last names had enough self-esteem to call themselves The Beatles, rather than, lets say, The Roaches or The Worms. The Beatles start with the letter " B." A really good letter. "B" is after "A," and before "C." Therefore, when a Beatles record is categorized at let's say, a radio station or a store, one is more likely to see it and give it a whirl rather than a later-lettered album.

Other successful musicians include Bowie, Berry, Diddly, Dylan, Daltry, Cobain, Elvis, Garcia, Hendrix, Jagger, Joplin, Morrison, puff Daddy, etc. So what if most of them are dead, or on their way, they once again prove that the Tabb Theorem works.

Of course their are the latter lettered musicians that some may think of as successful. Like Keith Richards, or Bruce Springsteen. First of all, Keith Richards is dead. He just doesn't know it. And second of all, Springsteen is from New Jersey. He may have been smart enough to call his band by the letter "E." But we all know that just stands for "Exit," as in "you're from Jersey? Which Exit?"

Then there are the artists. Not to mention "The Artist," who was smart enough to change his name from a "P" to an "A."

Van Gogh. Pollock. Despite their last names, they were successful all right. But only after they died.

Actually, many artists did achieve a high status in the global community EVEN with bad last names. Warhol, Picasso, Roshenburg, Stella, Speilberg, Salinger, Rodin, and godZilla just to name a few.

So why is THIS possible? Because artists throughout history have generally been labeled as "different." A sort of under-dog, if you will. The under-dog is always fighting, and sometimes, in spite of himself, wins.

The artist can get away with a lot more because he is often a sympathetic character to others. Whether he likes it or not.

Speaking of sympathetic characters, none of them have been recent mayors of New York City. But they all had the good last names. Guiliani, Dinkins, Koch, Lindsey, Beame, and even LaGuardia. Who they named an airport after.

And the mob bosses. Almost the same thing as the mayors. There's Gotti, Castellano, Gambino, Luchese, Giovoni, Gravono, Capone, and even Corleone. Of course there's also The Sopranos, but they're smart enough to hang-out at Budda-Bing-Badda-Boom. With a "B." Got that, Pop-N-Fresh?

Then there is the biggie.

God.

Who gave his son two good names.

Jesus Christ.

But the kid ended up nailed to a cross sucking vinegar.

Not the epitome of success, huh?

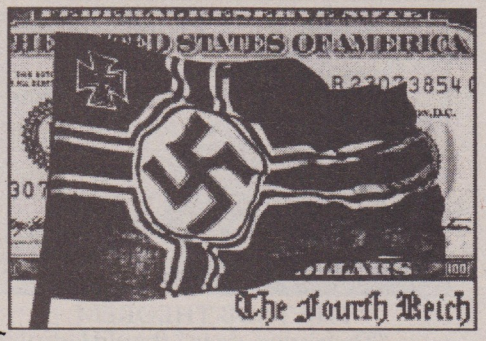
Fuck.

I guess that blows my whole theory.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. george@furiousgeorge.com is the e-mail!
2. The Dwarves new album, *Come Clean* is amazing, as is the new Zeke album, *Dirty Sanchez*. Johnny On The Spot!!!!
3. The new Boris The Sprinkler CD, which is an entire cover of the Circle Jerks first album, is a laugh riot! Great music, and so fucking funny it's funny.
4. Great bands I've seen lately include Worse, Dick Army, The Hecklers, The Shemps, Hevy Floe, Starr, and more!
5. Sauce Pak, Oi Oi Oi Oi Oi!



For The Record—115B, recorded in October, 1998.

Interview with Ray Kohlman, Attorney, and Mike Rupert , LAPD Narcotics Detective.

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D: Hello, my name's Dave Emory. It is my pleasure and privilege to present once again; Ray Kohlman, attorney at law, the attorney for Bill Tyree and a law partner of William Pepper, James Earl Ray's attorney, and the author of the book *Orders to Kill*. And I also have Mike Rupert, the former LAPD narcotics detective, and the editor of the *From the Wilderness* Newsletter. Gentlemen, welcome back once again to our airwaves.

RK: Thank you. (By phone)

MR: Thank you very much. (In studio)

D: Now, before we continue with a discussion of the lawsuit of Bill Tyree, let me state once again, pro-formo that neither myself nor the stations which carry this program have any information incriminating any of the individuals involved in this investigation at any criminal activities. As far as I know, none of them have been convicted of any crime. I will also refer to the various points of info as allegations, which is in no way to cast aspersions on any of the individuals on your-selves or on the suit itself. This is simply pro-formo, OK?

RK: Sure.

MR: Sounds good to me.

D: We've been talking about two operations called Operation Watchtower and Operation Orwell. The former being an alleged operation by elements of US Intelligence to bring drugs into Panama for trans-shipment into the US. The latter being an alleged surveillance operation of various elements, which could be seen as possibly interdicting or frustrating this traffic. We've been talking about Bill Tyree, a former Special Forces trooper who was allegedly involved in Operation Watchtower, and then when he tired of those activities, his wife, Elaine (also in the Army) was murdered. She'd been acting as an informant for the Army's criminal investigation division. Bill

Tyree was then framed for that murder. The lawsuit names as defendants; George Bush, The CIA, Oliver North, President Clinton, L. Scott Harshbauger, and Paul Celuci, one a candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and the other being the acting governor of Massachusetts. Also mentioned was a very interesting fellow by the name of "Chip Tatum" whom we'll get to in a minute. With that introduction, we've been talking about some of the operations of Edward Wilson and Frank Turple. Those investigations came up with a group of names who later became household words to a certain extent, at least to those households that were following Iran-Contra. The raison d'etre for Operation Watchtower was what, Mike Ruppert?

MR: Well, the reason was basically the same as it always has been with the CIA, to provide unaccountable and untraceable money for the perpetuation and continuation for covert operations outside of congressional oversight. I think that a stumbling block that some people run into is that you say that the Watchtower missions occurred in '75, '76, and '77. Well my goodness. What happened before and after those years? This is not a parenthesis in eternity here. Or maybe it is, in that you have to look at the much longer continuum of CIA involvement in drug trafficking historically, going back to the Forties. Certainly continuing from Southeast Asia, where many of these hands cut their teeth so to speak. Even earlier in Ted Shackley's case, and Ed Wilson's. But they continued afterwards as well. If you look at the Watchtower missions which were described in the Cutolo Affidavit at the end of '77, that doesn't mean that all of a sudden the CIA stopped flying cocaine, then all of a sudden started again when the Contra war effort began. What happens with a great many of these operations is that they mutate given changing circumstances. Whereas you might have a political situation which would necessitate flying directly from Columbia to Panama in order to stage cocaine, to be held for trans-shipment into the US. With a resulting coup in Honduras (let's say) the spoken nature of the missions may change to where you don't need them, and a political change in Columbia could provide the means to fly above radar with US air-traffic controllers in control, etc. I think that this also provides a way to understand what happened in Mina, Arkansas, and how Mina was connected, and that we know that there was a horrendous amount of cocaine moving through Mina. But through the history of the people and personnel involved, there is a continuum established which goes back and is a thread woven through the Watchtower missions, going back before '77, and continuing along after.

D: Mike and/or Ray, if you could briefly review the allegations concerning Mina for us, we've covered them on these airwaves before, but it might be useful under these circumstances.

R: The allegations are that after Panama nominally closed down, the flights were diverted over the Caribbean and into a fairly remote area of six or seven thousand people in Mina, Arkansas. At the same time as drugs were being flown in for distribution, guns were being flown out for use in third world countries, depending on who happened to need them at the time (an example is the Contras). So it was sort of like a truck terminal of various unsundry people of note, and right now we're trying to track down how many of the defendants were there other than the most obvious one, Bill Clinton.

M: If I can jump in real briefly, I think it's important to note that US covert military support in Central America did not begin with the Contras. There's a long, historically well-documented record (especially in El Salvador and Guatemala) that the CIA was arming death squads linked to Du Buission and a number of other people in those regions before the Contra effort ever got really off the ground. So this was a mechanism which was established. I would say the paradigm was really perfected in Laos with Ted Shackley to arm the Montonards and other groups to go fight, pay for it with drugs, run the operation under CIA control, and have a lot of atrocities result. That model was in use before the Contra effort started in about 1981.

D: There is also another point that I think we may want to touch on. Even before the CIA assumed stewardship of the Contras, some of their allies from Argentina (themselves closely allied with the Cocafasciste in Bolivia) had been sort of shepherding the Contras prior to the most overt CIA involvement.

M: That's very very true, and of course if you scratch very softly beneath the façade, you come to a whole host of ex-nazis.

D: You mention in connection with some of the death squad and terrorist activity in other parts of Latin America, El Salvadorian elements such as what we saw. In an earlier discussion, you mentioned that the assassination of Archbishop Romero has been a figure in this lawsuit. Ray, can you detail that if you're in a position to do so?

R: Well, although the lawsuit specifically uses Watchtower as a view, we also allege that the US has used its military forces either directly or as trainers and instructors in other various unsundry illegal activities, particularly in South and Central America. One of those is the formation of security forces through the "School of the Americas" in Bragg. Part of it is the result of the assassination of the archbishop and also of the six Jesuit Priests and various unsundry activities as far as the religious social activist people were concerned.

D: One of the people who is mentioned in the case as a defendant is Chip Tatum. I found that rather surprising in light of some of your earlier writings about him.

M: Well I think Ray will confirm that everybody wants to hear what Chip Tatum has to say about this case. It is my belief, and Ray can flesh this out as he wishes to, that Chip would like to tell us what he knows about this case.

R: We always like to have somebody who has a different view of the same event or events. Mr. Tatum has come forward as a very disgruntled individual in how he was treated when his time working for the government was over.

D: And he worked in what capacity?

R: He was a pilot flying drugs across the Caribbean into the US.

D: So he was actually one of the freight carriers in these operations according to allegations presented in the suit?

R: Right; he'd pick it up and drop it off, as you say, a flight carrier. We have him nicknamed as a friendly defendant. It's not that we want him to cough up money, but he certainly is a part of the continuation of the illegal operations. It would give us more insight into the various other aspects of the lawsuit that we're going to have to form. He may very well be able to put some of the other defendants together more closely than we already have.

D: Mike, there was a comment you wanted to make?

M: Yea, I think that it is really interesting to note that in the April issue of my newsletter, I described the last conversation that I had with Chip, in which he indicated that his deal (of-the-day for him because he's frequently standing on quicksand) was that Oliver North would take a public fall behind the drug-trafficking issue. A lot of people scoffed at that, but I think with the recent revelations in volume two of the CIA's Inspector General's Report, in which the CIA basically lays out Oliver North like a piece of trash. They point their finger at him on several occasions, especially in the case of Moises Nunez, a major trafficker, who said that he couldn't talk about his drug trafficking activities because of instructions and orders concerning his work with the National Security Council. Well, that was Oliver North, and the companies with which Nunez were connected had bank accounts, which the CIA acknowledges were established by Oliver North. So Oliver North is extremely vulnerable on this

at the moment. I for one would love to see Ray get this into the courtroom and to pursue that avenue a little bit.

D: Ray, do you want to comment on that?

R: Well, we're looking forward to getting him in the courtroom too.

D: OK. There are a couple of interrelated questions that I'd like to toss out to both of you, and I'd like to stress once again that this is in no way to dump on either of you or anyone involved in the lawsuit. In a previous discussion, Mike, we have mentioned how much this lawsuit would appear to be similar to the ill-fated Cristic Institute lawsuit in the 1980s and early '90s. There certainly is a vast scope (from a historical standpoint) that is incorporated in this suit. We're going all the way back to the 1970s, right on up through Bill Clinton's terms as president. There certainly are a lot of very powerful individuals involved here. One of the questions I have (as someone who is not legally well versed) is how a cohesive lawsuit could tie so many of these elements together in a legally viable way? I wonder if the two of you would discuss that and also address the issue of whether or not the suit could be vulnerable in the same way that the Cristic Institute's was?

R: Well I'm not really familiar with the Cristic Institute's lawsuit. But one of the things that's unique as far as Billy's situation is concerned, is that Carone is. You had mentioned, "gluing everything together?"

D: Right.

R: I refer to it as the pivot point. Everything really revolve s around Carone. He was, and I wonder if people really understood that when Mike referred to him as "ringmaster." if you needed something, you called Carone, and he got it. To the point where if you needed anything, it was there for you. So that he was the one who (through all kinds of stuff) kept track for the government, and he also played that part with the crime families. In his last days he gave Billy a tremendous amount of information, which we are putting in one place now and putting in its proper perspective, and acting on it. That is the point that made the case. Up until the point where we could tie Carone in, Billy had (at best) a hail-Mary kind of lawsuit. But once we found out that Carone actually received Elaine's diaries, that's what really gelled everything together, if not expressly, then he has given us enough information so that we can follow up and put them together.

D: And that has been confirmed, Carone's receipt of the diaries, and transfer of them to the CIA?

R: Yes, and in a rather interesting way. His daughter saw the diaries and heard about them. His son-in-law was at the apartment, saw some notebooks on the table, happened to flip them open, and subsequently saw two pictures. One was of a soldier of nineteen years or so, and the other was the picture of a very lovely young woman in her late teens or early twenties. Well the Colonel became very upset when he saw this and slammed the notebooks shut saying, "you know better than that." Twenty years later, when Mr. Ferdinand was shown a picture of a young Bill Tyree and his now deceased wife, he realized, "That's the guy!" "That's a picture of the guy I saw on the notebooks!" That was when this lawsuit really took a deep breath and started running.

D: Mike, you mentioned in an earlier discussion about Albert Vincent Carone that he died of chemical toxicity of unknown etiology?

M: Yes, he had returned from admission to Mexico in 1985, and was extremely upset. He was disenchanted to say the least, had (in effect) lost his stomach for all covert work he had done. He lamented to his daughter and son-in-law that as a result of this particular CIA mission, which fell under the umbrella name of Amadeus (which is a direct link to George Bush), that a DEA agent had been kidnapped and murdered. That was in Mexico, and he was referring to Enrique S. Camarena, who is the only DEA agent to have ever been murdered, let alone in Mexico. It was a short time thereafter that he was aware that he was going to be killed, and he began to suffer a series of ailments which began in roughly '86 to '87, which led to kidney, liver, and brain failure. His brain atrophied and everything just kind of disintegrated. A number of doctors (and I covered this in my investigation) examined him, but could not put their fingers on a cause of death. So the cause of death was listed on the certificate as death by chemical toxicity of unknown etiology, which I have lovingly come to call the CIA Flu. There's another important point about the lawsuit. Ray is perhaps not as familiar as I am with the Cristic Institute's case. The Cristic lawsuit was a reco-civil lawsuit based on a bombing in Nicaragua, which occurred outside of the US. So what is really unique about Bill Tyree's suit (and very distinguishing from the Cristic Institute's lawsuit) is that we have a 1975 civil decision, a '75 appellate confirmation of that decision, judgment against the police officers in error (for the illegal removal of property), and a whole series of orders to return the property. None of which have been complied with, which is an absolute damn good legal foundation for a lawsuit. So this can't be dismissed on any kind of grounds saying that there's no basis for the lawsuit. What sums it up is the Carone connection, which we weren't able to put together until within this last year.

D: Reviewing very briefly for us, he is still listed as active duty military, even though he died in 1990?

M: Yes. As long as he's active duty, they can't release any records. They're barred from that by the privacy act. Also, the investigation report which I wrote in 1994 (after meeting Dee Carone and her husband and spending several days reviewing their records) is now his official military record in St. Louis as far as his family is concerned. The rest of his records remain concealed.

D: You mentioned too Theodore Shackley, one of the names that wind through this entire historical period. In many of these allegations, he was able to get his headstone changed from Staff Sergeant to Colonel.

M: Yes. When Big Al died, every trace of this man disappeared from the face of the earth. We're not just talking military records and NYPD pension, we're talking his New Mexico's drivers license and four or five of his bank accounts which were actually being used by Carone and his daughter Dee to run the household. These were checking accounts like the ones that you or I use everyday. They were just absolutely erased, down to the life insurance policies. It created enormous problems for the family, they suffered terribly and have been non-stop ever since. Dee was getting no satisfaction from anywhere in the government. So, after really satisfying myself that this was in effect "the motherload" for me in my lifetime as far as a CIA wrongdoing. I looked at Dee and said, "As far as I'm concerned there is only one man in the world who can help you with this, and that is Ted Shackley, but I don't know how you're going to find him." So I gave her a rundown as to Shackley's background and so on. Dee (on her own she's pretty plucky) hunted down Robert Mayhough, the former aide to Howard Hughes with CIA connections, who in turn gave her a phone number for Shackley. She made contact with Shackley, who acknowledged knowing Al Carone. They have had a number of phone conversations over the years. But within ten days of Dee's first contact with Shackley, Al Carone's headstone had been changed from Staff Sergeant to full Colonel (he had been buried as a Staff Sergeant, his highest rank during WW2, after which point the army said that he didn't exist anymore). Dee was able to acquire a copy of the order so directing the modification, and subsequently Shackley confirmed to her that it was he who ordered the change. He has on many occasions acknowledged

to having known Al Carone very well.

D: Lets get back to Carone in just a second. Mike Rupert, you wrote in a *From the Wilderness* issue that among the things which were going to be touched on in this lawsuit was the Federal Emergency Management Agency and its plans for martial law, which surfaced in the course of the Cristic Institute lawsuit. Ray, you mention in the first part of our interview that Oliver North was apparently involved with activities in Latin America in the 1970s. Could you touch on what North was allegedly doing in the 1970s and also on how this suit is going to impact on the whole FEMA situation?

R: As far as the whole FEMA situation is concerned, we have alleged that the creation of FEMA is unconstitutional for several reasons. For one, it does not define an emergency. Number two, it takes all the power from the legislative and judicial branches and places it under an executive agency without any provision to return the respective powers to the respective branches. That was one of the things which was formed under Executive Order 123333, and we allege that the executive order is totally void, unconstitutional, etc. As far as North's activities in South America prior to the Contras, we're still trying to flush that out. He's one of these people who admits he was in Okinawa and other places, but it's very sketchy. It's not a year-by-year breakdown. We know that he was a White House "fellow," but we don't know what he did, what his duties were, or where he did them. I mean, as a "White House Fellow," if you've got a job to do, you can pretty much go where you need to go in order to get the job done. So we're still working on those.

D: OK, a couple more points that I'd like to touch on. Mike, what do you think off of Volume Two of the CIA Inspector General's Drug Report is going to affect this suit?

M: Volume Two is a virtual CIA confession (in my opinion) to complicity involvement in a conspiracy to change government policies on the reporting procedures for assets involved in drug trafficking, direct knowledge, protection of traffickers, and so on. In my opinion, the easiest leg of this case to make is that the CIA deals drugs, and Volume Two just puts the cap on that. It's utterly damning for Oliver North, there's just no question of that. It raises deeper, darker questions and opens the doors to ask questions about CIA Proprietaries, which leads to the role of people like Al Carone; which, if pursued logically and ethically, will lead us back to people like Al Carone. I think Volume Two does nothing but help.

D: OK, speaking of Al Carone, Ray Kohlman, in our last couple of minutes here... **One of the affidavits that has been filed in connection with the suit alleges that Carone made a payoff to Jack Ruby on November 22nd, 1963, and that he was also present at Love Field on November twenty-second of '63 with a rifle. Can you tell us a little about that?**

R: Yes. In Carone's last days (often this happened), he felt that he had an awful lot to make up for, and he wanted to do right, to make things right when he had realized that he had done wrong. One of these instances is that he had several levels of participation in the Dallas assassination (JFK). One of these was to transfer money to a woman by the name of Ruth Hyde Payne, the other was to transfer money to Jack Ruby. One of the more interesting ones was that he stated that he was on a rooftop with a high-powered weapon at Love Field when President Kennedy disembarked from his aircraft. But because there were obstacles in the form of other people in the way, he really didn't have a clear line of fire to the president. Therefore, once the president totally got out of his sight, he just packed up his weapon, descended the building, and went back to report what had happened.

D: OK, we should use the term "allegedly made payments to Ruth Payne," who was one of Oswald's handlers in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. Ted Kennedy has weighed in on behalf of Bill Tyree in a certain sense, hasn't he?

R: (sighs) Very superficially. He has stated that he has made some inquiries, but we really don't know how serious Senator Kennedy's inquiries have been. He has his own problems, so we don't really know how much he is behind. The accounts in '79 and '80 had a tremendous newspaper following, with some of the bugging of the courthouse, with Mr. Tyree trying to get the alleged murderer back into court; all kinds of stuff. And of course the Green Berets are highly motivated and highly respected, but here's one who murders his wife and so on. So the Kennedys have pretty much stayed away from that. They write lovely letters and I really don't know what their total involvement is. To a certain extent I can understand why they don't want to get involved, there's an awful lot of hurt and pain associated with that.

D: Understood. Well we will see where this lawsuit goes, however, we're going to have to carry the story forward in a future interview because we're all out of time. We've been speaking with Ray Coleman, the attorney for Bill Tyree, and a law partner of William Pepper, author of *Orders to Kill* and the attorney for the late James Earl Ray. And also Mike Ruppert, former LAPD narcotics detective, the editor of the *From the Wilderness* newsletter, and a long time and tireless crusader in order to expose the role of elements of the intelligence community in drug trafficking. For Ray Kohlman and Mike Ruppert, this is Dave Emory, saying thanks for listening.

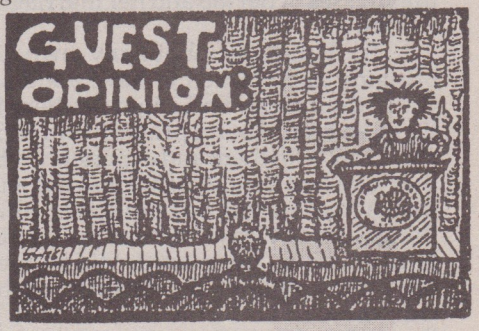
Links: http://www.copvcia.com/ - online version of the *From the Wilderness* Newsletter.

http://www.radio4all.org/crackcia/tyree.html is more info on this specific case.

http://www.usdoj.gov/dea/agency/10bios.htm lists DEA bio on Camarena and other DEA agents who have been killed in the line of duty.

Next month - Dee Carone Speaks about her father Al Carone.

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact: Spitfire, PO Box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, email - alcalame@ix.netcom.com, Website - http://www.kfjc.org Attention non-commercial radio stations! Contact Spitfire regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.



Why I Don't Want to Have Kids

by Dan McKee

The subject of having or not having children is a very important one, and I am happy someone is addressing in this punk rock community. I first became interested in the concept of choice in child rearing around the same time as I was becoming politicized. Before, it had just been a given. People grow up, they meet someone, and then they probably start a family. It's just the way things go, I thought. People I saw had kids, and people I knew were planning to have kids. Some of my parents' friends couldn't have kids and I felt bad for them. It was a shame that they'd never experience parenthood and be able to raise a child of their own. Even some of my own friends were planning on having children in the future. They'd get the job, the house, the car, the significant other and the kids. Even I wanted kids. I thought babies were sweet and little kids were always

really funny, and I imagined what it'd be like to one day have my own child. I thought about my own upbringing and was dissatisfied.

My father was never really there. He just woke up about half an hour before I left for school and came home about the time I went to bed; sometimes later. The times he was there he'd shut himself away in his "Office Room" at home and work there. When I was younger he'd try to take me to soccer games, to bond. We went to loads of them all around England. The problem was, I didn't really like football. I never had. It just seemed boring to me—running around a pitch for an hour and a half just to kick a ball into a net a few times. So the football games weren't an overly successful bonding tool, and my father was seldom around in any useful capacity, so all I had left was my mother. She was around most of the time because she worked from home. Unfortunately, the key word was work, because that's what she did… She worked. While in the same building as me, she wasn't really there. The days her job required her to be away in London, I went to a childminder. The days she was there, she would shout a lot from the stresses of her job and her marriage to my father.

So I thought about my own upbringing and wanted to have a kid so I could do it right. So I could be there for them, so I could bond properly in a reciprocal way with them and experience what they like and dislike, as well as showing them what I'm into. So I could teach them things and not leave them alone mentally as much as my parents did to me. I certainly wouldn't dump them with a childminder. I'd be the best damned father in the world and my kids would love me. But as I got older I got wiser. I became aware of capitalism and how in rears it's ugly head in all walks of life. How childhood itself is just a government-implemented indoctrination process.

At school I felt constrained. Teachers I'd grown up thinking were the be-all and end-all of knowledge turned out to be completely ignorant. Questioning was met with, "that's not in the curriculum. You don't need to know about that." I had always thought school was there to teach me and help me prepare myself for life, but I realized that was a complete sham. Any quest for independent learning about things that were interesting was knocked down. I was only to read the books on the reading list, only to ask about the history we were being taught, only copy and repeat what I was told, and never, ever question it.

Then came the careers lessons, the work experience; and I noticed little things like the certificates in my school's reception area telling of our educational partnership with Land Rover, the local automobile factory. And how the governmental department in charge of education was the "Department of Employment and Education."

The media were helping. They created stereotypes and attitudes that made sure that every fucking day I would be ridiculed for my big black glasses and spiky hair. I was even banned from our school photo at the end of my sentence—I mean education—unless I flattened my hair. I said no, and that I didn't actually give a shit whether or not I was in their over-priced photo. I watched as anyone who stood out from the crowd or lived by their own ideologies were shot down and ridiculed by teachers and pupils alike due to the complete non-acceptance of diversity our media have implanted in our heads.

I saw my friends, one by one, lose their personalities and begin to care only about money. They'd drop their old lives for a job that took up all of their time, just so they got the cash in their bank accounts. Parents would scream at kids to get a job, earn their keep, pull their weight, and stop freeloading—my own parents included.

What I'm trying to say with all of this is that capitalism has fucked up our society so much that no child born into this system can have a good upbringing. Children will not see their parents enough. The parents have to work to earn the money to keep the house they live in and buy the food they need. Any time off for childcare could mean unemployment upon returning to the work force with today's state of tenuous job security.

Children will not be able to think for themselves. The media invade our privacy constantly with their false desires and attitudes. Schools kids are forced into by law teach them to accept authority and take away their natural intrigue, until real education becomes impossible. No matter how much a child may be interested in certain subjects, with nearly seven hours spent in school, and homework on top of it, they will be too studied out to give a shit about anything they don't have to turn in to a teacher in the morning.

With peer pressure, too, no matter how many ideals you wish to encourage in your children there may come a time when you will have to betray your own ideals to please your child. Soon they will be screaming for their Happy Meals because the nice clown on TV told them it was great, and you can't explain exploitation, nutrition, or the destruction of cultural sovereignty to them. Do you fold, or do you stick to your ideals? Do you disappoint, or cough up to Mickey Mouse?

Even if you decide to not buy certain things for your children, or try to teach them, at least on a basic level, that certain things are "bad," what about the other kids? Do you not let them go to the McDonalds party? Not let them go to the cinema with their friends? And what if they buy into religion? What if all your atheistic arguments just don't work on them? What if that devastatingly bland pop song on the radio, written by about six different marketing advisors to sell really well, and with about as much art in it as a pile of mud, becomes your child's favorite song? How do you explain how Christmas is a marketing ploy? How do you explain that the TV is brainwashing them? How do you explain that school is a personality manipulator? How do you explain any of the ideals you hold dear to your punk rock heart and raise a free-thinking child?

The thing is, even if you explain things to them and they understand and accept, who are you to do that to someone? It will inevitably lead to bullying and violence at school. You are basically creating the "weird kid" moniker dumbass bullies buy into; shoving your kid into this pit with a sign around their neck saying "Kick Me!" It may be for the best in the long term. We may say that the only reason children get bullied for being "weird" is because of the intolerant climate capitalism has created, and that by having children who we educate and raise in a better way, we can change things, but the fact is that until things have changed, your open-minded, anti-corporate, PC, punk kid will be teased at school, and it will be because of what you taught that child. You don't need a PhD in psychology to realize this will most probably lead to resentment.

My problem with having children in the world today is that I do not think the world is a very nice place. There is intolerance on a massive scale, with racism, sexism, homophobia, religious intolerance, punk-a-phobia, different hairstyle-a-phobia, t-shirt-a-phobia. Basically, people these days will do horrible things to you for the smallest and stupidest of reasons. With basic needs like food and water nowhere near satisfactory, how can we justify bringing someone else into all this? There is a constant threat of war, nuclear or otherwise. Each day people in the armed forces die for stupid causes. One day the dead soldier could be your child.

Hey, do you want to come to this place with me? Yeah, chances are you

Columns

could be born with some poor medical condition due to all the chemicals in the air. You won't see much of your parents because they are wage slaves and have to give up their lives just to be able to afford the bare minimum of life support. You will have people constantly attempting to brainwash and indoctrinate you into their way of thinking and each person, myself included, will think their own philosophy is right. The food and drink is pretty bad for you, and the entertainment is worse. The best thing is that once you reach a suitable age, you too will be out on your ear and into a job where you have to slave away for someone else to get rich from your labor while you take home a pittance. Oh yeah, and thinking for yourself will get you in trouble, and the entire place is run by a corrupt bunch of thugs who carry weapons and have complete power over you and are accountable to no one.

Now who the hell would say yes to that invite? That is all this place has to offer others until it is changed. I am not against having children, at all. I would love to have a child myself. But I could never feel good about bringing a child into this shit-hole we call an existence, to force someone else to go through all this crap and know that all their suffering is completely my fault. I could also never bear to see my own child doing everything I see as wrong with society, and know that the bastards got another one and that it was my own flesh and blood. What if my child went on to become another profits-over-people, praise-the-almighty-dollar CEO who fucked people over every day just to add another zero onto their net worth? I could not bear that responsibility.

I am, however, open to other opinions on the subject, and I hope this issue of Maximum RockNRoll will show me why it's OK to have kids, but I find it hard to believe.

Profitganda@hotmail.com

It's the most beloved holiday of the year in San Francisco, Thanksgiving. A time to think about what the destruction of the native peoples of this country has given to us, thank our forefathers for slavery and genocide and get really fat on dead animals. Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday of the year. It brings together two of my favorite things: eating until I can't move, and talking to drunk people. Since I was a young child, this is what Thanksgiving has meant to me, and last year I was happy to spend it gorging myself with some of my drunken friends.

Why on earth am I writing about Thanksgiving in May, you ask? Because I'm really writing about kids. Confused? Fear not. We're getting there. OK.

This last Thanksgiving, the men were hanging around the kitchen grilling something or other, the women were playing with/talking about their children, and Melanie and I were sitting on the couch. Every conversation among the women at the party was focused on children. Where to buy clothes for children, how their specific child was developing, what cute little mishap their child had gotten into recently, etc. Any polite attempts Melanie or I made to join in the conversion were immediately rebuffed and/or ignored. We did not have children. We did not understand. Melanie, being a girl who has not yet brought a child into this world, is unacceptable in the club of mature women. Women are mothers here, and the secret knowledge of diapers and baby formula is something that Melanie and other spinsters would never understand.

Sundays nights were X-Files nights here at MRRHQ for quite sometime. (We've left that behind us recently, due to the just terrible writing of the show and all around annoying nature of David Duchovny. Who the hell does he think he is? He can't act and the only reason he's anything close to a star is because of the now dimming brilliance of Chris Carter, the creator of the show. Mr. Duchovny is in for a real surprise when the show finally ends due to his own prodding and he is back in the real world. Two or three box office flops after X-Files cancellation, and he'll be begging to be Mulder again from the sound stage of some made-for-cable softcore movie.) We would gather around the television like a regular family and settle in for a night of Simpsons, whatever piece of shit came on after, and then X-Files. The Sunday night in question, some friends were in from out of town. Some soon-to-be married friends. They were talking to another soon-to-be married friend, about well, getting married. Once again, having nothing to add to the conversation, I was focusing my attention more on Gillian Anderson than their wedding plans, when one of the soon-to-be married men asked me when I was going to get hitched, when I was "going to join the club."

Even in the counter culture that we have attempted to erect, we are reproducing mainstream ideas of conformity and obedience to boring old family values. This is ridiculous. Outside of overpopulation, the prevalence of poor parenting, and the possibility of a Republican in the White House, there is nothing wrong with having children. There is also nothing wrong with getting married. I hope, however, that the punks with kids in this issue aren't simply caving into the pressure given not only by parents and the like, but also by members of our own much ballyhooed radical community. I hope this for the children. For they are our future.

Children are often a way for couples to avoid talking to each other. A way to avoid real issues w/r/t/ the parents' relationship, and instead to talk about the needs of this little creature you have brought into the world. Marriage is the most convienent way to deal with the fear of dying alone that so many of us have.

I'm not married. I will die from drinking rubbing alcohol alone in a tenement hotel somewhere. My lover is not a fully developed women because she has not born a child. Whatever. I much prefer going out to see a movie tonight than staying home with a crying child. That probably makes me selfish, but no, that doesn't leave me feeling unfulfilled.

Stuff You Should Pay Attention To:

1. Looks like things went down much as expected in DC. I hesitate to call it any kind of victory, but forcing the IMF to hold 33 press conferences in four days and the World Bank as a lead story on the evening news for the first time in its fifty-year history is a good thing.

I will, however, never understand Anarchists need to talk about every strategy and protest idea they have on the web. THIS IS NOT A GOOD IDEA and probably lead to many of the tactical arrests and house searches that happened in the days leading up to April 16th. If I can read it, so can any cop with half a brain, and despite what you may think, some cops do have half a brain. Keep the internet shit to news and press release type of logistics. Leave the direct action strategies for face to face meetings. We will probably never again be as lucky as we were in Seattle, and we shouldn't think are future protests are going to go as well.

2. The Fifth Annual Bay Area Anarchist Book fair went really well. We had a punk streaker and everything. Thanks to all who helped out. Contact me if you would like info on next years.

3. I am working on a project about the lefty commie cults of the last fifty years (meaning RCP, ISO, SWP etc etc) if you were involved with any of these groups, I'd love to hear from you.

4. Why does Mykel get all the nude photos? I want nude photos! Sean Sullivan PO Box 170394 / San Francisco, CA 94117.

Columns

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

First off, I have been informed by my mother that my column on race relations and the public schools, etc., in issue #203, was "intense," by my father that it was "bitter," and by a reader who claims to otherwise enjoy my column that it made me sound like a pretentious asshole. Sigh. Unfortunately for me, I can't discount any of these criticisms.

I'd just like to clarify, for the record, that I think everyone, white men included, ought to have a chance to be happy, healthy, and educated, and I don't think people ought to spend their time feeling guilty about it. I do think, however, that people should *pay attention* to why they have what they have, and where they fit into the grand scheme of things.

Looking back, I realize that my column sounded as if growing up in Oakland was all hell and poverty, and I certainly don't feel that way. Actually, I have a lot of love for the character of that city.

Let me excuse my bitterness by the recent passing of Prop 21, the shooting of innocent people in New York, and the acknowledgement that we are being lied to, asked to participate in an electoral farce; this is not democracy. I have a chip on my shoulder.

On to the issue at hand. I have always been interested in reading articles or special issues which force the sometimes encapsulated, boxed-in place where punk rockers sometimes live into a collision with the unavoidable realities of "real life." For that reason, and in order to answer some of my own questions, I wanted to put together this month's "punks & reproduction" special, though of course I didn't do it alone. Though real life for many people does not include children, most of us have to face the decision eventually in the course of our lives.

I'd like to point out some demographics I noticed in the group who submitted pieces for the special. While we received a handful of stories by single fathers who had partial or no custody of their children, I was disappointed that we did not get a single submission from a single mother in the same circumstances, or in fact from any single mothers at all. This may be because the male to female ratio of *MRR* readers is dramatically unbalanced, which makes me sadder still. It may also be that full custody mothers don't have to time to ruminate on their condition in between working, mashing up carrots, and wiping up drool. Or there may be some other reason, but in any case, it is food for thought.

When we advertised for submissions, I expected and hoped that some percentage of them would be of the "proud parent" show-off variety. But I also hoped for good articulations of why having children was a bad choice, and to what lengths people would go to prevent it. Above my expectations, we received descriptions of unorthodox family structures and ingenious blends of parenting ideals drawn from both punk rock and more traditional sources. Some writers focused on the irony they felt in being both parents and punk rockers, and the isolation they felt from the punk community, while others claim that the punk scene served as an extended family.

I was also impressed with the resourcefulness and adaptibility of some of these "instant families," who made the best of less than perfect circumstances and as often as not, came out ahead, lower on freedom and richer in wisdom. It's interesting to note that of all of the contributers who described becoming parents, only one (Ruth) planned her pregnancy. For this reason, I went a little overboard with the family planning information. We ought to do everything within our power to avoid unwanted pregnancies, and ignorance should no longer be an excuse.

Being pregnant, and facing the choice of whether to remain so, is like facing an abyss. It is one of the only situations in which any woman, even if she feels otherwise powerless, can feel like a deity, commanding the decision to breathe life into what is still just the idea of a child, or to wipe the slate clean, change her mind, and begin again. But it can be painful sort of empowerment.

The difference between abortion and the death of a child is the difference between never meeting a potential friend, and losing a good one. Still, there is a sadness in the idea of what might have been, like the kind of sadness you feel looking back at different paths in your life and knowing you could only choose one to follow, and that the other would permanently remain a variable. This is a different sort of emotion than regret. It is not the desire to change things in your past, but the desire to have as much life as possible. To never have enough life—I often feel like that, even in difficult times.

But you can't do everything in this life, as much as you try. That's why it's a good idea to surround yourself with people who made the *other* choices, and vicariously live through them. That's the point of having a community, anyway, isn't it? To divide the labor and divide the experiences—to learn from other people's mistakes so that you have plenty of time to make your own.

Thanks again to everyone who wrote or helped. I hope the response is just as energetic for future "theme" issues (we're concocting plans already). And the best of luck to you all. *arwenc@mindspring.com*

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MAINE

When people hear about Maine, they usually listen to stories of its miles or rocky coastline, its dense and vast pine forests, or its degenerate rednecks. The last thing that people would associate with Maine are hardcore punks and a growing punk scene there. At the present there are a few punks in Maine, spread out all over the state but mostly clustered around the "urban" areas of Portland, Augusta, Lewiston, and Bangor. Shows in this country's eastern most state are rare, but are always enjoyable and fun when they do happen.

The last show of any importance was up in Eddington, Maine, on Saturday, December 18, 1999. It was held in an out-of-the-way V.F.W. hall so cold that we could all see our breath and had to thrash to keep warm. The few places in and around Maine that used to have punk shows every few months - Heavy's in Old Town and the Elvis Room in Portsmouth, New Hampshire - have closed, and the club in Portland, Zootz, just has muscle hardcore shows where punks aren't welcome. So the punks have to hold show in various Unitarian-Universalist church basements, American Legion Halls or people's apartments, and often have to drive two or three hours just to get there.

The opening band at Eddington was URBAN ALLIANCE. These young high school rockers hail from the frozen streets of Bangor. They play powerful, simple punk with a pissed-off old-school sound somewhat familiar to early Youth Brigade. Watch out for this band: their sound is contagious.

U.S.A. WASTE followed the opening band with a quick set. This is a new band from Central Maine, made of three members, an ex-A GLOBAL THREAT and an ex-GENERAL STRIKE member, as well as one of the scene's older punks. This band has caused some controversy by attacking Maine's political punks - probably a majority of the scene's membership - with their song "Just Another Benefit Cause," assailing groups or individuals who distribute literature at the shows. U.S.A. WASTE also has a short demo tape out.

PINKO AND THE ACTION BOYS, young teenagers from Bridgton, played next, pummeling the audience again and again with their crazy-ass thrash sound that incorporates noise and inchoate screams that could be compared to Void. Although PINKO has a few political songs like "McThird World," most of their songs are about school, derelict hippies and soft drinks. The half of the audience which was younger and more jockish really liked this band, and formed their own separate "mosh pit." Many of the kids at the show in Maine seem not to have evolved from the Rage Against the Machine moshing and Metallica head-banging roots yet. Myself and others have tried to introduce the time-honored circle storm to the kids but we have met with little or no success.

The ANGRY FOLK played next. This band is a strange amalgamation of folk and punk frosted with a tart political edge. The frontman, Steve Black, is a determined and experienced political activists who has picked up one bastard of an acoustic axe and recruited some electrically charged punks to flesh out his act. The Maine kids really like the FOLK's performances, and skillfully sing along on the verses and choruses. Song subjects range from liberating political prisoners in the U.S. to ending the pollution of Maine's rivers by dioxin dumping paper mills. ANGRY FOLK has carved out its own little niche in Maine with its unique sound, and also just released a demo tape.

The band that ended that harrowing night was perhaps the Maine scene's most popular band right now, CORPORATE DEATH SQUAD (C.D.S.), from Buckfield, Maine. This four man outfit continues to put on a good show despite recently changing their sound from a straightforward, unique punk sound to a slower, heavier, crust/grindcore style. They have a recently released 7" split with the COMMONWEALTH on Black Spring Project Records. This band really kicks redneck ass, and their 7" with COMMONWEALTH is a must have for Maine Punks as well as those nonMainers who want a window onto the Northeastern punk scene.

Of course, not all Maine bands could make it to the Eddington show but deserve mention here. The COMMONWEALTH, a popular central Maine hardcorelanarcho-punk group, have been around for two years, and just released their split 7" with C.D.S. The awesome anthem "List of Demands," and "Capitalism Killed Humanity" appear on this split, followed by an inspiring poem from the band's ex-drummer. This powerful political band plays furiously fast and hard shit and sound quite like a mix of old Uniform Choice with the fastest style that A//Political of Baltimore can offer. COMMONWEALTH has been received well on out-of state tours.

HUMANICIDE, a recently formed animal rights band from Southern Maine with a heavy hardcore sound, also didn't make it to the show. One of their members is from the now defunct RHETORICS, a Portland group with no released stuff, unfortunately. ARCH DELUXXE also recently disbanded. These Augusta-area Maineacs also released a tape with great hits like "My Third Eye, "On the Beach," and "Pro-Education, Anti-School." This band, which often appeared adorned with fake antlers and blinking Christmas lights, is sorely missed and mourned.

Maine has also had its share of scum punk bands. NIPPLE VIOLATOR made a reputation playing some disgusting perfomances involving sodomy and shit-slinging into the audience. THE GRUNTS also played equally shocking and offensive thrash (or trash), but disappeared a few years ago. DISSIDENT FORCE, another hardy troupe of high schoolers, also played some scummy songs before they recently disbanded.

COPS AND ROBBERS have just formed, and have a likable old-school Boston hardcore. It includes ex members of the PINKERTON THUGS and 13 GHOSTS. 13 GHOSTS plays out-of-this-world surf punk and have a 500-issue 7" that will fry your brain if you can get your hands on one.

Unfortunately, the small Maine punk scene has many problems. It has recently been splintered into factions by the "punk vs. Politics" conflict which is sure to continue. There are no established clubs for punks or hang-out spaces, not to mention the absence of any record stores that carry punk or hardcore records. Maine punks also have to deal with a pretty hostile backwoods population, 99% of which have never seen a punk in their lives, much less stepped across the state border. In short, Maine punkers have to deal with a lot of shit that all you other punks don't have to.

Fortunately, a few members of our scene have been instrumental in bringing some great out-of-state bands up here into the Arctic Circle. In the past two years Anti-Product, A//Political, Brother Inferior, Contra, Counterpoise, the Restraints, and Violent Society have come up here and played and brought out some unprecedented numbers. The bands are never short of praise for our diverse and lively little scene. If you're in a band and you want to come up here write me or the Black Spring Project at the addresses below.

MRR hasn't had a report on the Maine scene since 1992 or something, so now I hope you are informed. For more information write me: Justin Jackson, PO Box 227, Jefferson, ME 04348; or for a good distro, setting up shows and some of the 7"s and tapes I mentioned above, write Vic Robinson at the Black Spring Project, PO Box 706, Gardiner, ME 03445

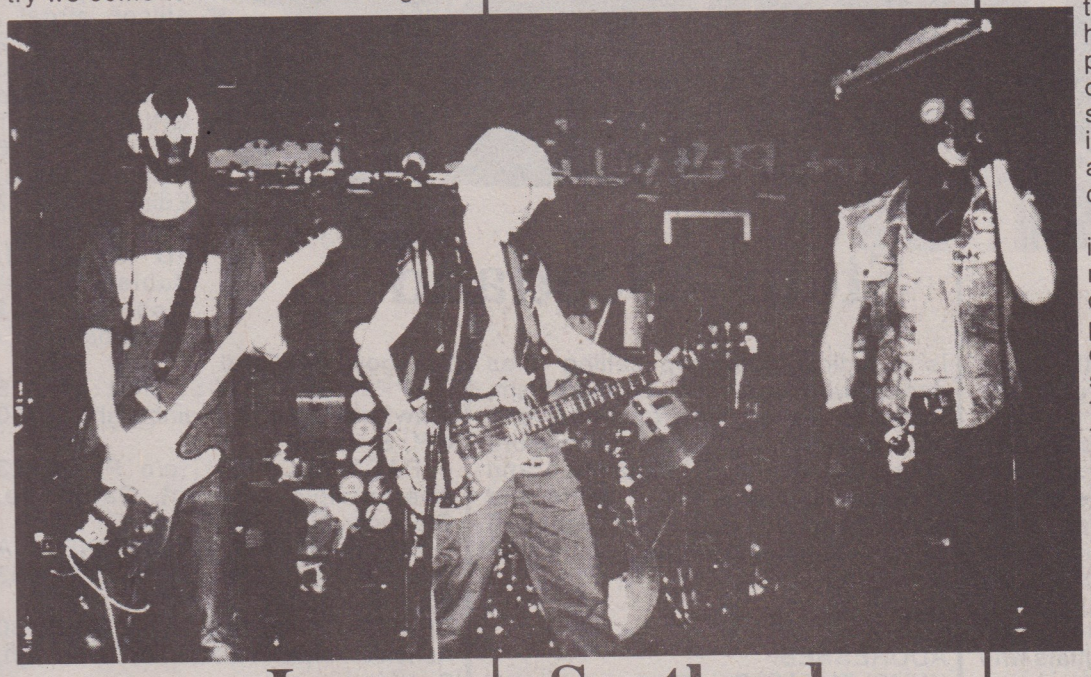
As far as bands go most are based in and around the Glasgow area (look it up in an atlas lazy!). Punk thrashers SCATHA after an absence are back, stripped down to a 4 piece but lost none of the power and passion, their 2nd LP "Birth, life and death" is available on FLAT EARTH records, these guys rule powerful as fuck punk thrash with intelligent, thought provoking lyrics and cool artwork. BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUTS have been on the block for quite a few years now and recently recorded an LP for THEM'S GOOD records, but it has yet to be released. When it is, the music will be melodic and rockin.

SHANK are a jazzed up, fucked off raging punk band, driving drum beats, dual vocals and lots of imagination, these boys are gonna be going places check out their split 7" with Minute Manifesto on ENSLAVED records. They've already got a couple of European tours under their belts and are recording their debut LP for SLAP-A-HAM Records. EX-CATHEDRA are still going strong, playing regular and their latest release is a CDEP "anethitised" on Self Destruct records, for those of you who haven't heard them, they play punk/ska, with an emphasis on the punk side of things. Staying with the ska/punk angle we have 3D SCREAM, who have a heavier ska influence in their music, coupled with male/female vocals, they have a couple of tracks on the MCBOLLOX comp CD. If you want pure ska then check out Glasgow's 20 legged ska monster THE AMPHETAMEANIES and their "Around the world in 5.5 minutes" 7" on Flotsam & Jetsom , they've also played loads of gigs. The DESTRUCTOS are a great pop punk band who produce melodic pop punk with a nasty side, and have been receiving a lot of fanzine attention and rave reviews, they have a 7" and split 7" (with Stinking Polecats) on their own label Self Destruct records, They also put on diy gigs, mainly pop/punk and melodic punk bands, their drummer Tommy is a very busy guy as he also plays with MACHINE GUN ETIQUETTE who play good solid punk rock with frills and have lots of releases on various European labels and played live all over Europe. DIVIDE are a hardcore band (new school), loud swirling guitars and yelled vocals often compared to the NYHC sound and have a self released split CD with fellow hardcore Scots RECIDIVIST. Staying with your H/C are CO-EXIST who wear kilts, have big muscles and play a style of h/c that takes no prisoners, only seen these guys once where they played a set of fast, riff laden competent h/c, just released their debut 6 track mcd called "Brethren". 4 PAST MIDNIGHT are a 3 piece '80s style band and have their 2nd LP out on Smoking Troll records titled "Jesus Christ it's 4PM (again!)", they broke up for a while but are now back together with a new bassist and looking for gigs. BRONX CHEER is a new label and it's first releases is the SOCIAL LEPERS 7" called "one for the ladies" and if you like punk rock with a nasty attitude similar to early Dwarves but not so polished production and a harsher sound to the music. Their debut 7" comes complete with nudie women on the cover and songs about shagging they also use the word word "fuck" a lot..

For the crusties and grinders among you CONFUSION CORPORATION who have a track on a SUBHUMANS tribute album (on Blackfish rec.) and play a thunderously heavy type of hard-core. DEBRIS have Scatha, Bonejack and Disaffect members in their ranks and it shows in their music a 7" is available on Maximum Voice records called "Attrition". 4 tracks of gutsy punk with anarcho overtones. The RED EYES are influenced by late 70's bands but with a dash of the 90's to keep their sound modern and interesting, they've supported UK Subs and SLF as well as self financing their CD "up to our eyes in it", good tuneful punk to put a smile on your faces, back playing the live circuit now that line up has been stabilized. Next up are the girls of PINK KROSS who I'm sure you have heard of as they've got dozens of releases on dozens of labels, but if you haven't, it's raw, harsh punk rock played with enthusiasm. By now you would have thought they'd sold enough records to buy themselves some cymbals, but they spent all their royalties on beer (apparently). LUNGLEG is another all girl band from these parts but can't comment on them as I know nothing about them other than they've got a few releases and Supported Fugazi. Post-hardcore emo math soaring tunes come courtesy of HERMENDEZ who've also done the Euro tour thing but no CD or vinyl as yet.

Fanzines from the Glasgow area

Shank - Scotland



Lepers - Scotland

include PRODUCT which has been going for a fair few years and mainly concerns the punk rocker scene, RUNNIN' FEART zine is another punk zine and has released the NEVERMIND THE MACBOLLOX comp cd featuring 14 Scottish bands most mentioned in this report, KNUCLEHEAD is a hard-core (old & new school) zine and non profit distr. label also involved in gig promotions. UNNATURAL EXPOSURE is a free newsletter with interviews and reviews, published by the people behind a non profit distr. called REALLY CRAP RECORDS and sell pop-punk and the like

Going east a bit across the country we come to the town of Livingston home to a punk band whom I know sod all about other than their name OVERSPILL I believe they have a demo or two available.

Now on to our capital city Edinburgh where you can thrill yourself to the sounds of long timers OI-POLLOI who have done hundreds of tours and records. Last I heard Calumn had left to go traveling and are looking for a new bassist, EXPLOITED are still going and playing an all dayer near you, no need to describe them unless you've just landed from another planet!. EXTERNAL MENACE are fellow OAP's (Old Age Punks) who've been around since the early 80's their latest output is called "Process of Elimination" on Negative Records. Keeping on the theme of 80's punkers are SAD SOCIETY who have an CD out called "(best thing since) hand relief" on their own label. THE HAPPY SPASTICS is the name of a punk rock band and "Fuck the Police" is their contribution to the MCBOLLOX CD. They also have a 7" titled "WAR" and contains good punchy hard-core punk. BLOCO VOMIT is the name of Edinburgh's finest (& only) samba punk band!! Yes you read right, a punk band with Brazilian samba drums, and they have got to be heard to be believed. Their CD contains a dozen punk classics done in this style. BEERGUT 100 have their debut CD "Fistful of Copper" available from Bomb Factory records, so if you want a bit of OI! from the streets of Edinburgh you know where to find it. They were touring Germany and eastern Europe a fair bit during 1999. Horror garage punks THE GRISLY GHOSTS OF GUY have their debut 7" titled "I am the hunted" released on Bronx Cheer, 3 tracks of dark gloomy punk with lyrics about ghosts and killing hippies. Some zines to come out of Edinburgh are JAKEY animal rights/ political content mixed in amongst the bands. WAKUSEI and LIKE IT OR NOT fanzines also come from Edinburgh.

Moving north a bit we come to Glenrothes, home of the brilliant NEWTOWN GRUNTS check out their CD on Flotsam & jetsam records titled "Day of the jakey" sing-a-long chanty vocals, medium paced hard-core with a tune and a twist and sung in really strong Fife accents, one of the more Scottish sounding bands around.

PH FAMILY have called it a day now that vocalist Ross has departed. Their CDs still available from distros, which is full of tuneful hard-core and dual vocals, a couple of members now play in STUPID ACTING SMART. We have a straight edge (at least I've heard their a straight-edge band but I have my doubts, this is Scotland after all and where the fuck are you going to find enough straight-edgers to form a band here!) band called BREAKFALL who have a 4 track CDEP out on Strive for togetherness records, haven't heard them but my suspicions tell me that they have that straight-edge sound!

Moving North up the coast we come to Dundee (where they make the cake), STOUR come from here and play melodic and passionate tunes with a dreamy feel to them, their live set contains several instrumentals, don't know of any releases. ENZK zine comes from here.

Just to the Southwest is Grangemouth which is a horrible looking industrial town dominated by BP's petroleum processing plant producing chemicals, plastics and all sorts of petroleum by-products this makes the skyline of the town look ugly ,dirty and gray but it is from here that come a pop punk (emphasis on punk) band called SHATTERHAND who have a demo called "Act your rage" which had been getting rave reviews in the fanzines.

Moving on up to the granite city of Aberdeen and from here come those scary thrashers SLAIN they play fast/ slow thrash with dual male/female vocals and their tunes can be pretty intricate at times messy at others. Buy their split 7" (with State of filth) on Enslaved records to hear them, anarcho punkers COLLATERAL DAMAGE play the early '80's brit punk with anarcho influences and deep vocals, very politically inspired, demo's available that have been getting favorable reviews in the zines. ERADICATE have a heavy thrash sound, plenty of zine and comp tape exposure but no full releases (I know of) yet. Those goofballs from yesteryear TOXIC EPHEX got back together for a couple of shows in 1999 (supporting The Men They Couldn't Hang) and promptly disbanded afterwards.

This is by no means a comprehensive list of bands from here, just the ones I've heard off, So where do

Stour - Scotland

they play you're wondering? Well read on....

There are dozens of venues in Glasgow for bands, regular diy gigs in the 13th NOTE CAFE, which is a restaurant, bar , and downstairs a live venue with a small capacity but big enough for diy gigs and reasonable bar prices, no dress code, they also have a club which also puts on bigger gigs. NICE 'N' SLEAZY is another regular venue for underground / alternative gigs gracing their stage over the years include UK Subs, Rancid, Jawbreaker, J Church, Broccoli and zillions of others, turnouts range from packed to empty depending on who's playing and what day it is, also there's the Arena which has started putting on gigs and off course the world famous KING TUTS WAH WAH HUT who put on bigger punk gigs, usually more better known bands, as do The CATHOUSE and GARAGE, and finally there's the BARROWLANDS and SECC who put on the likes of Green Day etc. when they come to town.

In Edinburgh a diy gig collective called SATANS KIDS put on shows in the city, there are other gigs around the country obviously, but I don't think that they are on such a regular basis as Glasgow. Here we have a few diy gig collectives like GMC (Glasgow Music Collective) Self Destruct and Panoptic Visions. plus individuals who put on shows.

With all this going on you'd think there would be somewhere to buy these and other records? Well there are we call them distr.'s and shops, the largest without a doubt is 803 RECORDS who have a bloody massive mail order catalogue selling everything you could possibly want and more send several IRC to receive a copy of their list of post h/c, hard-core (old and new school), ska, thrash, '77. garage, pop punk, diy, emo, OI!, anarcho, stomer, metal fuckin' everything in fact. If your in Glasgow then visit the shop in Queen Street.

If you're into trading videos then get in touch with DAVE MARTIN as he has a huge list for trade and sale, if reading is what tickles your fancy then you could do a lot worse than getting in touch with AK PRESS who sell all sorts of underground and political books, as well as publishing their own titles. If your after some patches with your favorite bands then contact Paul & Zina who will happily send you their list. In Glasgow situated in the Virginia galleries is 415 FAHRENHEIT which is a radical bookshop selling titles dealing with issues such as anarchism, women's issues, environmental and animal welfare, gay, and loads more also stock loads of magazines and periodicals plus a few T-shirts and some music this is run non profit and by volunteers so give them some support.

ADDRESSES:

KNUCLEHEAD: Paul Devine, 1e Union court / Paisley, Scotland / PA2 6DX knuckleheed@hotmail.com

PRODUCT: Sramone@colloquium.co.uk

RUNNIN' FEART:12 Crusader Crescent, Stewarton, Ayrshire, Scotland, KA2 3BL feartie@geocities.com

THE RED EYES: Alan Bishop, 2/2 83 Dumbarton road / Clydebank, Scotland, G81 1UE muggs@zetnet.co.uk

8-0-3 RECORDS:Flip basement, 70/72 Queen Street / Glasgow, G1 3HN, Scotland

RECIDIVIST: www.recidivist.com

13th NOTE: www.13thnote.com

DESTRUCTOS / SELF DESTRUCT MACHINE GUN ETIQUETTE: Flat 2R, 29 Crathie Drive, Glasgow / Scotland, G11 7XE

DIVIDE: 22 Aster Drive, Castlemilk, Glasgow / Scotland (phone) +44 0141 633 1583

BLOCO VOMIT: bloco-vomit@pobox.com

DEBRIS / PANOPTIC VISION: PO BOX 3590, Uddingston, G71 6YG

NEWTOWN GRUNTS: PO Box 14469, Glenrothes / Fife, KY7 4YA, Scotland

BRONX CHEER RECORDS: PO Box 13, Glasgow, G12 8YT bronxcheer@gsp.net.uk

SLAIN: M.Nelson, 5A Ferrier Gardens / Aberdeen, AB24 2QD, Scotland

EX-CATHEDRA:Tartan Records, 8 Allison street / Glasgow, G42 8NN, Scotland tartanrecords@hotmail.com

GRISLY GHOST OF GUY: 1/16 Salmond Place, Edinburgh / EH7 5ST, Scotland

3D SCREAM: Bablefish Studios, 81 Castlebank ST / Glasgow, Scotland

HAPPY SPASTICS: Flat 1FL, 5 Viewforth Square, Edinburgh / EH10 4IP, Scotland

4 PAST MIDNIGHT:c/o Peter, 23 Abercrombie crescent, Bargeddie, Glasgow, G69 7SR

DAVE MARTIN / GIN GOBLINS: 50A Great King Street, Edinburgh / EH3 6QY, Scotland

BEERGUT 100: c/o John Scott, 30 Ashville Terrace / Lochend, Edinburgh, Scotland

SAD SOCIETY:29 Durar Drive, Clermiston, Edinburgh / EH4 7HW, Scotland

FLOTSAM & JETSOM:PO Box 16704, Glasgow, G12 9WQ

UNIQUE FREAK:Gav Brown, 51 Easter Warrington, Edinburgh, EH7 4QX, Scotland

SHATTERHAND: 16 Marmion Road, Grangemouth, FK3 8QU, Scotland

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ENZK ZINE: 93 CRAIGARD DUNDEE DD2 4PT SCOTLAND UK

JAKEY ZINE: C/O SCOTT, 1F3 DAIRY ROAD EDINBURGH, EH11 2BA UK

WAKUSEI ZINE:2F1, 2 BRUNTON PLACE LONDON ROAD, EDINBURGH EH7 5EG SCOTLAND UK

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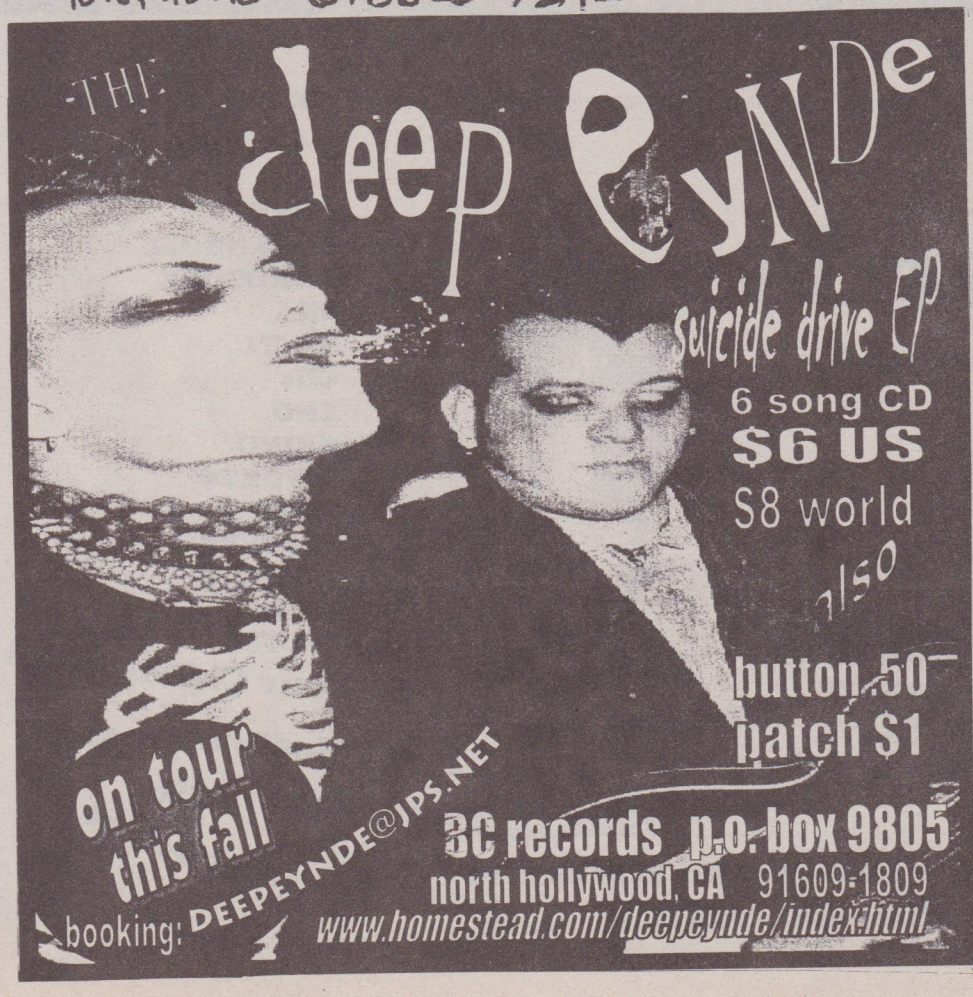

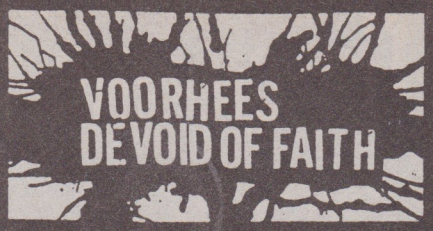

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(thanx to Greg for all his help on this)

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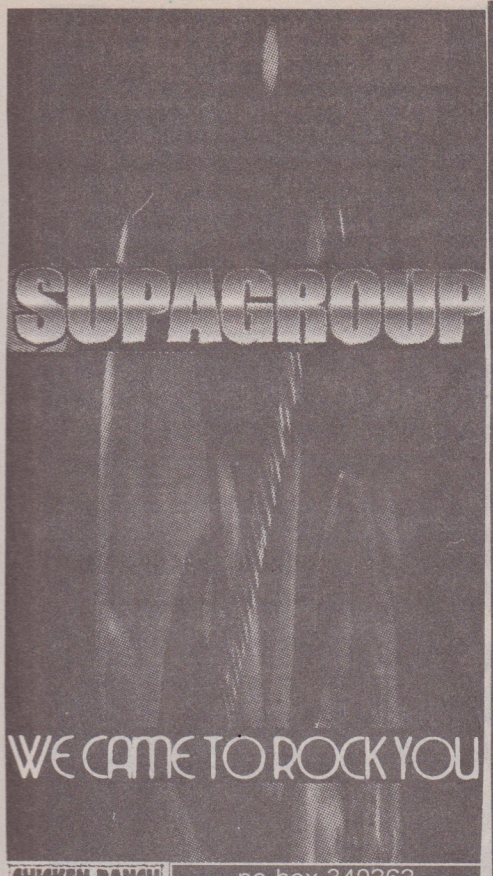

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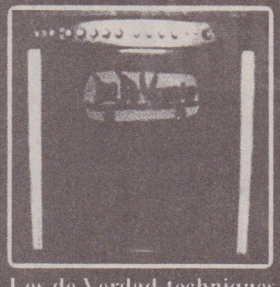

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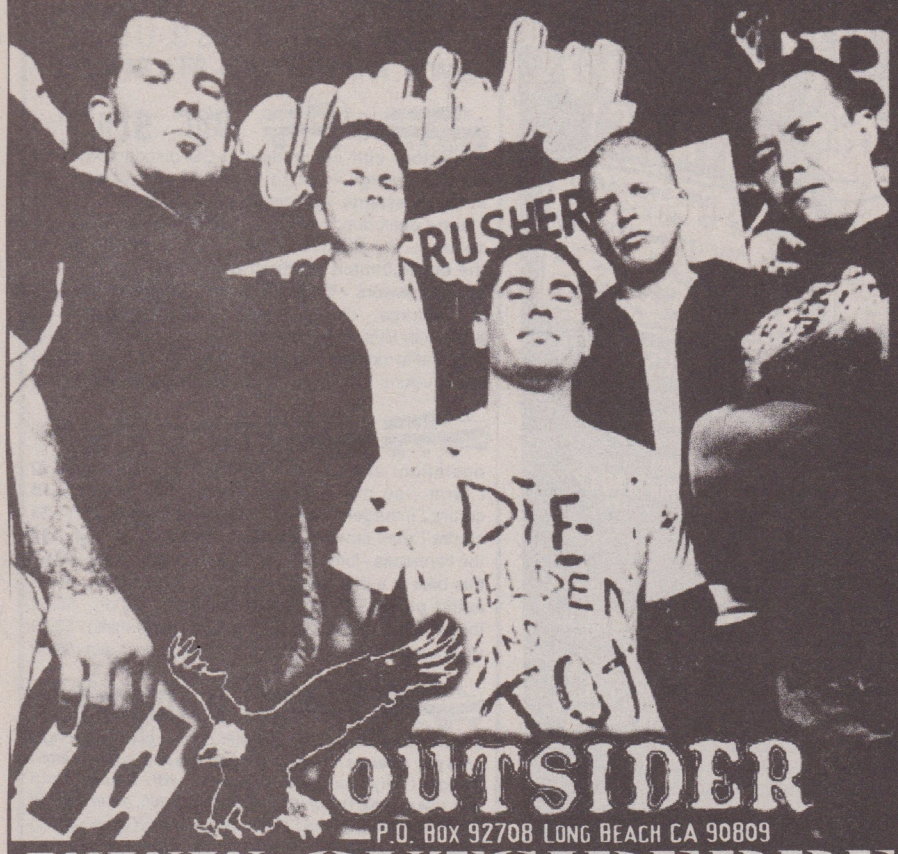

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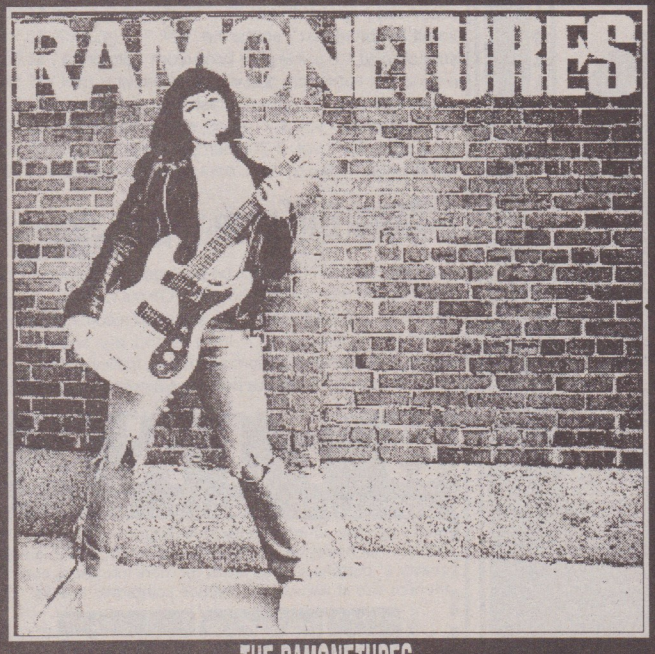

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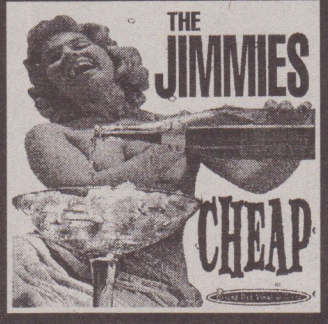

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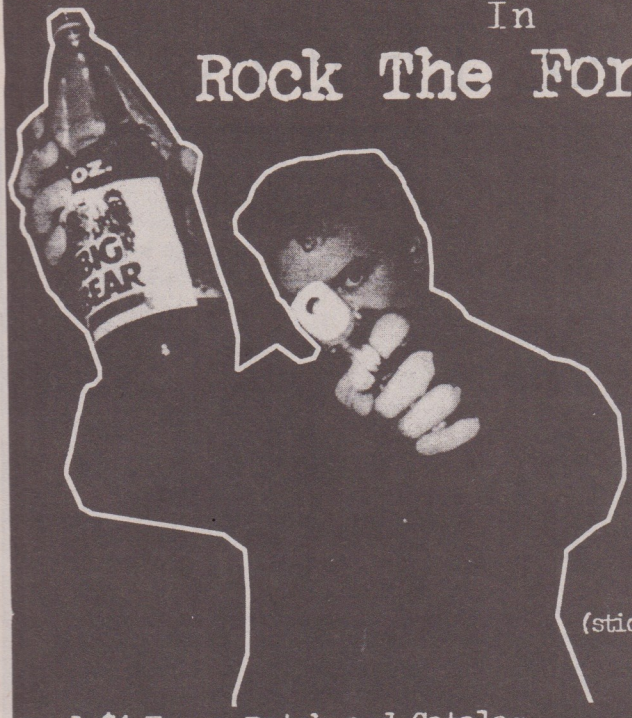

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Sunday, May 21	Tallahassee, FL
Monday, May 22	Jacksonville, FL
Tuesday, May 23	Athens, Georgia
Thursday, May 25	Richmond, VA
Friday, May 26	New York, NY
Saturday, May 27	Green, NY
Sunday ,May 28	Pittsburgh, PA
Monday, May 29	Detroit, MI
Wednesday, May 31	Bridgeport, IL
Thursday, June 1	Downer's Grove, IL
Saturday, June 3	Valperiaso, IN
Friday, June 2	Chicago, IL
Sunday, June 4	St. Louis, MO
Tuesday, June 6	Denver, CO
Friday, June 9	Seattle, WA
Saturday, June 10	Portland, OR
Tuesday, June 13	Sacramento., CA
Wednesday, June 14	Chico, CA
Thursday, June 15	Reno, NV
Friday, June 16	Berkeley, CA
Saturday, June 17	L.A., CA
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Monday, June 19	Phoenix, AZ
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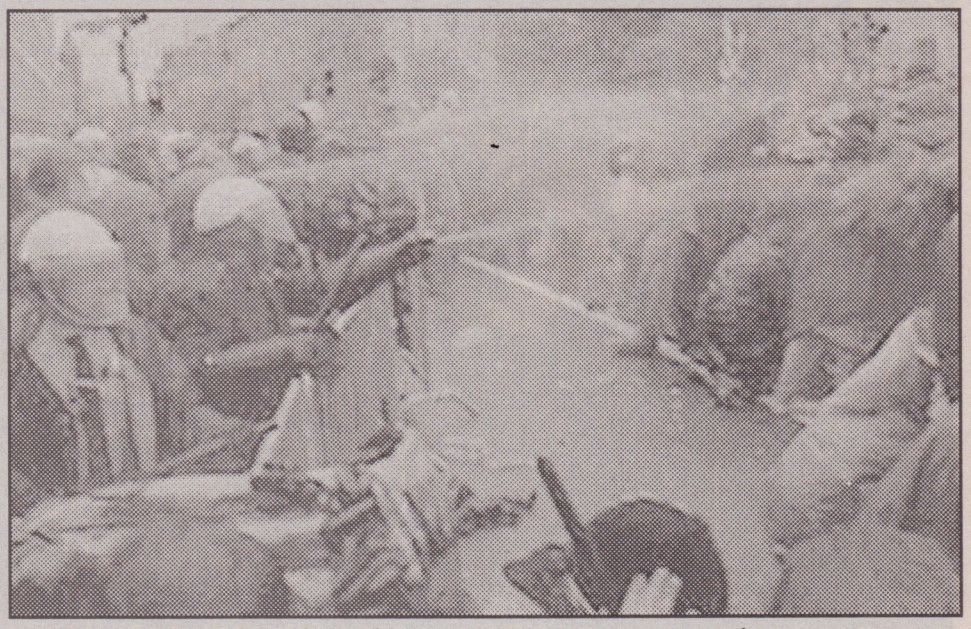
MRR NEWS

No. 205
June 2000
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

THIS IS WHY WE ARE THE PUNX!

The following is a brief report culled from various independent media sources, including the San Francisco Bay Guardian, *the* Independent Media Center, *and participating activists. The* Independent Media Center *offers a wide range of essays, articles, news items, and photographs of the protests. Get yourself to a computer with a modem and check http://www.indymedia.org.*



Washington, DC police douse IMF protesters with pepper spray.

In a series of rallies, blockades, forums, puppet shows, black blocs and other acts of civil disobedience, tens of thousands participated in the week-long Mobilization for Global Justice, scheduled to coincide and hopefully disrupt meetings of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund in Washington DC. The mainstream media largely treated the events of "A16" (April 16) as a rout–racking up, with a collective sigh of relief, a loss for the activists when the meetings went ahead as scheduled. However, organizers and participants say that exposing the IMF and World Bank to public scrutiny and national consciousness was itself a major victory. When activists set out to "shut down" the World Bank and IMF, they hardly limited themselves to the April meetings in WDC; they demand nothing less than the abolition of two institutions they argue economically devastate poor countries on behalf of foreign investors and corporations.

Preemptive strikes by the police hindered activists' efforts to achieve critical mass at any one location on Sunday, A16, the first day of the meetings. The day before, ATF agents, local police and fire marshals raided the headquarters of the upcoming protests. Claiming fire code violations, the DC police swept into the Convergence Center and seized the premises and most of the materials inside, including banners, medical supplies and puppets. The Center had been part training center, information clearinghouse, crafts studio, meeting place, and soup kitchen. Several hundred protesters, support personnel and volunteers were evicted. Police later announced that they had found an assembled explosive device in the building. On-the-scene observers indicated that this was a propane canister that had been being used to warm food.

Activist attorney Katya Komisaruk called the seizure a violation of demonstrators' First Amendment rights. She said she was surprised to see such a show of force "just to keep Washington, D.C., free of puppets." Organizers quickly converged on an alternative site at the Irving Wilson Center within hours of the closure.

Also Saturday, nine activists were dragged down from the roof of a house that had been left empty and unused by the city. Supporters on the ground stood on the steps to keep police from entering the building but were forced to move a block away by cops in full riot gear. The activists had been drawing attention to housing and eviction issues and had planned to open the space to the community and homeless.

The protests began that same Saturday; representatives from eleven "third world" countries marched to the home of World Bank president James Wolfensohn and presented him with a list of demands, including cancellation of all debt and an end to structural adjustment programs and privatization. Also, a march organized by the International Action Center (closely linked to the Workers' World Party) resulted in the arrests of 600 protesters.

Early Sunday morning, protesters gathered near the White House and marched to the World Bank's headquarters at 20th and Pennsylvania. Hundreds formed a human chain around the buildings and police barricades, blocking entrances in an attempt to prevent delegates from attending, but most finance ministers and IMF officials had been bussed in under police escort before dawn. More than 400 demonstrators were then taken away and arrested.

Throughout the rest of the week, rallies, marches, teach-ins, forums, and other events –legal and illegal— brought attention to the heavy-handed economic policies of the World Bank and IMF. While "recognized" speakers included Ralph Nader (Green Party presidential candidate), Michael Moore (*TV Nation*, *Roger and Me*), and Julia Butterfly (tree-sitter extraordinaire), members of organizations as diverse as Art and Revolution, the ALF-CIO, the Ruckus Society, Jubilee 2000, and Global Exchange offered skits, training sessions, rallies and more. A banner commemorating the victims of Rio Negro—four hundred Mayan villagers, protesting the construction of a dam financed by the World Bank, were massacred by the Guatemalan army in 1982— appeared at the legal rally on the Ellipse, even while stickers that read, "HIT HERE!" mysteriously appeared on store windows across the city.

According to the police department, some 1,300 people were arrested for protest-related activities. During the protests themselves, police tactics ranged from corralling and dispersing small groups of protesters, using batons and pepper spray, to charging at activists with motorcycles. The mainstream media focused on these small groups, skewing the coverage by largely presenting the activists as isolated and disorganized and neglecting to mention the retaliations by police in response to mostly non-violent demonstrations. Meanwhile several photographers were assaulted by police officers –some in uniform, without badge numbers, or undercover—including Hee Soon Kim from the Associated Press and Rob Fish from the Independent Media Center.

Witnesses said Kim was clubbed by police into unconsciousness at the White House demonstration and was treated in a local hospital for severe head wounds. Fish later published and circulated a harrowing photograph of the undercover officer as he rushed him. In a request for witnesses, Fish released the following statement about the confrontation with a man he had thought was simply an angry motorist:

international shorts

zimbabwe • Blacks in Zimbabwe continued their efforts to seize the country's 4,500 large farms, all on land stolen and, until recently, held by whites. The whites are the leftovers of the so-called "Rhodies," white supremacists who ruled "Rhodesia" until the blacks fought and won independence in 1980. An American news organization, the NBC Nightly News, recently that blacks had "illegally" "overrun" the farms and showed scenes of a tearful funeral for a slain white farmer. The report then quoted a white farmer who stated, "my family has been here since 1945," while not reporting that black families had been there for centuries before the whites arrived and stole the land. **iraq** • The Turkish military has been making regular excursions into northern Iraq to attack rebel Kurdish positions. Astute observers, not including the U.S. media, will notice that the United States maintains a "no fly zone" in northern Iraq for the ostensible purpose of preventing Iraqi attacks on Kurds, yet permits its Turkish ally to go forward with such attacks. **spain** • Hard-line Basque separatists have taken control of the nationalist organization ETA, replacing leaders who had brokered a cease-fire with the Spanish government. **chile** • Workers at Chilean ports agree to end a strike in return for talks with the government to iron-out compensation details for 600 colleagues who retired last year. Workers claim the government had gone back on pledges of compensation payments and aid to set up small businesses. Recognizing that privatization would mean job losses, unionized workers had negotiated early retirement compensation, which they claim has not been fully paid. **ecuador** • Ecuadorian peasants have once again blockaded roads in all but 3 of the nation's 22 provinces, cutting off access to both the coast and the jungle regions, in response to the government's efforts to privatize the healthcare system. Many of the country's healthcare facilities are currently closed due to lack of government support. **canada** • Students Against Sweatshops have again occupied the offices of University of Toronto president Rob Pritchard, demanding that the University fulfill its 18 month-old pledge to adopt a policy against selling University of Toronto gifts and clothing made in Third World sweatshops. So far the University has done nothing more than issue promises. Another group of students occupies the Norma McDonald visitor center across from the president's office in solidarity with the SAS occupiers.

After seeing me about to take the photograph of him, he lunged towards my neck with his hands and proceeded to club me at least two times with this club-like device and pushed me to the ground. He then hit me several more times and wrestled the camera from my hands. I called for police to arrest this man, still believing this was a case of road rage. Upon arrival the police officer informed me that the man was a plainclothes officer. The camera at this point had been knocked to the ground and the plainclothes officer attempted to stomp on it.... As he was about to stomp down a second time I was able to swipe the camera and throw it back into the crowd. In turn I received several more blows to the head.

At 14th Street and New York Avenue Sunday morning, the Revolutionary Anti-Capitalist Bloc built a makeshift barrier with materials taken from a nearby construction site. Police dismantled the barrier and tried to reclaim the intersection, but hundreds of protesters charged police using a chain-link fence as a shield. The police responded by charging at the protesters on their motorcycles and retaliating with batons and pepper spray. A statement from the RACB also reported for the anarchist element, "While the RACB block included around 1000 anarchists, there were 500-1000 anarchists involved with other perimeter actions. [These included] puppeteers in the Art and Revolution parade, Food not Bombs and Reclaim the Street activists, Mobilization organizers, and the anarchist IWW members and Anarchist Soccer League players who held intersection in the southwest quadrant."

Despite the police crackdown, mainstream media bias, and the "successful" meeting of World Bank and IMF officials, Mobilization organizer Juliette Beck of San Francisco's Global Exchange suggests the protesters' message – that the global economy is being designed to put profit before human need – was ultimately triumphant. "It was a huge success," Beck told the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. "We were able to drag these relatively obscure institutions out into the sunshine of public scrutiny and join with citizens' movements all over the world protesting their unjust economic policies."

Judith Light, the managing editor of *Corporate Watch*, argued that the success–and solidarity—of the mobilization most importantly promised a growing global movement:

Meeting in Cuba this week as part of the G77 group of the world's poorest countries, a number of heads of state endorsed the demonstrations. Among them was South African President Thabo Mbeki who told journalists that, "We believe consciousness is rising, including in the north, about the inequality and insecurity globalization has brought about the plight of the poor countries." Mbeki suggested that the protests in both Seattle and Washington DC are a sign of "a changing atmosphere which a more coherent Third World voice can take advantage of." Arthur Mbanefo, head of the G77 added that "We are very supportive of demonstrations that could forcefully handle those concerns."

In Washington, Trevor Ngwane, a city council member from Johannesburg went a step further and compared supporters of the World Bank and IMF to the international defenders of South Africa's Apartheid regime. He noted that some world leaders supported "constructive engagement" with the racist government. Liberals debated how to reform it. In the end, he said it was South Africans in the street who said Apartheid should be abolished. "It is the same thing with the World Bank and IMF," Ngwane observed, referring to the reform versus abolition debate that has gained prominence with the week of protests. Today and tomorrow South African activists are launching a campaign against Citibank in Johannesburg which underwrites and sells World Bank Bonds in conjunction with activists in this country who announced a boycott of the bonds earlier this week.

Applause for the growing consciousness and mobilization in the US is not limited to seasoned Third World activists and government leaders. Four Latin American ESL students who happened by the intersection of Washington's 20th and I Streets, just a few blocks from World Bank and IMF headquarters were taken by surprise today at the sight of hundreds of protestors facing off with police in riot gear. The confrontation started when police stopped a spontaneous march of about two thousand on its way to the international institutions' headquarters. The students, from Colombia, Bolivia and Peru, were buoyed by the show of support from U.S. citizens for poor countries. All said they had felt the impacts of structural adjustment in their homelands. "They bleed us to death," said Ignacio, from Colombia referring to the multilateral lending institutions."

Although all but two of the arrested activists have been released, the Midnight Special Law Collective alleges that the police and courts violated a number of the arrested activists' rights. These abuses ranged from police brutality, homophobic comments, sexual harassment, physical abuse, and verbal intimidation. Presiding judges also blatantly lied to defendants in court about the details of their situation and threatened them with false consequences for maintaining their jail solidarity.

In Other News

house demolitions continue in the west bank

Jeff Halper, coordinator of the Israeli Committee Against House Demolitions (ICAHD), reported that around midnight of April 17, three houses belonging to Palestinian families were demolished in an area of the Issawiyeh village that falls with Israeli-controlled Area C of the West Bank. The demolitions represent Israel's attempt to decide the outcomes of the negotiations through unilateral acts "on the ground,'" Halper wrote in a press release April 18. "The demolitions come as the Palestinians demand control of areas closer to Jerusalem in the framework of the upcoming third withdrawal....The demolition of their homes is especially worrying since it represents a resurgence of demolitions after several months of "quiet." It certainly raises concerns about Israel's intentions as it tries to restart a "stalled" peace process. More than anything, house demolitions expose the gap between the political peace process and all the rhetoric that it generates and the daily war against the Palestinians on the ground."

new york city kills not only the poor, but blacks too

The lethal shooting of unarmed West African immigrant Amadou Diallo by four white New York Police Department officers in February 1999 sparked a year of tremendous protest; Diallo was shot in the lobby of his Bronx building after being observed by police officers "suspiciously" wandering through an apartment – his own. The officers fired 41 bullets, 19 of which struck Diallo, as he reached for his wallet, which –according to the officers' testimony—appeared at first to be a firearm. Massive demonstrations of civil disobedience on the plaza of Manhattan's downtown precinct involved Democratic legislators, Hollywood celebrities, and a diverse cross-section of New York citizenry. A year after the killing and a controversial change of venue, the officers responsible for Diallo's death were acquitted on all charges in an Albany state court. Civil rights activists have protested the verdict and the Justice Department is investigating a civil rights case against the officers.

In the two months after the Diallo verdict, New York police officers have shot and killed four other unarmed black men. Malcolm Ferguson, also unarmed, was shot and killed by an undercover officer just three blocks from Diallo's murder. And the murder of 26 year-old Haitian immigrant Patrick Dorismond launched widespread protests; the off-duty security officer was shot outside of a club after being approached by an undercover officer soliciting drugs in a "buy and bust" sting. Having rebuffed the officer, a scuffle ensued in which Dorismond was fatally wounded. No drugs or contraband were found on his body. The day after his death, Mayor Rudolph Guiliani released his juvenile records –spotted with two misdemeanors— in order to justify the officer's "profiling" of Dorismond as a danger and potential drug dealer. (Similar to DWB – Driving While Black—simply being black, breathing and in public is enough to qualify for a "dangerous profile.")

A series of marches, rallies, and vigils have been held almost daily since his death; at Dorismond's funeral, thousands gathered in the streets to express both mourning and militancy. Guiliani has expressed his full approval of all police actions and continued to pledge his support for police commissioner Howard Safir. Here too, federal prosecutors are examining the option of seizing control of the New York Police Department and filing civil rights charges against the officer involved.

Many other communities in New York City have expressed collective disgust with the mayor's entrenched racism and blatant disregard for his less privileged constituency, including the homeless, the poor and other racial or ethnic populations. Over the last eight years, thriving squats have been raided and razed without regard for personal life or property and community gardens are being demolished all over the City. Stop-and-searches are also regularly performed on other youth of color–Latino and Asian. On March 30, six Chinatown community members and activists were arrested at a town hall meeting, hosted by Giuliani, after a participant requested Chinese translation–a service that should be standard for meetings concerning Chinese immigrant communities. In response, Mayor Giuliani joked, "How about German," belittling the request for translation. Town hall meeting attendees objected to the mayor's blatant disregard for the citizens of his own City, and were subsequently removed from the auditorium. Officers later arrested six of the meeting attendees. A Chinatown street vendor, a high school student and People's Justice 2000 (a multiracial, multiethnic coalition against police brutality) members were among the arrested.

anti-gay, anti-trans violence on the rise?

On April 6, the National Coalition of Anti-Violence Programs (NCAVP) released its annual report on anti-gay hate crimes in 1999. The sixteen member programs use a standard form to collect data in thirteen U.S. regions based on reports of crime victims who contact them and supplemented by law enforcement and news reports. Although this sampling procedure does not lend itself to statistically meaningful comparisons, in some ways it is the best data available in the U.S. since law enforcement participation in national hate crimes data collection remains erratic.

While the number of reported anti-gay incidents fell in 1999 by three percent nationwide, reported incidents were also noticeably more violent in 1999 than in 1998. The number of reported anti-gay homicides across the nation increased from 26 to 29 last year, and though the number of assaults and attempted assaults held steady, there was also a marked increase in the use of guns and other deadly weapons. Nationally, much of the decline came from four of thirteen reporting regions; in the other nine, there was a 40 percent increase in the number of reported incidents. Among those incidents documented by NCAVP compared to the previous year, police appeared to do "a poorer job overall of responding," "made disproportionately fewer arrests" and often did not label the incidents as hate crimes. However, the number of incidents in which police were the perpetrators of anti-gay violence was substantially lower in 1998 than in 1999, dropping from 369 to 265.

The year 2000 is proving to be no exception to the increasing violence. 1.8.7, a black transsexual drum 'n' bass DJ from Philadelphia, was attacked outside a club after a performance in Kent, Ohio, on February 22. Knocked unconscious, the alleged assailant continued to beat her until the club promoter and another man chased him up the street, where four or five other men in a truck were waiting with weapons. 1.8.7 filed a police report but no arrests have been made. According to an anonymous source, the alleged assailant Matthew W. Gostlen and his companions had intended to kill "him" –in reference to 1.8.7.— and leave "him" in the street for everyone to see. The attackers are all regulars in the drum 'n' bass scene in Kent, Ohio.

soccer, but the real hooligans don't show

On March 29th, the New Orleans kickball team, the Crescent City Syndicates, hoped to meet the Inter-American Development Bank's executive committee for a game. Twelve anarchists appeared in full uniform and a small crowd of spectators with a barbecue gathered, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the IDB members. The press was somehow unable to send a photographer so thankfully Ickobod Grogan stepped up to the plate to document the event on film.

Amy Flynn stated, "We didn't expect the IDB executives to show, but any low-level bankers would have been equally welcome." But rather than allow the day to be wasted, the Team held an anarchist boot-camp consisting of gymnastic tumbles, wrestling, fence-climbing, a kickball game with both teams working together, and synchronized bicycling exercises.

The Crescent City Syndicates will continue their training until the IDB is finally ready to meet the physical and ideological challenge and another date can be set. Yonotan Reitman expressed his disappointment over the no-show: "One problem we have with the IDB is that the decision-making process is closed to labor, environmental and indigenous groups. Their failure to appear is more proof of their refusal to address our voices and concerns."

The IDB was unavailable for comment.

DC's Anarchist Soccer League (ASL) also challenged the World Bank to a soccer showdown. "If they win, we won't protest their catastrophic policies until Prague - if we win, they have to cancel Third World debt. It's that simple," said Kadd Stephens, an ASL member.

On April 16th, the ASL descended on downtown DC in anticipation of the high-stakes match-up with hopes that this show of peaceful, good sportsmanship would entice World Bank delegates to "come out from behind those silly barricades and quit being so damned paranoid," said ASL regular Alanna Bolan. The anarchists

In Other News

insisted that the challenge was non-violent and would not involve property destruction. When asked about potential breaking of windows, ASL member Dave Duffy responded, "I think I just broke wind."

The Anarchist Soccer League was formed in 1998 and plays weekly pick-up matches at Ft. Reno park every Sunday at 2pm.

According to the note sent to World Bank and IMF officials, the ASL suggested that, "We think that these stakes are reasonable and see no reason why our offer will be refused. I hope that you understand that failure to show up for the game will result in forfeit, which means that we win and you must cancel the debt."

The World Bank was unavailable for both a game and comment.

peltier finally allowed medical treatment

The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee released a statement March 22nd, after some initial confusion, reporting that Native American activist and political prisoner Leonard Peltier finally received much-needed medical treatment. Having suffered four years from a muscle condition (ankylosis) that severely limited his jaw movement, Peltier underwent surgery at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. The surgery was reportedly successful, and Peltier's mobility returned.

Leonard Peltier was suddenly transferred from Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary to the Rochester Medical Facility on Monday, March 20th. Neither Peltier nor his attorneys had advance knowledge of the transfer. Prison authorities have denied Peltier's attorneys access to Peltier by phone or visit thus far. Until the date of the statement, they were given no information by the Bureau of Prisons about Peltier's current situation or location.

Peltier had contracted tetanus as a child, leading to long-lasting problems with his jaw. In 1996 two surgeries performed at the Federal Springfield Medical Facility worsened his condition and resulted in the condition ankylosis. During his stay at Springfield, Peltier was housed in solitary confinement to "recover." The Mayo Clinic's Dr. Keller had written to the warden at Leavenworth in 1997, offering to treat Peltier, but prison officials instead insisted he undergo a third surgery at Springfield. Peltier refused. Since then, Congresspersons, United Nations officials, human rights organizations and hundreds of concerned supporters have written to prison officials, urging treatment.

Amnesty International considers Leonard Peltier a political prisoner and has long petitioned for his immediate and unconditional release. Peltier was convicted in 1977 for the murders of two FBI agents at Wounded Knee. After formerly withheld evidence was brought to light during an appeal, federal prosecution admitted that the government could *not* prove Peltier's responsibility for the agents' deaths, nor determine his exact participation in the events. Peltier will be reviewed for parole on June 12, 2000.

groups agitate to get pope booted from U.N.

The year-old, global "See Change" campaign —initiated by Catholics for a Free Choice—seeks to oust the Vatican from its unique United Nations status. From *The Reproductive Freedom News*, published by the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, Ann Farmer notes, "Not surprisingly, the same anti-family planning legislators who recently held up U.S. payment of United Nations dues are now coming to the defense of the Vatican, claiming that any degradation of the status of the Holy See at the U.N. would demonstrate that 'its rules of participation are manipulable for ideological reasons.'" (The irony is rich.)

Representative Chris Smith (R-NJ) introduced a House resolution on February 16th in reaction to the campaign; a similar Senate resolution introduced on March 1 by Republicans Rick Santorum (PA) and Bob Smith (NH) followed. Both resolutions state that any effort to expel the Holy See from its position as a permanent, non-member state observer at the U.N. would "seriously damage the credibility of the United Nations," even though no other religion or religious group has been afforded similar status.

Farmer writes, "In its role of permanent observer, the Holy See cannot vote in the U.N. General Assembly but it has been uniquely positioned for the past 36 years to influence international deliberations and policy-making on such issues as women's rights, family planning and reproductive health and population. The Vatican's opposition to divorce, abortion and contraception is well-established."

She also notes, "Only Switzerland has been granted a similar U.N. state observer status. But while Switzerland is a bona fide nation, the Vatican's claim of statehood is based on its possession of less than one half kilometer of land in the center of Rome (the smallest area in the world claiming to be a state), situated with a cluster of office buildings, churches and tourist attractions that are duly focused on the matters of the Church." A coalition of seventy organizations launched the "See Change" campaign last March with a postcard mailing blitz that will eventually be delivered to U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan. These will request a review of the status of the Holy See. Support for the campaign has spread to almost four hundred organizations worldwide, including the National Organization for Women, Family Health International, the International Planned Parenthood Federation and the Sierra Club. A signature gathering drive is currently under way to gather individual support.

For more information, contact Catholics for a Free Choice at www.seechange.org, or the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy at www.crlp.org.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

•May 18-21, Berkeley, CA / 924 Gilman

diy skillshare conference

The DIY Skillshare Conference is a four-day radical gathering of workshops focusing on the hands-on, the how-to, and the very personal. The workshops at this gathering fall into a dual category. Many are physical, hands-on practical skills instruction or demonstrations designed to introduce people to techniques and accessible, humane technology. But just as important, there are a number of "personal politics" workshops that touch on subjects like racism, sexism, radical parenting challenges, conflict resolution, and sexuality. These two different kinds of workshops have a unifying theme—empowerment. We believe the society we live in disempowers people by turning us into unskilled consumers; by discouraging people from cooperating with each other, and we feel that the long history of racism, sexism, and our other exploitative traditions places even larger barriers in the path of many people seeking empowerment. We felt that if we were trying to tell people to do more for themselves in the spirit of the radical do it yourself ethic, it was important to address the personal politics of how most of us participate in putting up these obstacles. We stayed away for the most part from exclusively political discussions or direct action topics. Both of these are well-covered at other radical events such as anarchist gatherings and activist trainings. This conference tries to tackle the question of empowerment in the context of lifestyle choices, keeping in mind the old feminist slogan, "the personal is political." Workshop presenters are encouraged to bring handouts, topic sheets, and other printed info, and to focus on ways that participants can continue to study the subject on their own.

Workshops to include: antiracist organizing, carpentry, home and large scale composting, women in the trades, photovoltaic (solar) electricity, herbalism, wine making, bike mechanics, stage lighting, amp and sound equipment repair, women's self-help health care, auto mechanics, pirate radio, women's welding workshop, prison issues, book binding, glassblowing, DIY shop equipment, video, electric guitar repair, self defense, machine sewing, and more.

The following is an interview with Knoxville's notorious punk band the Skudz. The band has just put out there third record and are willing to answer a few questions about their music. Their albums include "Think for Yourself" (12"), "Kill Whitey" (7"), and "Hate your Trend" (12"). The band would especially like to thank Matt Lincoln at Underground Recordings for making these albums happen. The interview was conducted by Matt Stepp.

MRR: Tell us a little about the scene and some of your motivations behind the Skudz.

Ronnie: Well, all punk rock is made out of discontent, cause something ain't right. So somebody's gotta do something about it. Some music is a good spiritual, sociological bulldozer that we can use to influence people to think more.

George: There's two different aspects of it really, there's the hardcore emo college kid aspect and then you have the rednecks with bad haircuts.

Daniel: Shows are the main things which get me off and practice is fun too. Being creative and making music is fun.

Tim: My motivation is that it's my therapy. It keeps me out of really bad trouble. The kids like to buy our records, they get the money from mommy and daddy,and that's cool.

Ronnie: I'm real skeptical about their sincerity, and any kind of cost, they're more content to stay fucked up and think about their own problems rather than look around, blink, and drink some coffee. We don't have any politics.

Tim: Pretty much anybody can get fucking drunk and listen to it or not get drunk and listen to it.

Ronnie: Yeah, it's like, think for yourself or don't, you're gonna do what you're gonna do and there's nothing we can do about it.

Tim: Which is the name of the first album.

Ronnie: Yeah, think for yourself.

MRR: How has the music changed over the years that you guys have been together?

Ronnie: Me and Tim used to play in bands before, and we knew that we would probably stay together. I like the first record because it had a lot of influences from a guitar player who we don't have in the band anymore, Josh. I think it's different in a better way. We play with Daniel and George now and we hit it off. I don't think that's something that anybody can reproduce. That's just the chemistry of the people mixing' together.

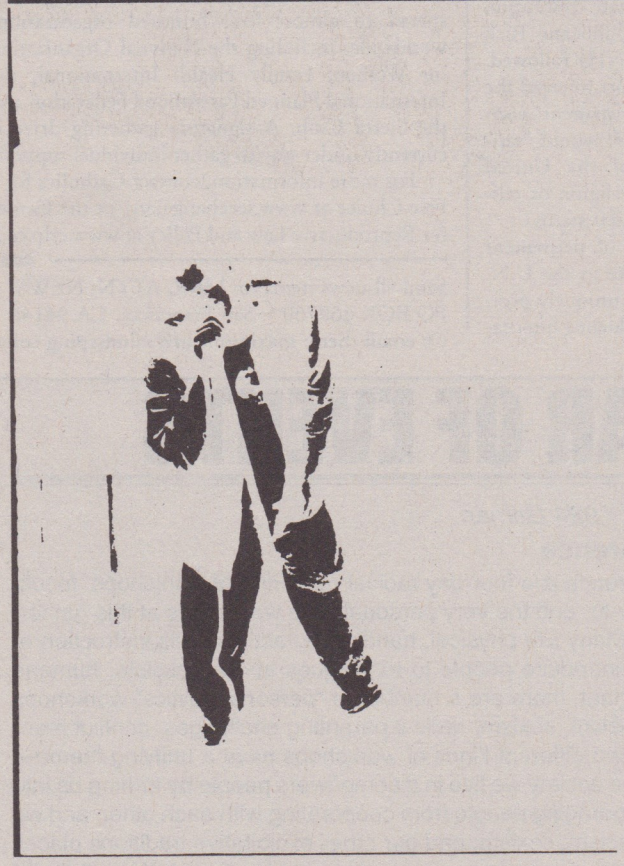
George: Overall, I'm pretty satisfied with what we've done. I think you can see the band in different stages of creativity. As we've gotten used to playing with each other and learning our capabilities, you can see the progression in the records.

Tim: We had a good thing going there, it was great and we did get better. It's really independent now. It's more as a whole.

Ronnie: I think the seven inch and the last record "Hate Your Trend", those two are really what we're all about.

Tim: That was bustin' our ass in the studio and bustin' our ass at practice, worrying more about shows.

Daniel: I'm really proud of what we've done and I think it's gotten better as we've done more.



MRR: What and who are your musical influences?

Tim: I like music that pretty much gets to the point and doesn't really have any hidden agendas or is trying to sell me something or trying to make me think a certain way.

Ronnie: Shit, I ain't gonna go into naming bands but, there's a lot of good music and especially in the eighties everything got real hardcore and heavy metal. I kind of liked that too.

Tim: Dead Kennedys, Circle Jerks, Bobby Sox, GG, basically everything Rob had on vinyl.

George: Musically what has influenced me a lot is the whole Killed by Death series.

Daniel: Just about everything I listen to has influenced me.

MRR: What do you think about modern music?

Tim: I think modern music is lazy as hell, has no fucking discipline. New music is too fucking easy man, it's not paying your dues.

Ronnie: We've paid our motherfucking dues.
Tim: That's why we all deserve this record. All these great reviews and people liking it, it's well deserved.
Ronnie: I think they deserve it too.
Tim: Yeah, they deserve it.
MRR: You guys have played live a lot. Do you have anything to say about shows?
Daniel: It's tons of fun. It's like the main reason I would even want to be in a band.
Tim: You've got two ways to go about it, get trashed and play or you can not get trashed and play. It doesn't matter either way. I like playing in front of people depending on how they react to us. You know, the more they put into it is the more that we'll put into it, and the less they put into is the more discouraged we get because we do bust our ass. Some people don't understand what they're really even

THE SKUDZ

looking at and that's kind of frustrating sometimes, but later on they might get it.
George: The aspect that's just a big turnoff is that everyone would wait for one of our shows to settle their personal disputes and you would see like all these people beating the hell out of some little kid because he wasn't punk enough.
Ronnie: You gotta wonder why some of the people go to shows because some of them are so fucked up. Their reasons for going are like fighting, trying to be better than somebody in some way, they got more badges, stickers, pins...
Tim. Yeah, when we went to Nashville, and the bands there were all fuckin' safety shit.
Ronnie: Live performances I used to do mainly for the crowd, but in the past couple of years it's all been for me and I don't care if that's selfish or not. The more I do it for me the better it sounds for them.
Tim: It's a good way to funnel and channel yourself.
Ronnie: When you're not focused and you don't have a goal, well then, what the fuck point is it unless you can just improvise your ass off.
MRR: Do you have any favorite shows?
Tim: I've never really had a favorite show because I'm pretty critical about every show we've had. I always know that we can do another one that's better; and when you've always got that frame of mind, you're always gonna have another show and it 's always gonna be better. When ever we've had a show, I've never anticipated more than five people being there, so when six people show up...
Ronnie: It's a party man!
MRR: Talk about your experiences in the studio.
Daniel: We kind of did it different, because most bands had everything split up in a different room and every time we did it, we were all in one room.
Tim: Going into the studio is not as complicated as people can make it be. Almost everything that we've done has been done all in one take, and when I say that I mean it's all done through once. None of it's ever been reworked, like had overlaid guitars, tracks, or vocals. Everything we did was as is, live, that's why I think we're actually better or not as good on the vinyl live because it's the way it was when we recorded it.

When we got in there we smoked some pot, ate some pizza, and fucking did the shit.
We could have stayed in there for weeks, months, but we did it in days and just got it
over with.
Ronnie: We did it in hours. Any band will tell you that going in the studio is like going under a magnifying glass, they see everything, every little aspect of the music.
Tim: You can't complain that much because it's you.
MRR: Do you guys promote any political views or thoughts?
George: I have my own political thoughts and things of that nature. I read a lot of different political theories. I like to keep a very critical eye on the system we live under, the capitalist system.
Ronnie: I think it's cool when people can respect other people regardless of what they believe.
Ronnie: Who are we to dictate to others what they're supposed to be or do. I hate fascism. Philosophical fascism is fine when you disagree with someone and readily admit it, but when you tell them that they're wrong and they're fucked, that's why I hate churches and preachers because they tell people that they're wrong.
Tim: People should remember that they are wrong sometimes and that you've gotta be wrong. That's part of fucking life.
Daniel: No political thoughts here.

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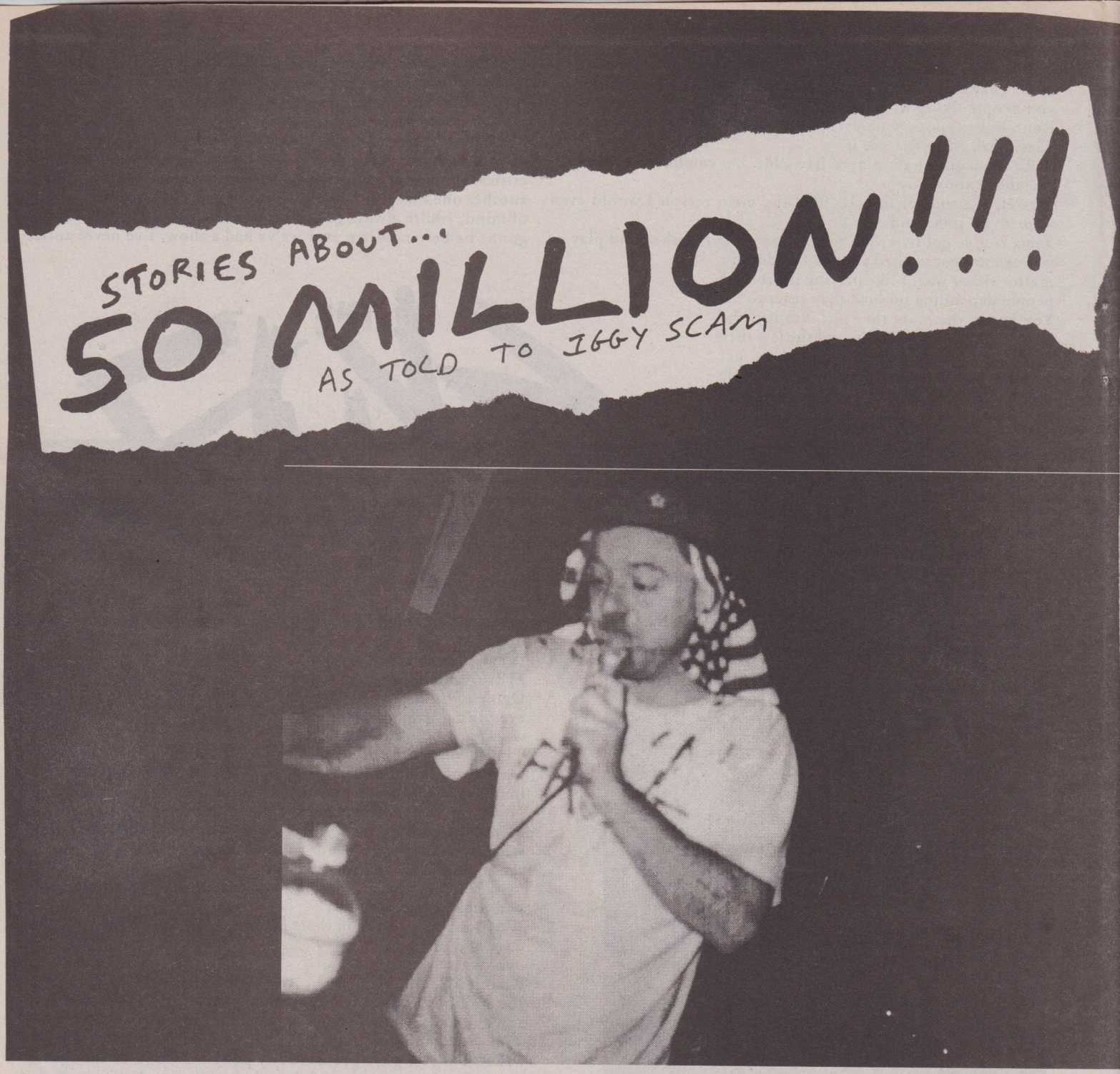
STORIES ABOUT... 50 MILLION!!!

AS TOLD TO IGGY SCAM



50 MILLION has been my favorite band since I moved back to San Francisco a couple years ago, not just because they're so good, but because they're always changing and trying new stuff, and every show's completely different. 50 Million is the two brothers, Wade and ShellHead and anyone else they can get to play with them, which, over the years has been Noah and Scottzie from THE FAGGZ, Jen from STARCLEANERS, Aesop and Matty from HICKEY, and even yours truly on drums last summer. Their first couple records, not reviewed in many punk mags like this one, were just Wade and Shell on guitar, singing some of the sweetest, most sincere pop songs that you've ever heard into their 4-track. Then, Wade moved to drums, with Noah on bass and they put out a couple loud, tough punk records. But, I've played with them with 2 guitars and NO bass, and booked 'em for shows where they just showed up with a bunch of guitars and made a lot of noise... I remember, to raise cash before they went on tour a couple years ago, they announced that they'd play 5 shows in a week and not repeat a single song...

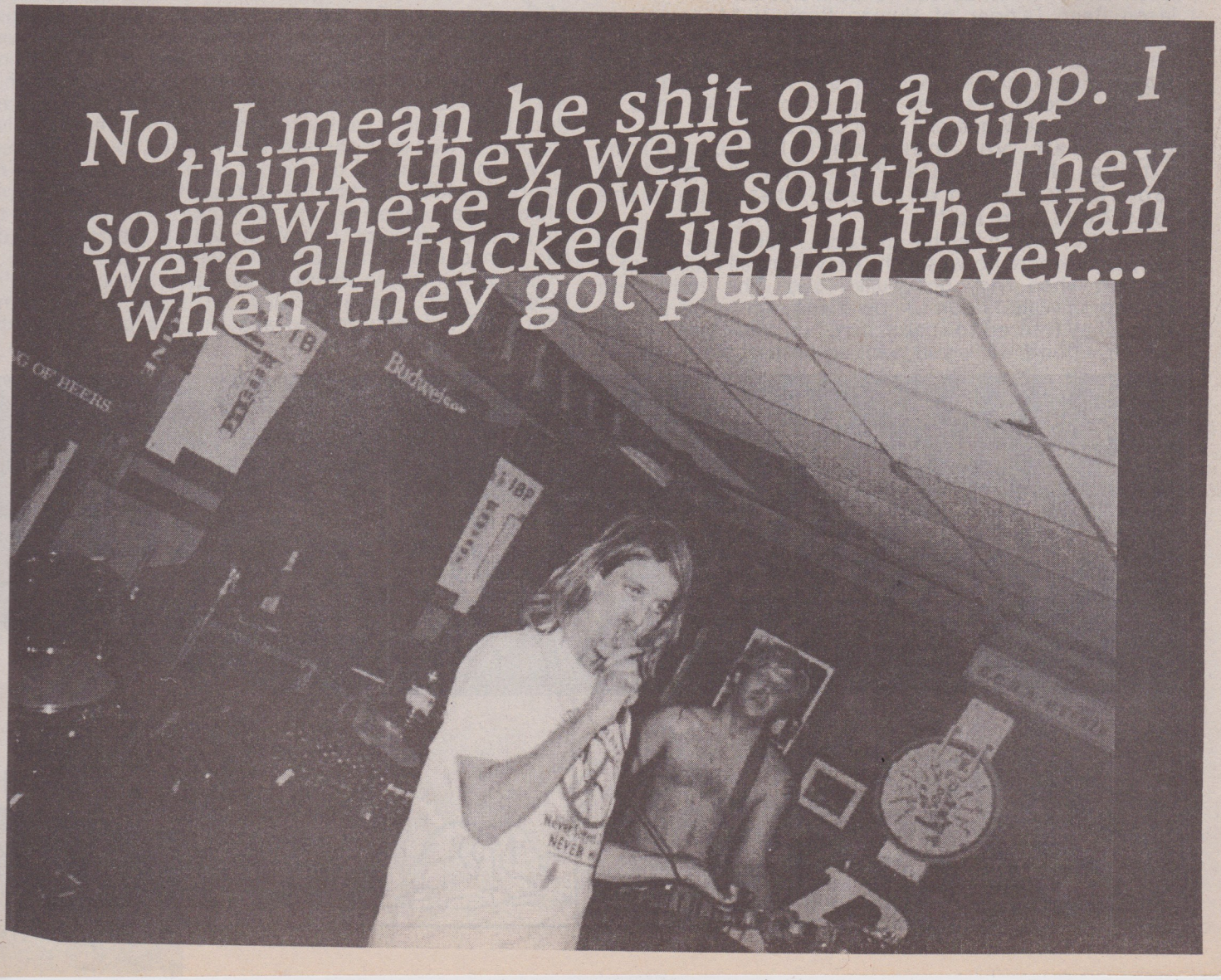
Last month, things seemed to be looking up for the 50 Million. They were back playing and writing new songs as a 2-piece after Noah quit and moved to New York City. They were getting ready to release a new double record they'd been working on, tentatively titled THE SONG REMAINS INSANE. And, their landlord had agreed to give them several months to pay back the rent they owed him on the famed 50 Million storefront on Valencia. I went and saw them play a show where they played in the storefront window and the audience drank beer and watched out on the sidewalk by the #26 stop, occasionally writing requests on scraps of trash and holding them up to the window. Later, Shell excitedly told me about their plans to tour as a 2-piece and do more shows in the storefront.

Wade told me how they'd been playing an endless loop of 50 Million records, CD's, and practice tapes OUT the window onto the street, 24 hours a day, so people walking by heard 50 Million muzak. Sure enough, there was a sign in the window that said, "You are listening to 50 Million"...

I wanted to interview them, but since then, Wade beat up Shell, they quit playing, the landlord broke off talks, and, it turns out, other, lesser bands already HAVE records called THE SONG REMAINS INSANE... So, instead, I had to ask other people to tell me 50 Million stories. Everyone in town's got a 50 Million story. I remember when they played at The Build and made the money they spent to rent the space back by selling Wade's prescription drugs from the stage. I remember when my old band, MIAMI, played with them and on the way to the show, we drove by 50 Million who were walking down the street with sandwich boards on, announcing the show. I remember stealing eyeliner with Shell when we played at the tranny bar and had to play in drag... Here's more 50 Million stories! compiled by Iggy Scam

Matty Luv (from Yogurt/Hickey/Miami who recorded 50 Million's "Bust The Action" LP...): " Well, normally when I record a band, I do it pretty cheap, so its customary for them to get me drunk and give me drugs and stuff, but I remember 50 Million were so broke that they were bumming smokes off ME and trying to get beer from me the whole time... A lot of 50 Million stories end in jail or the hospital. I can still remember one night at the Nightbreak. John and Wade got in a fight with a 2 by 4 with a nail in it. I think they wanted to kill Scottzie, too. I just remember that feeling, that SOMEBODY was going to die, either from that scene, that house, maybe even OUR house... I remember when I first saw them when Hickey played with them at the Chameleon... Shell had just got in from Texas that day. We had heard "Carpet Technician" on KUSF a lot, so we expected this small, poppy, wimpy thing, but somehow they practiced a bunch of songs with Noah and Scottzie from The Faggz on bass and drums. Shell came out in a Superman suit and we were all like, "Who is THIS guy?"

Ivy: (singer of Miami):"I remember when Wade drank ammonia at the Tip-Top. There was this hole in the ceiling directly above the stage and, if the band was too loud, the woman who lived upstairs would pour water on the band. That night she poured water on the opening band. But then 50 Million played. I don't even think they had drums that night. It was just Wade and Noah and Shell, all FUCKED UP, making all kinds of feedback and jumping around. Well, the lady upstairs started pouring AMMONIA through the hole! Wade caught it in a cup and drank it, and started yelling, "Go ahead and pour more! We'll drink it!"



Iggy: "Oh yeah, when they went to play there again, Wade said he was going to put on the flyer, 'Come watch us drink ammonia!'"

Pablo Roman (editor Letters From Mike fanzine): "One time, I was at this party with Wade and we found this can of gold spray paint. He read the can to make sure it had stuff in it that could fuck you up, and said he wanted to huff it, but he couldn't find anything to put it in. Then, some guy who overheard us talking about it, pointed to this clown nose on the ground. Without a word, Wade picked up the rubber clown nose, sprayed the paint inside it, and put it on his face. I remember seeing him later that night with a big, gold streak running down his face..."

Buddha (guitarist Jack Palance Band. ex-Chickenhead, Stun Guns, Los Canadians, Cavity, etc..): "When 50 Million came to Miami, I'd never heard them before, but I knew who they were on sight. "Oh, that must be the band from SF," I thought. They were crazy looking weirdos, and stood out from the normal looking Miami punks. They played an outdoor show with my band the Street Drinkers. After the show, they stayed at my house. Everything was pretty blurry. There was a lot of beer and pills. Shell, at one point, kept me from throwing chairs at people. There was some emotional scene where Monica called one of the 50 Million guys an asshole and he started crying. In the morning, ten hits of acid and some weed were missing from my house, and people were blaming 50 Million for destroying the scene. Now I listen to 50 Million at least once a week...

Jason Bean (singer of Human Beans): "As much as they've pissed me off, 50 Million's always been there for me, even when its just been a CD when I was sad. They've beaten me up, gotten me high, and written songs that creepily echoed what was going on in my own head... I heard one time Wade shit on a cop..."

Iggy: "Wait, you mean when he got caught putting the "Off Da Pigs" sticker on that cop's back in front of Mission Station, and the cops beat him up?"

Jason: "No, I mean he shit on a cop. I think they were on tour, somewhere down south. They were all fucked up in the van when they got pulled over The cops were tripping on Wade. I don't know if they found his pot, or what. They wanted to search him, but Wade was saying, "Listen, I don't think you want to do that right now..." But they wouldn't listen. He was trying to tell them that he had diarrhea and he'd shit his pants, and the ass of his pants was ripped out. Well... They searched him... Wade said he was afraid, after that, that they were going to KILL him. They had their guns out and shit. They didn't know WHAT to make of these guys. They were going to take him in, but finally Wade said, "Look, do you REALLY want ME in the back of your car right now?" The cops thought it over, and finally told Noah, "You take care of this guy, OK?!?" and went away.

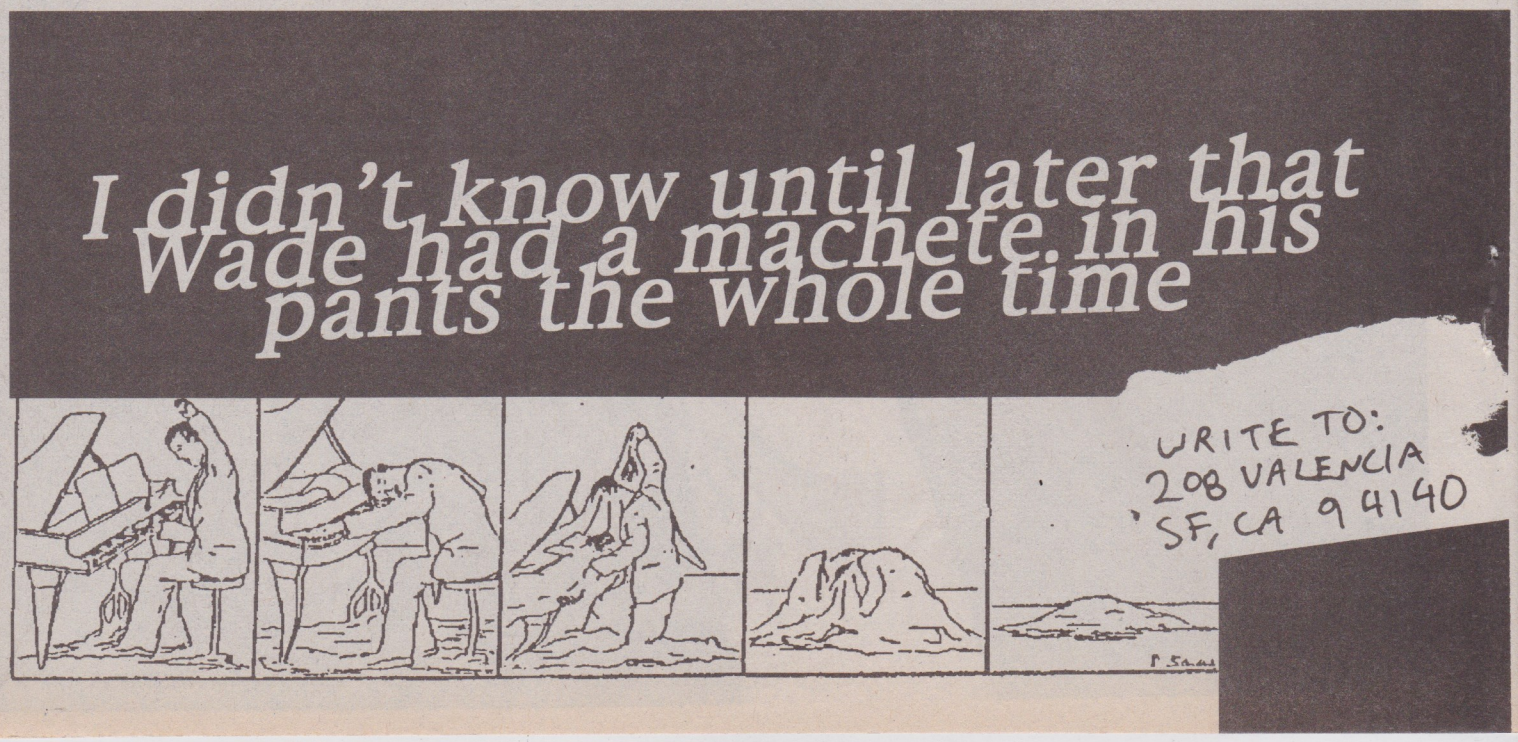
Matty: I also have one sort-of nice 50 Million memory. On one Hickey tour, we stayed with them when they'd moved back to Austin. They had this real beat-up house in South Austin, just this real desperate, white trash neighborhood. We stayed there on Christmas. I remember they had just quit drinking, so they were smoking their weight in pot. Me and Caroline drank a bottle of Boone's Farm in a drainage ditch and then we all made Christmas Ramen..."

Iggy: "What's your favorite 50 Million song?"

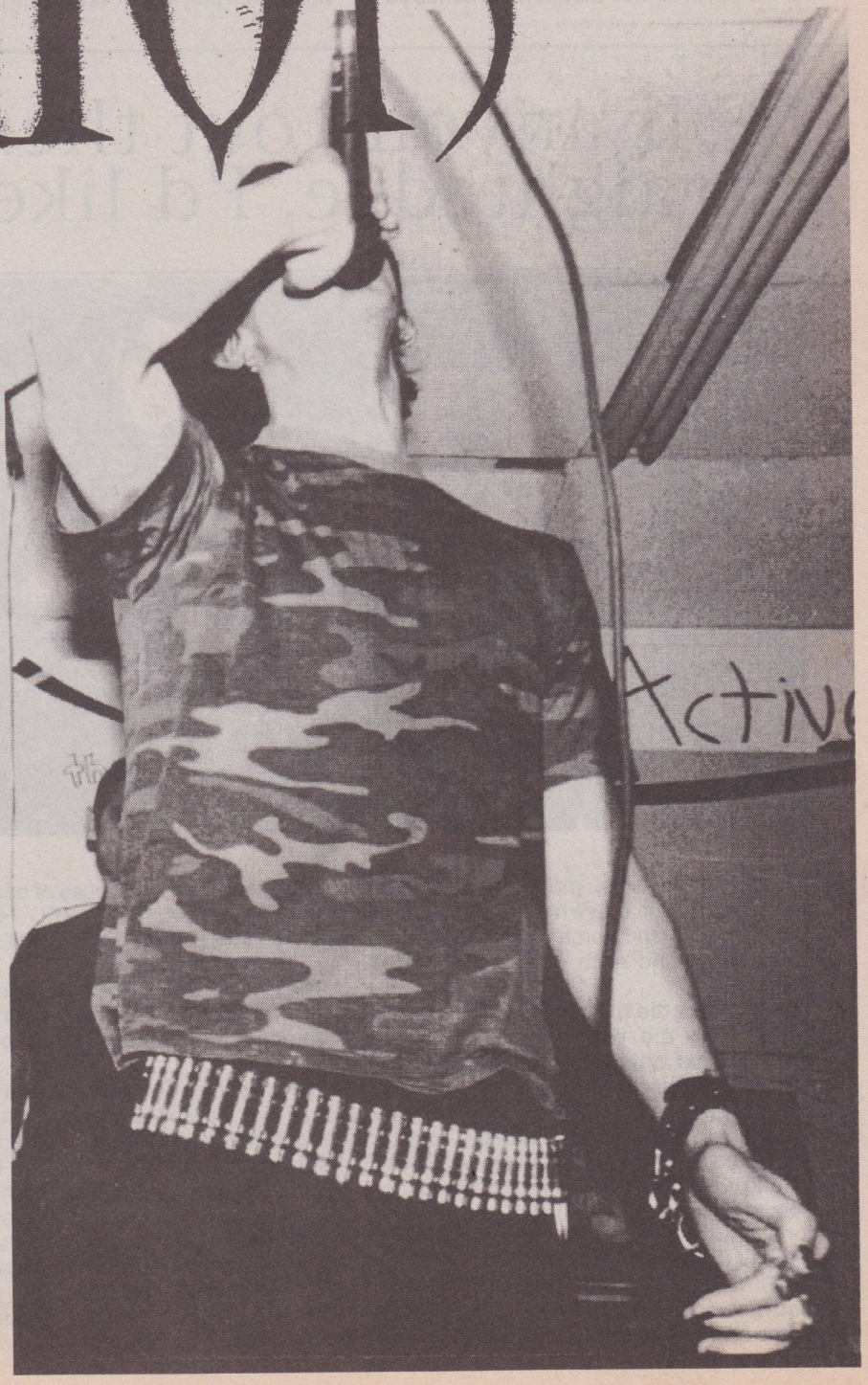
Matty: "My 3 favorites are 'Evergreen', 'Sunday To Monday', and 'Blackout', because they just really well-written songs, flawless lyrically and melodically. Oh yeah, there's 'Amy Jahn', too, which is probably the best adolescent sex song ever written...

Jason: "My favorite is 'We'll Run Away'. I can't hear it without getting all choked up, not because its too sad, but because its too real..."

Greg Harvester (editor Rice Harvester fanzine, drummer of Grumpies and Forced Vengeance): "When I first met 50 Million, I could hear Shell's voice from a block away (and he was talking at normal volume). He was telling this girl that she had beautiful eyes. When they played, Shell tackled me in mid-song and rolled around on the floor with me in a faux wrestling match. Everyone else thought it was real, though, and wanted to kick his ass. Later, the boyfriend of the girl with the beautiful eyes wanted to kill Shell,too. Shell tried to calm him down, while Wade jumped around telling him, "I don't want to kill you, but I should!" I didn't know until later that Wade had a machete in his pants the whole time. I left with them, unharmed, in their van as Wade calmly said, "I'm glad we didn't have to blow his head off with the shotgun." I turned around and the shotgun was right behind me...



LEGION



A year ago, an awesome DOOM-core band called LEGION started up out of the demise of SKEW-G, BLOWHARD, and a few others. Within a year, LEGION had an awesome EP out entitled Hell at Last that has sold out its first pressing within months. The Swedish crust-core influence has been so popular in Japan that the band is doing a split with MASS GENOCIDE. Within the year, LEGION will also release a new eight-song 12" for Ugly Pop Vinyl. This interview was conducted with Blaspherion (guitarist), Asafoetida (vocalist) and El Chupacabra (guitarist) of LEGION by Stephe Perry, co-host of "Equalizing Distort" on CIUT 89.5 FM, airing live Sunday nights at 10:00 pm in Toronto.

MRR: Who is in the band and what do you play?
Asafoetida: Cynical ruptured larynx.
Grim: Bottom four strings of hell.
Nunviolator: Battering crashes of the apocalypse.
Blaspherion and El Chupacabra: Twin towers of six-string terror.
MRR: You have all played in previous bands, some of you together and some of you in similar bands in the scene. How did the current line-up of the band evolve?
Blaspherion: LEGION arose out of the ashes of BLOWHARD, which had become the outlet in Toronto for people who wanted to play DOOM/E.N.T. style hardcore. In its short history, the band saw three drummers, two guitarists, and two bassists come and go. The band changed members and ultimately broke up for all the reasons most bands do—personality conflicts, musical differences, etc. Some of us who had been in BLOWHARD, and some of us who hadn't, eventually found each other and became LEGION.
MRR: Where did the name LEGION come from? How did you come up with the name? What is the significance or meaning behind the name?
Blaspherion: Jesus said to the man who was possessed, "What is your name?" and he answered, "Legion, for we are many." Those who join us in our war with Christianity become Disciples of Hell who will rule on earth for a thousand years. LEGION refers to this army of demons.
MRR: What are your influences? What do you listen to? What are the names of some bands that are worth checking out?
Blaspherion: DISCHARGE has probably been the single biggest influence. I also worship at the altars of IOMMI and WARRIOR. Some of the stuff I enjoy listening to are WOLFPACK, MARDUK, DARKTHRONE, IMMORTAL, 324, BLACK SABBATH, BOLT THROWER, SLAYER, early CELESTIAL SEASON, old Swedish hardcore, old Japanese hardcore, etc.
El Chupacabra: CELTIC FROST, VENOM, KISS IT GOODBYE, RINGWORM. What do I listen to? Stuff that doesn't sound like anything we play so as to sound original. NYHC-type stuff like BREAKDOWN, ANOTHER VICTIM, IN FLAMES, BURIED ALIVE, EVERYTIME I DIE.
Asafoetida: Within the hardcore sphere I listen to mostly Swedish "Dis" stuff as well as Japanese thrash bands. Abroad I like most bands that play about 120 beats per minute. Some of my current choices of earslaughter are: PAINTBOX, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE, KNUCKLEHEAD, SKITSYSTEM, just to name a few.
MRR: What does LEGION sound like? How would you describe your band to people who have never heard of you before?
El Chupacabra: The grinding and stomping of all the bullshit Christian, mainstream, middle-American values that are infiltrating hardcore and punk in the guise of "unity." When I first got into punk more than ten years ago, the enemies were all the systematic control mechanisms that society places on all of us, like religion, rampant materialism, and blind conformity. They still are.
Blaspherion: Swedish crust with HELLHAMMER overtones.
MRR: Is LEGION a metal band with hardcore credibility?
Blaspherion: I see us as a hardcore band with metal credibility. Seriously, we may have more of a metal influence in our music than most bands around here, with the exception of COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION, of course, but we're still a hardcore band. Metal kids think us too punk, punks think us too metal. We must be doing something right.
El Chupacabra: I would like to say so, although the other members of the band would probably have different outlooks. If hardcore nowadays is a marketing ploy for Vans shoes (Warped Tour), a tool for converting kids to Christianity (name any of the dozens of Christian SXE bands out there), or a way for kids to pretend they're gangsters (all that NY, Syracuse, S.L. City, Cleveland shit), than fuck hardcore.

If anyone out there can convince straightedge, I'd like to hear it. So

Blaspherion: So much for ever playing New York, Syracuse, S.L. City or Cleveland.
MRR: I understand the "metal" tag has created some artistic disagreements within the band. Please explain what happened with the LEGION t-shirt design.
Blaspherion: The shirt design was based on the Jagermeister logo. It features the Baphomet in the center along with an inverted cross. Bordering the pentagram are the words Anti-Fascist, Anti-State, Anti-Christian, Anti-Social, Horde. I think it would be safe to say that as individuals we have varying personal and political opinions, but as a whole we share a hatred for governments, Christians, Nazis and society in general, hence the descriptive border art. Chupacabra had originally incorporated the word "metal" in the design, but I didn't think it was an accurate description of our music. This led to a debate within the band (mostly between Chupacabra and myself) about whether or not we are a metal band, or more precisely, whether or not we wanted to be viewed as a metal band. Using the word metal in the shirt design, would be labeling ourselves as such, something we weren't all entirely comfortable with. Our sound is definitely metal-influenced, but we've all pretty much grown up on punk/hardcore and come from that scene. The line between hardcore and metal is so ill defined that music has become more a matter of attitude.
MRR: What other extra-curricular punk activities are you or have you been involved with?
Blaspherion: Currently I co-host *Aggressive Rock* which is the longest running hardcore/

metal radio show in Toronto. I have been doing hardcore radio on one station or another, in one city or another, since 1983.
El Chupacabra: At one point I was involved in Anti-Racist Action. Now I support Anti-Fascist Forum.
Asafoetida: I suppose I earned all my hardcore/punk points with my extensive and painstaking endeavors (sic) at Who's Emma. However, my status score seems to have dropped with my resignation with the aforementioned collective and playing in a band that isn't too hip with any crowd. So now, I'm a full time whiner and consumer until I'm gradually kicked out of the scene. Oh, I also put on shows occasionally.
MRR: Asafoetida, you have used fake blood at your live performances. What is that all about? You seem to use it for a certain song. What song is it and why do you use blood for this song?
Asafoetida: The blood thing only happened at a couple of shows and played itself out. It makes up for my lousy stage presence.
Blaspherion: What do you mean, fake blood?
MRR: What do you have released? Are there any other tracks floating around from that session? Do you have any plans for anything new to be released?
Blaspherion: We have one 7" out entitled *Hell at Last*. We've contributed one track to a forthcoming compilation CD being put out by Chris Fans of Bad Productions, and we have a split 7" with MASS GENOCIDE in the works. We are also going to do another record with Ugly Pop. Perhaps a CD as well.
MRR: How did the split EP with MASS GENOCIDE and on a label like HG Fact come about?
Asafoetida: Ugly Pop, (the label that put out our 7", dumbass), had traded, and quite wisely I might add, with HG Fact. Tadashi Satoy liked our 7" and Simon (Ugly Pop) asked him if he would like to release something by us. He was into it and decided to put out a split 7". The other band on the split happened to be MASS GENOCIDE, which is pretty awesome!!
MRR: The artwork for the Hell at Last EP is pretty elaborate. Who did the cover? Can you explain the artwork and explain a bit about the artist's intentions with the cover?
El Chupacabra: Darren Cosgrove has a concept of Satanarchy that he promotes with some of his artwork. His logo is the CRASS-like image on the bottom right cover of our *Hell At Last* 7".
Blaspherion: I'd had this idea running in my head for a while, about the second coming of Christ and what fun it would be to nail him up all over again. Only this time it would be at the battle of Armageddon with tanks storming all over the place, and planes dive-bombing the shit out of the Christian multitudes. This was way before Panzer Division Marduk came out by the way, lest anyone think I stole the idea from those crazy Swedes. The idea I did steal was to have Christ crucified/impaled on a cross, which would be down his throat and out his ass Cannibal Holocaust style. I had talked this over with a friend who had a roommate who was an artist and he suggested we talk to him. We met with Darren and gave him the basic idea. He ended up putting so much detail into the Christ image, that he didn't have time for the battlefield background. The cover does look fucking cool though.
MRR: What are your lyrics about?
Asafoetida: Most of the lyrics deal with personal miseries. How to get stuck in them, can you get out? Or if you really want to.
MRR: What are your songs about? Is there an underlying theme?
Asafoetida: If you had nothing better to do with your time, you might see this as a recurring theme layered over dark, ironic imagery. Some of the more specific topics are substance abuse, alienation, and shitty lifestyles.
MRR: What are your thoughts on Christian hardcore? Is there a place for it in the hardcore scene?
Blaspherion: My personal belief is that Christians should all be killed and so obviously I feel that Christian hardcore bands should be eradicated as well. Religion is a crutch for weak-minded people. If fools want to live their lives in servitude of a non-existent god than let them. I have no time for such idiocy and they certainly have no place in my hardcore scene.
El Chupacabra: A complete abomination of the rebellion and resistance to the status quo that punk and its offshoot of hardcore stood for. Is there a place for it in the hardcore scene? There shouldn't be, but there is. All we can do is ridicule them and promote our own anti-Christian stance, talking as much shit about them as we can.
Asafoetida: Sure, I see them as a form of entertainment. After all, Jesus liked to be whipped. If anyone out there can convince me that Christ was vegan or straightedge, I'd like to hear it. So take that to your altar, choirboy.
MRR: Are there any last comments?
Blaspherion: Try to break out of this metal vs. hardcore mindset. Good music is good music regardless of the label is slapped on it, and most of the people who label music and write record reviews don't know the first fucking thing about it. Stop worrying about cliques, your hair and looking tough. Let loose, have fun and if you still need to channel all that pent up aggression, go blow up a church or a police station.
El Chupacabra: Stay evil.
Legion's mailing address is: 45 Overlea Blvd., PO Box 22081, Toronto, Ontario, M4H 1N9 Canada.
Our e-mail address is Disciples_of_Hell @hotmail.com and our web site address is www.legion666.cjb.net.

me that Jesus was a vegan or take that to you altar, choir boy.

WILBUR COBB

This interview took place on a cold October evening in a basement-room of the LC (Ludolf-Camphausen) house in Cologne / Germany. Dennis of Scene Police-Recs/ Interpol Times-Zine, our pal MARTIN and DENNIS' girlfriend ELKE, who are both also involved with Interpol Times were chosen to ask us, WILBUR COBB some questions. I, Sebastian, had the ungrateful pleasure to listen to this tape, translate everything and sum all the shit up. *A little up-date on the band situation...Meanwhile Jan quit the band, mostly because of time-problems, but we found a substitute in no time. His name is Toko and he plays in Benny's other band COLT.* I had to shorten, leave out or add certain details, but in the end everything went on a little like this:

MRR: So, what does WILBUR COBB stand for or what does it mean to you guys as a band?

B : Fun and fast music!

MRR: So how did you come up with the name?

S : Well, it's a REN & STIMPY-character which I totally dig, 'cause he's old, fat and disgusting! I thought the name sounded quite cool, a little rough, and besides no one delivered any reasonable alternatives.

MRR: Somehow you play a style of music, which is kind of "in" or trendy right now!

S : At first we wanted to be a CRUDOS-cover band!

B : No, rather an INFEST-cover band!

O : No way, BLACK FLAG ! (*General snickering!*)

B : Nah, I guess we just met and ....hey, wait a minute, actually in the beginning I wasn't even in the band yet! But anyways, I think we all wanted to play stuff that was fast, short, and harsh!

MRR: So the only one in WxCx who is Straight Edge is Oral, right?

O: *(protesting)* Hey, I´m not Straight Edge ! *(actually he is!)*

MRR: But in some of your lyrics, or in one intro it seems like ....

S: Oh, you're talking about the CLERKS-sample. Yeah, I chose that one and wrote the lyrics to this song, mostly just because I hate fuckin' cigarettes or the habit of smoking tobacco in general. I know it's pretty cliche-ridden, but I just felt like writing some anti-smoking stuff because it annoys the piss out of me to get that stench blown in my face and that my clothes smell like shit after I was around smokers, which happens A LOT ! It also fucks up my sinuses. But back then we talked it over with Nikita, who smokes and Benny, who used to smoke at that time. It was in no way intended to be a personal offense to someone. I just thought the CLERKS-quote represents my the point.

MRR: If you put it this way, your EP could be seen as something like a settlement (?), a little FUCK YOU to the HC-scene !

B/O/S : Definitely !

B : At least to certain parts of it. There are so many ridiculous people out there ! Like for example, this one time when we went to a concert in Belgium, where bands like COMMIN' CORRECT, TEN YARD FIGHT and some Belgian mosh-bands were playing, we watched the crowd from something like a balcony in this huge club. You had an excellent view from there. The way the crowd and also the bands acted up, was pure comedy. The (violent) dance-styles, the outfits and hairstyles; the words STRAIGHT EDGE on every piece of clothing. This one girl had it even tattooed on her chest !!

S : Another thing where I don't know if I should laugh or cry about is the division into all these little sub-groups in HC. I mean of course there´s gotta be diverse sorts of music and also styles (clothes etc.), but you see these Edgers, Crusties, Emo-(nerds) bla, bla, bla , and they´re not supporting each other at all, although they all consider themselves as being HC. Everybody just wants to be around his own kind" go to their own gigs. Unfortunately I think "unity" is in the shitter nowadays.

MRR: But do you think it ever existed ?

S : I don´t know. I haven't been into the HC for too long yet. I indirectly got into it!

MRR: From metal?

S : Of course! Since I´ve been watching the whole thing, I honestly haven´t experienced too much of that spirit yet, within our little sub-

culture. Most of the people in it are just as sick and screwed up as anywhere else.

MRR: When you guys play shows, you mostly do it in front of crustier crowds, don´t you ?

S : These have been the only people who´ve asked us to play shows, yet. It´s probably because not so many kids have heard of us yet, and because we just happen to know more people of this sort than of others. I don´t know.

MRR: How you see the German HC-scene... maybe even compared to the USA, since some of you went over there a little while ago.

S : Well, what can we say? We just witnessed 3 or 4 shows in San Francisco and Berkeley, so I don´t think we can really judge about that. But something that I observed was, that there were definitely a lot more women at the Fiesta Grande, for example, than at shows around here.

S : Totally ! When do you ever see girls, not to mention an equal amount of them compared to boys, at a fast-core show? At the Fiesta it seemed different. The girls there seemed more sophisticated and honestly into the music. Fuck, some even went ape in the circle- pit ! By the way, a "nice" mosh-pit is another thing we don´t see too much around here.

O : Another thing that astonished me, in a positive way, was that there were more people of different cultures/nationalities present, like a lot of Mexican or Asian people. But I guess that could also be a Californian thing .....

O : Maybe, but if you compared the situation of the Mexican immigrants in California with the Turks in Germany for example, and then you look at the amount of them into punk/HC you´ll notice a vast difference. The numbers of Turks or people of other nationalities in general, who are into this kind of music/attitude are like below 1% here in Germany. At least so it seems. *(Oral is Turkish, by the way)*

B : What annoys me pretty much is that people (in Germany) are too US-orientated, meaning that shows with German or European bands are sometimes very scarcely visited, but when an American band plays, all of a sudden everybody´s there! People also rather check out the records of bands from other countries, though they may play the same style of music.

MRR: On your tour with CODE 13, did you experience the same behavior or phenomenon; you know, that more people showed up than usually at your gigs?

O : We can´t really tell. I mean, back then nobody had ever heard of us, so I guess it was pretty natural that the kids all came for CODE 13. Besides those gigs were like basically our first real shows. We couldn´t say if they were any different. Our very first show was with DROPDEAD by the way, another American band, and of course there were lots of people there.

S : But I think the Scandinavian kids didn´t seem to be of the spoiled kind, that´s just goin´out to see US-bands. They were a lot more supportive.

B : In Sweden they also focused a lot more on the political aspect, what I think the German scene lacks.

O : So does the American, I think ...

B : In general I think people are becoming more and more passive.

B: From what I´ve seen, in places like Prague for example, where I went to a squat-festival at the Ladronka in the summer, some of the only remaining people who are still dedicated to their punk-ideals are the crusties. They still seem to be pissed off, stand up and get out in the streets !

MRR: But you guys seriously do not look like it !

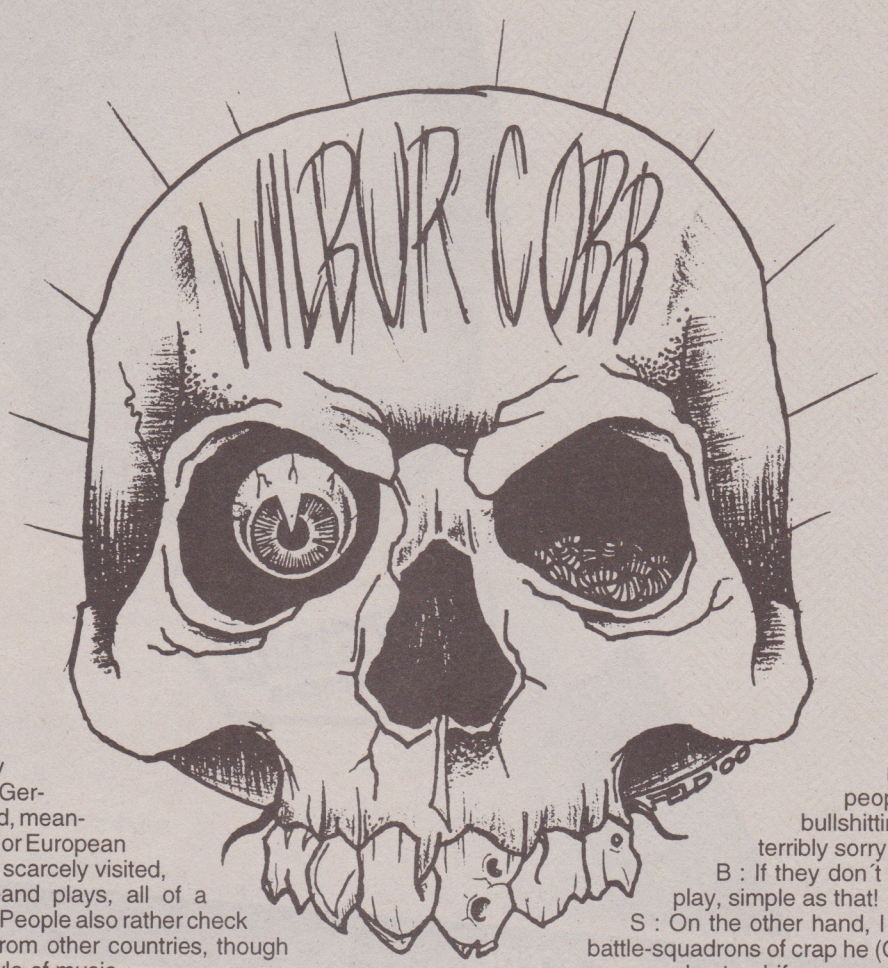
O: Nope, that´s because we´re not crusties !

S: There are definitely some very dedicated and active people among them (crusties), but also a lot of them are perpetually drunk and/or stoned numbskulls. And very often it´s just like ..., well I don´t wanna say filthy, but .....

MRR: Why, <u>it is</u> filthy, when people neglect their body-hygiene !

S : Yeah, some really fucking exaggerate it. They pretend they don´t care about their outer appearance, but they themselves are so fucking vain in their attempt to fit into the cliche, it´s so ridiculous it stinks !!! Some are so ignorant, they say you´re an asshole because your clothes smell a little bit of washing-powder, for fuck´s sake ....

MRR: So is it finally confirmed that the both (O & S) of you are sexists ?



S : Both of us? Hey, I´m not, he is !

O : Yeah, I´m the sexist!

E : One girl doesn´t want WxCx to play this festival, because she thinks Oral´s a sexist!

MRR: Aha, do you see yourself as a sexist?

O: Of course not, and neither does (X), but she lately informed me nicely, that lots of people start to think that I am one, after they hear me talking. But I personally see that as a plain joke! I mean, people who know me a little bit, know that I talk a lot of bullshit, but also that I´m not fuckin´serious about it at all!

MRR: But where do you draw the line? Where do you think sexism starts?

M: C´mon, Oral´s just a verbal-eroticist ! *(LAUGHTER!)*

O : I don´t know... see shit like that, it´s complete nonsense; I mean most people should realize it´s all bullshittin´. If people don´t get it I´m terribly sorry!

B : If they don´t want us, we won´t fucking play, simple as that!

S : On the other hand, I must say, considering the battle-squadrons of crap he (Oral) sometimes releases, I can even understand if some people who don´t know him, think he´s a dick!

But I´m also sick of watching my own mouth, when I´m among certain circles. Like when people have a problem with the patriarchally-influenced German language and they insist on us using alternate terms for certain words *(it would be too difficult to explain!)*.

B : It´s like creating or looking for new problems, when there aren´t any left ! There´s so many more important things to worry about ! Besides, when people <u>see</u> Oral, they should notice they can´t take him seriously!

MRR: So actually you do have a political side !?

S : Well, everyone in the band is an individual and has his own more or less political consciousness.

(Wilbur Cobb are trying to get in touch with their friend Scott Tarasco, he should write them at the below addresses)

SEBASTIAN FELD / BRESLAUER STR. 11 / 50170 KERPEN / GERMANY

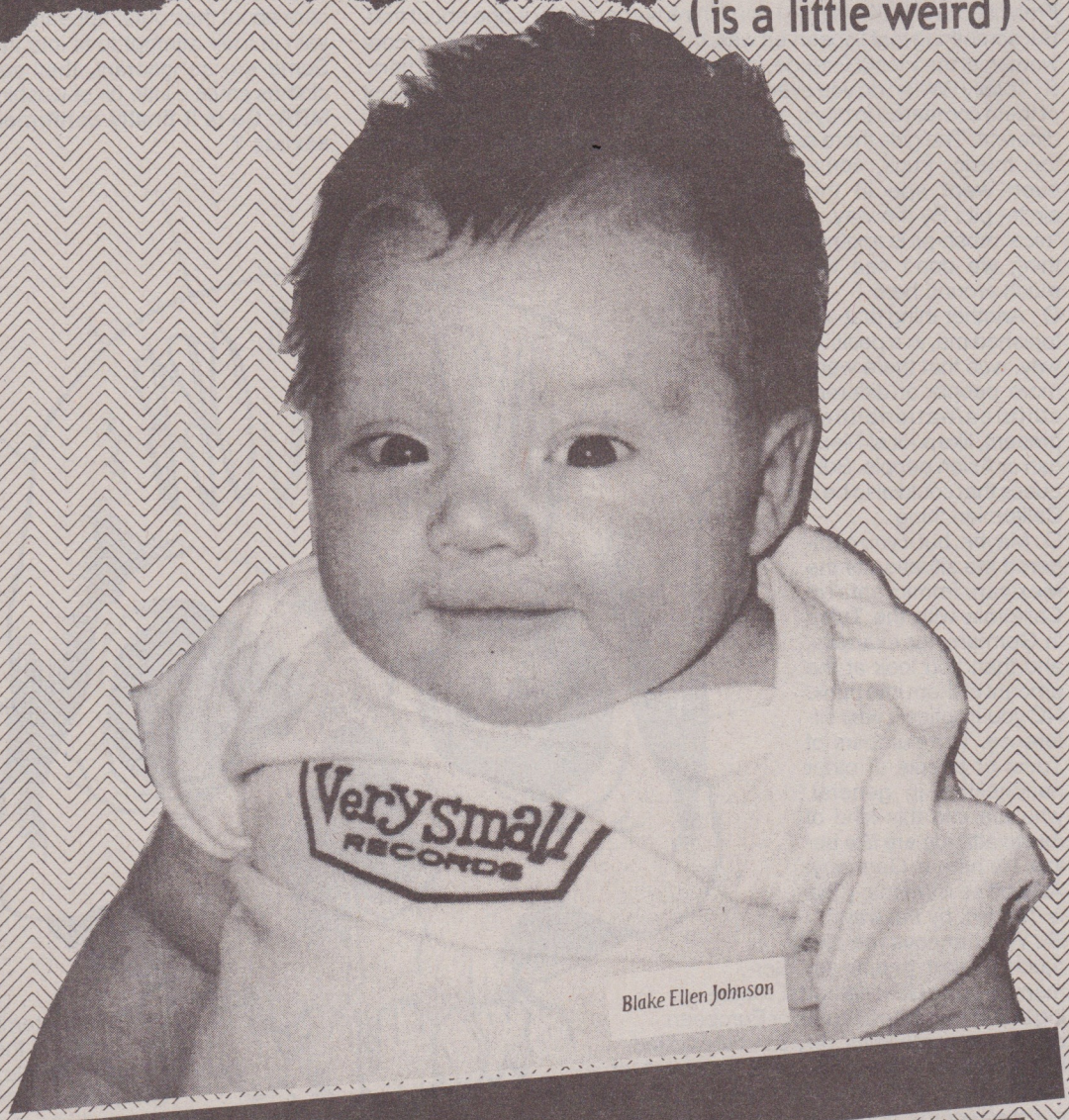
or

ORAL YILDIZDAL / P.O. BOX 1315 / 50103 BERGHEIM / GERMANY

<u>e-mail</u> : **cobbrock@yahoo.de**

MY FAMILY

(is a little weird)



Blake Ellen Johnson

views on parenting in the punk scene

As the average age of punk rockers increases, more of us are pressed to reconcile our ideologies with the nature of choices about parenthood. It was my selfish hope in arranging this special "procreation issue" of MRR that, through other people's stories, I could satisfy my own curiosity about the roads I haven't taken. I wanted to hear from all sides of the "debate," and I think this issue was succesful in reaching that goal. As I suspected, most contributors who chose to be parents found themselves re-evaluating their punk beliefs and their attitudes toward the world-at-large—not by abandoning punk, but by eschewing what was frivolous and transitory about it, and embracing what was solid and lasting. The pieces in the following pages don't represent the "right way" to do things—many of them describe the consequences of very careless choices. The stories are often incomplete—there is another side to them we aren't hearing. I hope that you readers who may be making your own choices about whether or how to raise children, will look at it from as many angles as possible.

From the ocean of information available, I have tried to include the most relevant facts about family planning in the margins of this "article." Most of this was stolen from the Planned Parenthood website (www.plannedparenthood.org). PP is a tremendous resource for young people dealing with a pregnancy or sexual health, and an advocate of women's right to choose. I know the teeny-weeny text is a pain in the ass to read, but I felt it was more important to include as many pieces as possible, so please press on. Thanks to Tom, Paul, everyone else who helped, offered advice, and contributed. My apologies to those whose submissions we were unable to include. If not otherwise noted, pieces in the main body were written by me.

—Arwen Curry

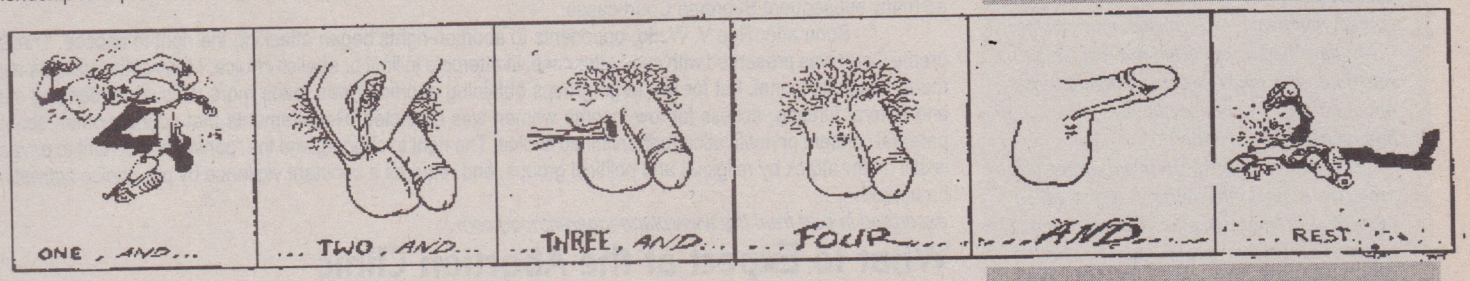
Operation! Operation! Snip & Tie! Snip & Tie!

by Scott Soriano

About eight years ago, I took the final cut, the snip, the operation. Yeah, I went to see a surgeon and with his knife he cut. I cannot bring you children. This world is such a rut. O operation, operation...

Sorry, got a bit sidetracked. Anyway, after years of feeling that I didn't want any rug-rats of my own to ruin, I hauled my ass over to Planned Parenthood and got myself a vasectomy. It was cheap, fast, and easy, and here's how it went. Before your balls get put on the chopping block, they want to talk to you. Counseling, they call it. They want to know why you want to be snipped and to make sure that you know that the procedure is permanent (that is, unless you have a kazillion dollars to get it reversed). I told them that I like kids all right, but only if they are someone else's, and that I think it is morally and ethically wrong to burden the world with another human, much less bring a person into this fucked up world. And besides that, if I really wanted a kid, I could adopt one of the many that are without parents. I'm not vain or insecure or stupid enough to want a miniature me running around. The counselor gave me the thumbs up, described the operation, told me what to do in preparation, and sent me on my way.

Now, I didn't go in there on a whim. I had really thought about it. As a teen stud, I'd knocked up a girlfriend. She decided to abort the mission, but not without much misgiving and emotional heaviness. Ultimately, our friendship fell apart. I decided that I did not want to put another person in that position again. I also figured that it



was high time men started taking responsibility when it came to birth control. I had my fill of "I feel your pain, my sister" faux-feminist drivel from malnourished, cloying, sensitive hardcore/emo boys who lacked the... umm... huevos to put their vas deferens where their wee yelping mouths were. So with all that in mind, I concluded, "What the fuck?" and had that statement of our times.

About a month after the counseling, my then-girlfriend dropped me off at the Planned Parenthood building for my operation. That morning I had shaved all the hair off of my balls and around the shaft of my penis. It was pretty simple, and no cuts or knicks! The first thing they made me do was dribble some piss in a cup. Then they took my temperature, pulse and other vitals. I was lead to a room where a short, hairy man with an onion-like smell knocked me to the floor and sawed my dick off with a butter knife. "Auuck," he yelled, "beeg enuf for a snack but no meal here! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!" Ummm. Actually, they had me undress and lay down on an examination table where a nurse taped my dick to my belly and put some cold, sterilizing foam on my balls. The doctors came in, told me what they were going to do, and then went to work. They picked a place in the middle of my scrotum and gave me a shot of local anesthetic. It stung. Then they worked one of my vas deferens to the surface (the vas deferens are the tubes that connect your sperm-making testicles to your seminal glands). Once they had the vas, they shot it with local, waited for a bit, and then clipped it. After the tube had been snipped they tied it and cauterized the ends. Then they did the other side (they only did one incision). After they were done with the second tube, they cleaned me up and told me what to do to recover. The whole operation took about a half an hour, I didn't need any stitches, and the discomfort was limited to the initial shot of local,.the manipulation of my balls to get the vas to the surface, and the removal of the tape off of my dick (Yow! Certainly the most painful part). The operation done, the fun part was about to begin: recovery. As directed by the docs, I iced myself for the next 48 hours. They suggested that I use frozen corn or peas instead of ice because the veggies formed better around the scrotum. They were right. So for the next two days I laid in bed making love to vegetables. Well, actually the veggies just teased me, since I was not supposed to ejaculate for a week.

On the second day, the post-op pain came: a dull, cramp-like pain around the area of my bladder. It was also a bit difficult to walk. The doctors said my discomfort was normal and within a week I'd be mostly OK. They were right. A week and a half later, I was playing punk rock singer and bouncing around all over. All was fine, sort of. When the hair started growing back, I was itching like a crusty punk. A month or so later, they checked me out to make sure I was sperm free, and I was. Since then I haven,t gone back. And what did this cost? At the time, a measly $35. Because Planned Parenthood does vasectomies on a sliding scale basis and I made about $900 a month, the cost was low. If I was to get clipped again, I'd go back to them in a sec, that's how good they were.

Now, I should clear up a few myths about vasectomies. The first is it affects your sex drive or ability to have an orgasm, etc. Nope, neither is true. I'm as randy as a rabbit and have no problem with the equipment. The sex pistol still shoots fine, the only difference is their ain't no tadpoles in the goo. Second myth: you gotta be over 30 to get it done. Wrong again, pal. Eighteen is the minimum age for this operation, though they will scrutinize you if you are still in your teens or twenties. I was in my mid-twenties when I was snipped. What they are looking for is that you are sane and have thought things through. If you can make a clear argument for the snip & tie, they legally can't deny you. The third myth is that it is permanent. It is not. If you have a ton of money, you can get it reversed. And if you do not let the thing heal, it can reattach itself. A friend of mine, who won his in a contest, didn't do the follow up and wound up hearing the "Uh...we need to talk," from his ex. Luckily, both are sane enough not to bring a feral fiend into this world, but what a fucked up experience. Do I have any regrets? Fuck, no. I did something good and even with the discomfort, boredom, and itching (the worst), it was very much worth it for personal, moral, and political reasons. I took the responsibility of birth control into my own hands and (if all is well) won't have to put anyone through the pain of having to decide whether or not to terminate a pregnancy and, if they decide on abortion, having to deal with the forced pregnancy storm troopers. I also won't be adding another body to this over-infested Earth. And best of all, when I sing along to "they tied my balls together/what's inside's not alive," I'll know I'm telling the truth!★

prevention

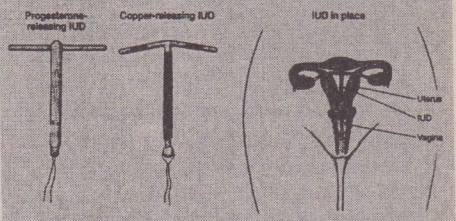
TYPES OF BIRTH CONTROL

Barrier Contraceptives

Barrier contraceptives prevent sperm from entering a woman's uterus. They include condoms, diaphragms, and cervical caps. Some condoms contain spermicides; spermicides should be used with condoms and other barrier contraceptives that don't already contain them.

Intrauterine Devices

Intrauterine devices (IUDs) are inserted by a doctor into a women's uterus through the vagina. IUDs are made of molded plastic. One type releases copper from a copper wire wrapped around the base; the other type releases progesterone. A plastic string is usually attached, so that a woman can check to make sure the device is still in place.



Other forms of birth control are tubal ligation ("tubes tied") for women, the temperature method, or the calendar or "rhythm method." Hormonal methods, like the Pill,, work to avoid pregnancy by preventing the ovaries from releasing eggs, and by keeping cervical mucus thick to arrest the tadpoles. The daily pills contain hormones: either an estrogen/progestin combo, or progestin alone. The Pill (and hormonal injections and implants) are among the most effective forms of birth control, but there are health restrictions on who may use them. It's a little creepy having your hormone levels on artificial autopilot, and many of the long-term side effects remain mysterious. The Pill is said to lower risks for certain cancers and to raise them for others, and affects different women differently. Still, if you don't forget pills, you don't get pregnant, with few exceptions, and the sex is more spontaneous. And as one family planner I know says, "having been through a pregnancy, I know your hormones get hijacked either way." Pills cost between $15 and $30 a month. Educate yourself and ask questions, to make the most informed choice possible.

prevention

BIRTH CONTROL, cont.

You May Want Emergency Contraception If:

- *His condom broke or slipped off, and he ejaculated inside your vagina.*
- *You forgot to take your birth control pills.*
- *Your diaphragm or cervical cap slipped out of place, and he ejaculated inside your vagina.*
- *You miscalculated your "safe" days.*
- *He didn't pull out in time.*
- *You weren't using any birth control.*
- *He forced you to have unprotected vaginal intercourse.*

Contact your health care provider immediately if you have had unprotected intercourse and you think you might become pregnant. Ask About Emergency Contraception.

Emergency Contraception

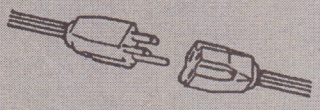
- *is designed to prevent pregnancy after unprotected vaginal intercourse. It is also called post-coital or "morning-after" contraception.*
- *is available from health care providers, Planned Parenthood health centers, and other women's health and family planning centers.*
- *is provided in two ways:*

–emergency hormonal contraception 3/4 doses of birth control pills

–insertion of an IUD

- *is for use only if a woman is sure she is not already pregnant from a previous act of intercourse. It prevents pregnancy by preventing ovulation, fertilization, or implantation. It will not cause an abortion.*

Costs vary widely, from around $8 to $260. Planned Parenthood operates on a sliding scale.



How Effective Is Contraception?

Method	Percentage of Women Who Become Pregnant During the First Year of Use
Oral contraceptives:	
Combination estrogen-progestin tablets	0.1–3
Progestin-only tablets	0.5–3
Condom	
Male	3–12
Female	5–21
Diaphragm with spermicide	6–18
Cervical cap with spermicide	11 5–18
Rhythm method	20
Implants (levonorgestrel)	less than 0.1
Injectable medroxyprogesterone	0.3
Intrauterine device	0.6 to 2

Your Abortion Rights

Currently, women have a constitutional right to an abortion in the US. That right was detemined on the basis of the "constitutional right to privacy," which the Supreme Court, on January 22, 1973, determined extends to a woman's right to choose to end her pregnancy. The Court announced its decision in Roe v. Wade, a challenge to a Texas statute that made it a crime to perform an abortion unless a woman's life was at stake. The case had been filed by "Jane Roe," an unmarried women who wanted to safely and legally end her pregnancy. Siding with Roe, the Court struck down the Texas law.

In Roe, the Supreme Court found that a woman's right to decide whether to become a parent deserves the highest level of constitutional protection. The Court also decided that the right to privacy is not absolute and that a state has valid interests in safeguarding maternal health, maintaining medical standards, and protecting potential life. According to the Court, a state's interest in potential life is not "compelling" until viability, the point in pregnancy at which there is a reasonable possibility for the sustained survival of the fetus outside the womb. A state may but is not required to prohibit abortion after viability except when it is necessary to protect a woman's life or health. At the time the decision was handed down, nearly two-thirds of the states outlawed abortion except to save a woman's life. Roe rendered these laws unconstitutional, making abortion services safer and more accessible to women throughout the country. The decision also set a legal precedent that affected many subsequent Supreme Court cases.

Soon after Roe V. Wade, opponents to abortion rights began attacking the right to choose. The Supreme Court was presented with case after case, in attempts to limit or abolish choice. Many of the statutes were found unconstitutional, but for two large groups obtaining abortions was made more difficult. By denying state and federal funding, access for low-income women was restricted. Requirements that young women acquire parental consent or notification further limited choice. The right to choose, and the "constitutional right to privacy" is still under attack by religious and political groups, and requires a constant vigilance by pro-choice activists to be upheld.

excerpted in part from the www.plannedparenthood.com

What to Expect at the Abortion Clinic

Even if you have health insurance and typically use an HMO for your health care, I strongly suggest going to Planned Parenthood or a similar organization if you are considering an abortion. Technically, the procedure will be about the same, but in a large hospital you may encounter condescending or disapproving attitudes from the nurses or doctors you see. In the long run, the memory of this treatment may remain the most painful and frustrating part of having an abortion. Stay with someone you know is on your side.

When you find out you are pregnant, and have decided to have an abortion, you may have to wait several weeks before the procedure. This is a difficult time: your body will habituate to the over-protectiveness of pregnancy, though you know the pregnancy will end. It is an uncomfortable dichotomy and an emotional time.

At the clinic or hospital, you will be given a couple of Valiums (or other relaxants) about half an hour before the abortion, and sent back out to the waiting room, or put in a private room (one other person, your partner or friend, is allowed in with you, but no one else may be in the operating room during the procedure). A nurse will have you change into a gown and escort you to the operating room, which in my case was a creepy, nearly dark room. The doctor will reach into you, perform the abortion—vaccuuming the contents of your uterus. This is a very painful procedure, mimicking a mild, extremely short labor—the entire process takes about twenty minutes, though you will be at the hospital for about two hours.

The nurse will then give you a sort of diaper to absorb blood flow. You must be driven home from the hospital or clinic, and rest for a recommended several days, during which you may experience cramps as your uterus continues to empty itself. During this time, I suggest drinking lots of tea and water, eating well, taking iron supplements, and especially, making sure your environment is calm and comfortable. I also recommend writing or talking to someone trustworthy about the abortion during this time, since your intense emotions will need to find an outlet. Most women feel relief after an abortion, but like for a relative who died before you had a chance to know her, you may mourn the loss of the *potential* relationship you may have had with a child. It's not easy, but if you made the choice of your own free will and better judgment, then you have done the right thing. ★

Two Views: the Penis

by Robnoxious

On November 15th, 1997, my daughter was born. Nine months earlier I was trying to convince the mother not to have the baby. I knew I wasn't ready to be a father. I was also pissed off because the mother had told me she was sterile and that we didn't have to use condoms. I felt like I had been tricked by this girl into going down a path in life that I didn't want to go down yet. I thought it wasn't fair to the kid either—how could I just assume that I would stay with the mother for the next 18 years until the child was old enough go out on her own?

When my daughter, India Autumn, was born, I looked her in the eyes and she held onto my finger. I was crying. I knew then that I loved her in a way I had loved no other person. I was happy to have a daughter. It wasn't easy, though. The past plagued her mother and me, and poverty turned us against each other. During the next year, my relationship with the mother steadily declined. We separated and found places to live. I loved watching my daughter three days a week while her mother was at work and out with her friends, but the constant abuse I got from the mother on a daily basis was really fucking with my head. I desperately wanted to leave that town. I was rotting away there, except for the time I spent alone with my daughter.

Then one day a girl came to town and kissed me on New Years Eve. She asked me to go travel with her. I liked her a lot. I knew I had to go. As much as I wanted to stay where my daughter was, I knew it wouldn't be any good for her to grow up seeing two parents constantly at each other's throats. I left and now I live in another state far away. I think the mother would probably call the police if I showed up now, and try to have me arrested for failure to pay child support, even though I've been homeless and broke most of the time. That's part of why I left—she told me that there was a warrant for my arrest and she had told the pigs the address where I lived.

I miss my daughter and it's difficult to have once been a father, caring for this girl, and then to lose that. I know that when she's older I will contact her, try to spend time with her, and help her through that part of her life,

if she will let me be a part of it. Right now I am excluded. The mother would prefer that I stayed out of their lives completely, and because I am a poor-ass punk, I really don't have any legal leverage. My daughter is being raised by a woman who says she was "just pretending" to believe in punk ideals. She wears fancy clothes, acts pretentious, and talks about working for the CIA. I have to live with the fact that my daughter is being raised this fucked up way, that her stepdad is a Jehovah's Witness, and that he's probably putting that shit into her head. Sometimes it all just hits me and I can't take another step, I have to sit down wherever I am and cry, just thinking about how fucked up it is and how I am responsible for that little girl and how she is so far out of my reach. Then I stand back up and try to go on with my life.

This is what you should think about before having sex without using contraception. Think about it before you fuck. Heterosexual boys, this means you: if you don't want children you better wear condoms. That sperm that shoots out your cock; that's your responsibility, it is under your control. Be wise, be cautious; if your partner doesn't want you to wear condoms when you have sex with her, I suggest you think about her motivations, and find a partner who respects your desire not to have children. I know it feels better without a condom, but do you think that sex will be worth the rest of your life raising a child, or burdened with the fact that you abandoned your child to the unknown?

Never assume your female partner will always feel just like you feel about having children. She may change her mind once pregnant and the hormones are flowing. That's the reality of it. It's happened to me. If you don't want to have kids, it's your responsibility to do everything you can to keep that from happening.

Abortion

I was irresponsible while on the road with this girl I love. While squatting in Tucson, we got pregnant. We didn't find out for sure until she got a test in Little Rock, Arkansas. She felt strong desires to keep the baby, but luckily she also had strong desires not to fuck up all of our lives by having a baby at that time. She hadn't found out she was pregnant until about a month later. We had been traveling and she had been drinking liquor a lot that month. Recognizing that it was not the right time to have a baby, we decided to have an abortion.

Soon after the abortion, my partner felt some regret about it, and worries about the effect of it all on her body. I felt some regret, but I knew it was right for us and the world too. A neglected child is one thing the world doesn't need more of.

Almost a year later now, she feels the effects it had on her body have finally worn off. That's a long time to affect someone's body. Boys, this long term effect on the girl is your responsibility too. If you care and love your partner, you won't do this to her out of carelessness. If you respect yourself, you'll do the right thing. Wear a condom. If you don't have the money to buy condoms, you can almost always get free ones at Planned Parenthood clinics. If you don't have a condom, do something else with your partner. Do oral sex, grind your thigh in her crotch, slide your dick on her skin, masturbate together, masturbate while the other one is doing a strip-tease or gives you a lap dance. Watch a porno together. There's a lot of ways you can get off and be intimate without taking the risk of getting pregnant. If she is worried about getting pregnant, she will probably be able to relax and enjoy it more if the risk of pregnancy isn't involved in your lovin'. This is all better talked about and figured out long before you get into a sexual situation. Don't be afraid to ask and talk about it. Playing ignorant isn't going to earn your escape from a biological reality that you get yourself into. Check your head. The bigger one.

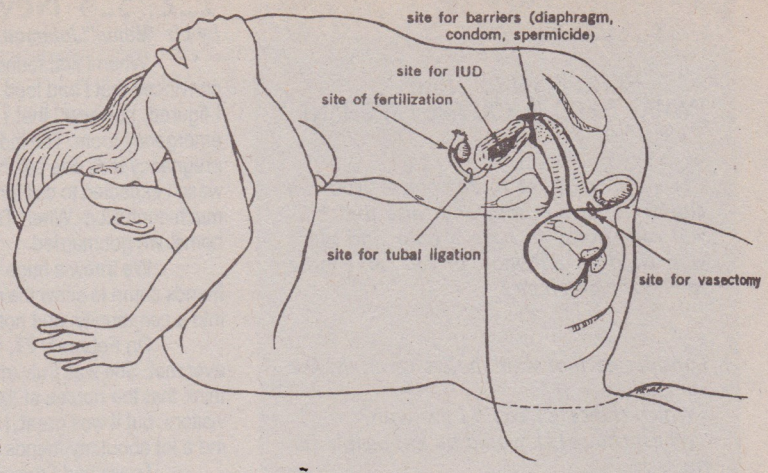
Here in the new part of the country we live in, we are pursuing some of the counter-cultural things we never would have been able to if we had given birth to a baby. Shyla is a woman's study major at the university, I am doing more writing and self publishing, and we are both considering where to take our lives and how to realize our dreams of an active, free life.

Tribal Kids

We also live with a two year-old boy and his mother, and we spend some time with him and try to help out, as people do in tribal situations. When the boy's mother needs a hand, we help her. Sometimes we watch the boy while she's at work. The kid always wants to come up into the big attic where we live to watch us make homebrew beer, or give catnip to the kittens, or jump on the bed. We take him ice skating or sledding, make food with him, read stories until he falls asleep. When he grabs the cats violently we stop him and explain why that is wrong.

When his mother is out of energy and we are there for him to bounce into, then he is getting more of the social experience that he needs. Instead of experiencing an overworked and grumpy mom, or getting set down in front of the television, he is getting what he deserves: love and attention from other humans.

Instead of bringing more children into the world that won't get all the physical and emotional support they need, I like the idea of helping out the children who are already here. It's good for us big kids too. As I play with our little two year-old roommate I think about my daughter India, and I hope that lots of loving people are playing with her and teaching her their perspectives, just like I am with this boy. I love this little boy—I look at him and I think about when he'll be a teenager, and whether then he'll still be asking to come over to Shyla and Rob's house to hang out and talk. ★



Two Views: the Uterus

by Shyla Ann

OK, ladies, here's the flip side (well, kind of). Pregnancy and STIs (Sexually Transmitted Infections—"infection" is seen as a more sex-positive word, because it indicates something which can be cured instead of implying that a person is incurably diseased) and HIV are all real concerns for us. We need to be aware of how to prevent these things from happening to us, or how to make sure that we are prepared to handle the results of pregnancy. We have to take responsibility for the consequences of our actions.

If you do not want to get infected/pregnant, you are the only person you can count on to make one hundred percent sure that this doesn't happen (and even then, there is no one hundred percent, due to all kinds of possible birth control errors—botched pills, old condoms, switch in your menstrual cycle due to stress, etc.). There are more birth control methods available to us than there are to our heterosexual partners. This is a controversy all by itself and it is one many people are fighting adamantly to change. Right now, though, this is our reality, so *we* need to do something to protect ourselves.

Until I found myself in the position (pregnant) my actions did not match my education on the subject of STI/HIV/pregnancy prevention. Sure I knew a shitload about all that stuff, but that really didn't matter once I was drunk and my brain wasn't working, or when the unbearable heat of the moment got in the way of my decision making skills. So my negligence led to a pregnancy that I was unable/unwilling to deal with at that particular time in my life.

Many young parents I know are unwilling to give themselves up for the baby they created, but why create something that requires so much if you are not willing to give it to them? Child neglect is one of the most horrendous and unacknowledged atrocities of humanity. There is no need for it. Ignorance and selfishness can cause a parent to abuse children in ways that don't leave visible bruises.

So my choices, or lack of choices, lead me to a drastic bodily/hormonal/mental/physical/spiritual change, and really rocked my world. Suddenly I had very little control of myself, very little control of what was right for those involved in this situation, very little sanity. I finally decided to have an abortion. Although finding the money was a bit difficult it was nothing compared to the medical bills and cost of having a child. I wasn't ready for this. I wanted a second chance. I remembered all the women who have fought for the right for women to decide what they can and cannot do with their bodies, I thought about my very Catholic mother that so badly wanted grandchildren, I thought about my partner and his daughter, I thought about the huge effect one careless moment was having on my life.

After the abortion, the hormones were still hard at work and I didn't feel really sane or have a sexual appetite for almost a year afterwards. I was glad to be able to have the option I did, but I learned that I never wanted to depend on hospital machinery to enforce my choices ever again. It's all about prevention! I have never taken and will never advocate hormonal birth control (the pill). It's nasty—it fucks up your body. there are so many alternatives to help keep yourself safe from STI/HIV and to have the ultimate choice in when you want to have a kid. Use them. Even if your partner, or one night stand, or whoever you chose to have sex with, doesn't, take control of your life, yourself, your decision. Be responsible.

One last thing: even if the person you have sex with says they are clean, they may be telling you the truth as they know it, but there are STIs which affect women, but not men (certain forms of genital warts, infections similar to herpes, etc.). Men can be the carriers of the bacteria or virus, but not feel or show any physical effects, so even if they think they're clean, they may not be. Oh yes, and please be safe when you are with your girl partners—although you may not get pregnant, you can still pass STIs. Play safe! ★

WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE PREGNANT

You have three choices: You can choose to have a baby and raise the child, you can choose to have a baby and place your child for adoption, or you can choose to end the pregnancy.

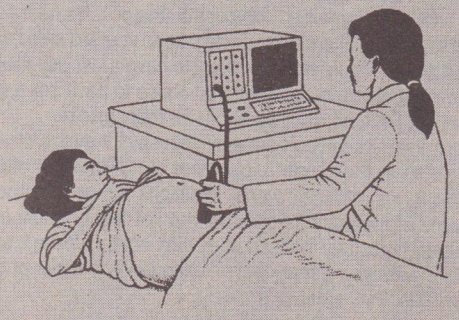
Consider each of your choices carefully. Ask yourself:
- *Which choice(s) could I live with?*
- *Which choice(s) would be impossible for me?*
- *How would each choice affect my everyday life?*
- *What would each choice mean to the people closest to me?*

It may help to take time and ask yourself:
- *What is going on in my life?*
- *What are my plans for the future?*
- *What are my spiritual and moral beliefs?*
- *What do I believe is best for me in the long run?*
- *What can I afford?*

Look for a clinic that will give you complete information about your options. If you need help, call your local Planned Parenthood. If you would like to have confidential pregnancy options counseling at your nearest Planned Parenthood, call toll-free 1-800-230-PLAN. Beware of so-called "crisis pregnancy centers" that are anti-abortion. They may perform your pregnancy tests without medical supervision, not give you complete and correct information about all your options, scare you with films that are designed to keep you from choosing abortion, and discourage you from using the most reliable methods of birth control.

Ultrasound Scanning: Viewing the Fetus

In ultrasound scanning, a transducer (a device that produces sound waves) is placed on the woman's abdomen. The sound waves penetrate the body, reflect off internal structures, and are converted to electric impulses, which are processed to form an image displayed on a monitor.



1..2..3..4 New Punk! What's the Score?

by Liz "Mama" Johnson and "Auntie" Samantha Jones

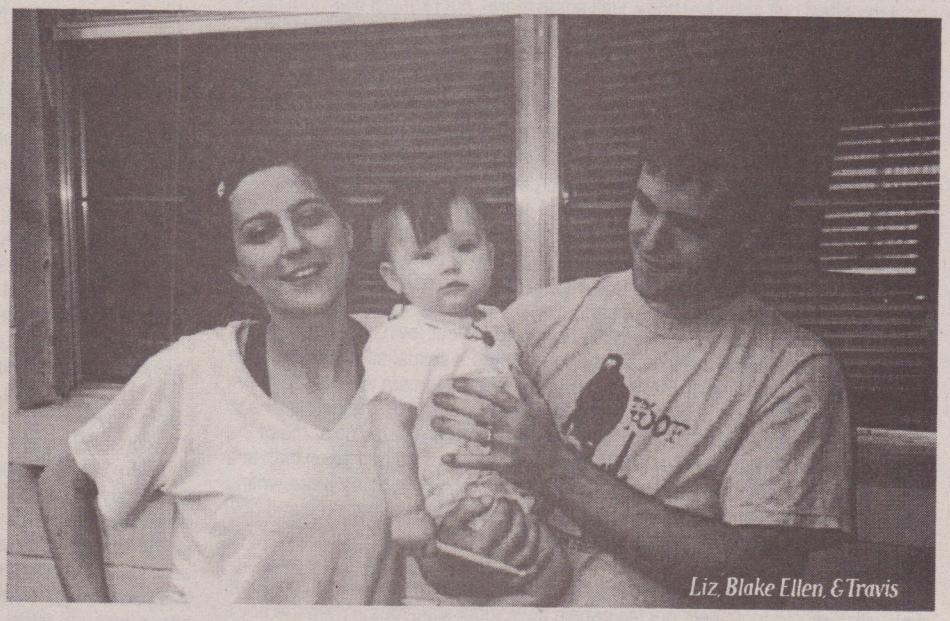
When I first found out that I was pregnant, Travis was on tour and had been gone for a while. I was convinced that I had food poisoning from the three bacon and bread sandwiches I had eaten the day before. I figured, however, that I had better invest the seven dollars in a pregnancy test before I ran to the local emergency room. The indicator turned pink, signifying positive. At this point, I assumed I had bought a faulty pregnancy test; one can never be sure. I had my friend CC rush over to take one. Hers was negative. Travis wasn't expected to call for two days, so there I was, left with a couple days on my own, a new discovery, and much confusion. When Travis called, the news could not have made him more excited. When he returned home, we got married.

We threw a huge wedding reception at which Rumbleseat played their hearts out and all of our other friends came to show their support and excitement. It was then that I realized this baby was going to be born into a community, and not just to us.

On February 27, 1999, Travis and I gave birth to Blake Ellen Johnson, the most amazing girl I had ever met. She was truly my pride and joy, with ten fingers, ten toes—and I swear—a perfect mohawk. I don't think that the nurses at the hospital, or Travis, or I were prepared for the interesting and colorful parade of visitors, but it was great. I think she has brought a new light to this crazy Gainesville town. She has showed me a lot about my friends that I did not know before, mostly that I could truly count on them.

Travis and I recieved more support than two people could ever ask for, and Blake has recieved the best family of friends a baby could need. I don't see one person who doesn't stop what they are doing to say "hi" or give her a smile, and Blake always has a smile to give back. She has a way of bringing out the best in everyone. As a kid, she embodies the innocence and joy that I think a lot of people sometimes forget about because they're getting so caught up in themselves. I like to think that this community and I are teaching Blake a lot, but the truth is, she is teaching us all so many of the things we may have forgotten. The bad things in life seem so inconsequential when Blake smiles or when we all watch her take her first steps.

I think at one time I wondered if we would miss going to shows or if Travis would miss touring with Assholeparade, and the answer is... not for a second. I also wondered if we would no longer be "cool" or "in the scene" and that too has not happened. Travis, me, and everyone involved teaches this baby trust, security, creativity, love, and friendship—qualities she may not have received from a traditional nuclear family. We have learned through Blake that our community is as adaptable as its ideals imply. We have learned that our scene is our family.★



Liz, Blake Ellen, & Travis

Nine Months Pregnant

by Jude

Nine months on and this snowball ain't rolling back uphill. Its 4am and someone is head-butting my cervix and kicking me in the ribs from the inside. Next week, this person is going to exit my body via a small tender space between my legs with the "help" of the man who got it there in the first place, and the last time he witnessed my stomach pulsate as the baby moved, he shouted "oh fuck!" and ran out of the room...

Don't blame him, though, it is all mighty weird. Since being pregnant I've realized that nearly everyone you see has come into the world through a vagina, and although it sounds bloody sore, it's pretty amazing. At the very least, it's a fact of life, and so I thought I'd better try and get my head around it. I started looking into the birth thing and found yet another area of opportunity to get fucked over by the powers that be. Yes, they've understood how they can exhaust and stupefy you from day one, and they certainly don't like a girl who questions their motives and methods in an attempt to do birth as actively herself as possible, rather than have a baby removed from her body in a passive, disempowered way. I've learned why badly managed births have become institutionalized in the West—scared, numbed-out women produce traumatized, lethargic babies—just how they want it. The mother feels cut off from the experience or the baby itself, which in turn leads to another alienated human being, and the circle continues.

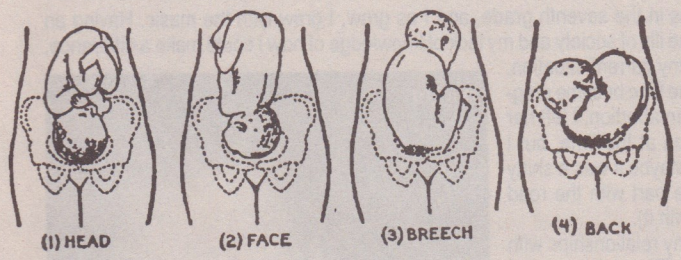
Take the practice of giving birth on your back. It's plain crazy. Imagine trying to get a good dump going

in this position (you use similar muscles in labor). Useless! You need to sit up or squat and let gravity do its best. Same with getting a wee body out of your system. In fact, lying on your back compresses all your passages, reduces the baby's oxygen, and makes everything take much longer. This position only became the norm a couple of centuries ago when a French king insisted his wife adopt it during labor so he could get a better look! It does baby and woman no favors and leads to complications and the need for drugs and obstetricians with scary metal forceps to make it more complicated and unnatural.

Fuck, however did women manage it on their own in the "wild"? OK, some didn't, but there's enough of us to prove most did. Giving birth is no longer a life or death situation, thanks to modern medicine, but that doesn't give doctors an excuse to interfere where unnecessary. Try telling this to my consultant at the local hospital. She complained that if I wanted to kneel up or whatever, I'd only get in my midwife's way; dismissed postnatal depression (as a result of a crap time in labor) as being "all in the mind" (!) and called me "sweetie pie." She said I seemed the type of girl who got easily confused and that I shouldn't listen to other womens' stories, i.e. I should switch my brain off and stop questioning authority.

As for the delivery room, I wouldn't have waited for a bus there, never mind the arrival of my first born. We all deserve better. And so I found another hospital where they don't patronize or bully and I'm going to try for a pool birth. I would have liked to have stayed at home but the midwives here explained to me, human to human, that they've become wary of this due to lack of experience—instead of just dissing the idea to hide their own fears like the last lot. A pool birth means less meddling and need for pain relief as the warm water takes off the edge.

Anyway, I've heard that when it gets bad your own hormones kick in and the whole experience can be orgasmic and inspiring (another reason they push drugs to dull those dangerous feelings?) Well, so claims the radical artist and writer Monica Sjoo, whose painting "God Giving Birth" was banned from viewing and deemed obscene because it depicted a black woman standing up with a baby's head emerging from her cunt. Just tell me it won't be as sore as every month when I re-enact scenes from the Exorcist. Actually, I think my partner is looking forward to a bit of noise. He wants to record me screaming for samples for our next band; even suggested putting a mic in a condom under the water... not if he wants me alive minus frizzy hair he won't! And when are we gonna get the energy for another band? Ahh, whatever the pain and drain, I'm sure it'll be worth it. Unless we end up reenacting scenes from Eraserhead as well. By the time you read this, we'll know if we've got a human or not. The photo from the scan looks jolly enough, however. Whatever is coming seems to have the right attitude; its hand was waving and it was sticking its tongue out. ★



"Presentations" of baby for birth.

Jessica (4 months) & Citizen Fish

Jessica (4 months) & fire hydrant

Flawless Pregnancy

by Jessica (Reina Aveja, Less Than Jake)

OK, so the baby, Emma-Joy Montana, is a week old already and I'm just getting around to letting people know. I know some of you already do know, but I thought this picture might be fun for you to see. Details: our perfectly healthy little girl was born at 8:41 p.m. and weighed 7 pounds, 12 ounces.

Jessica (9 months) & Ernesto

Throughout my super enjoyable and flawless pregnancy, I planned on the ideal home/birth center style natural birth. Of course, the baby takes after me and was late; over two weeks past her due-date, so I was transferred a la protocol/policy to the hospital. At first, I was really thrown for a loop, as I had stubbornly given zero consderation to that possibility of a hospital birth. But through the love and strength of my amazing girlfriends, mom and midwife/doula, Ernesto and I were re-aligned with our original positive vision for the birth of our baby.

Although my labor was induced, I was still able to birth her my own way, absent of any epidural/pain medication. It was a hard, relatively short and intense labor, but Emma-Joy's outcome was A-OK! Minutes after her birth, I experienced some emergency complications, but Dr. Buchanan kicks ass and saved mine! It wound up that I was in the exact place I needed to be after all. Emma's outcome would have been the same in either environment, but mine would have been much different.

We came home on Saturday and all is just great. We three are overwhelmed by the sweetness, visits, generosity, love, and really great food that has been given to us this past week. I've got two more weeks of home-bound rest, but really don't mind. It's the first time in my life for such calmness, and the time flies just staring at Emma-Joy. Enough babble...love, Jessica, Ernesto and Emma-Joy ★

parenthood

PRENATAL CARE/PARENTING RESOURCES

Planned Parenthood
call 1-800-230-PLAN for a center near you

American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists
409 12th Street, SW
Washington, DC 20024
202-638-5577
http://www.acog.com

Circle Solutions
(formerly the Maternal and Child Health Clearinghouse)
2070 Chainbridge Rd., Suite 450
Vienna, VA 22182
703-821-8955

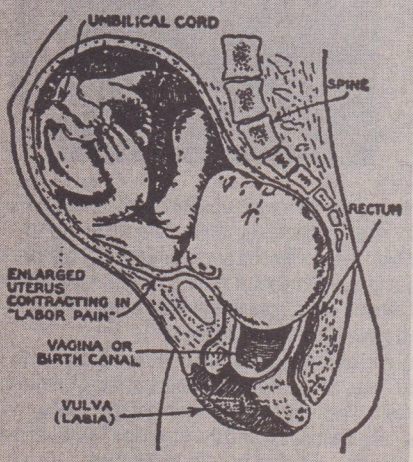
National Perinatal Association
3500 E. Fletcher Avenue, Suite 209
Tampa, FL 33613
813-971-1008

ARRANGING AN ADOPTION

Call Planned Parenthood for referrals to adoption agencies near you or contacts with people interested in independent adoption.

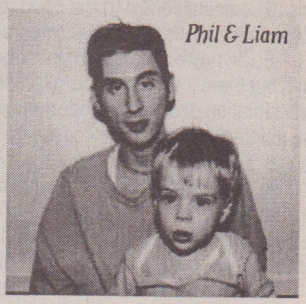
Or contact:
The National Council for Adoption
1930 17th St., NW
Washington, DC 20009
Hotline 1-202-328-8072
http:/www.ncfa-USA.org

The Independent Adoption Center
319 Taylor Boulevard, Ste. 100
Pleasant Hill, CA 94523
Hotline 1-800-877-OPEN
http:www/adoptionhelp.org



The Role of the Punk Parent is: *No More Punks!*

Phil has been around Hamilton's hardcore scene a long time, and is a former member of the now-defunct band Left For Dead. His son Liam is four and a half. I talked to Phil about his approach to punk rock and parenting. Interview by Bilbo.


Phil & Liam

Phil: I haven't grown up. And I haven't really changed. I've just changed my ideas. I'm still into punk, and I'm still into the ideals, but I'm bringing my son up in a world where he's going to have to live. To tell you the truth, I don't think kids that are punk rockers from babyhood will do so well, because they're alienated from the beginning.

Punk rockers, you shouldn't just put your children into it because that's what you do. Your son or your daughter may not want a mohawk, and may not want to hang out on the fucking curb and go to protests and shit. And eventually, they probably will reject it. Still, I had Liam listening to Life's Blood when he was eight months (laughs).

How would you feel if this didn't last?

Phil: Listen to Articles Of Faith: "I won't live out my father's dreams." I think that's one aspect that I would never push on my son, that I can live up to. I would never push him in a direction that he didn't want to go. I guess that's one thing that punk rock taught me—you can't push your children in a direction they don't choose to go.

With Liam starting school and you not being the main caregiver for him, have you come to recognize the role outside influences will play?

Phil: Liam talks about god and stuff. He talks about the police, and I don't sit there and say no, that's wrong, even though those are punk rock things—you don't believe in organized religion, you don't believe in the state police. I don't push him about those things.

One of the hardest things about having a child when you're this idealistic-type person with goals and opinions and what not, is that you've got one chance, and one chance only. And you've never done it before, and when you're a punk rocker you're usually a fuck-up in the beginning anyway. If I don't do this right, he's going to either reject what I've given him, or he's going to fuckin' resent it. But if I do it right, he'll take it for what it is, and either accept it and go with it, or, accept and at least understand that that's what I'm about.

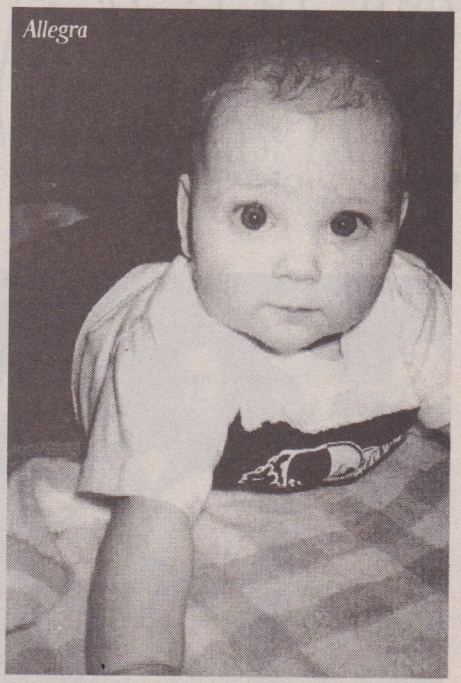
Does punk had a limited value, as a compass, in raising kids?

Oh, definitely (as much as it hurts for me to say it). There's a lot more you have to do than just listen to punk rock. Dealing with your children in this environment, this world, you can't place those limited options of punk rock on your children and expect them to follow that and be successful—for whatever you take that word to mean. ★

Allegra

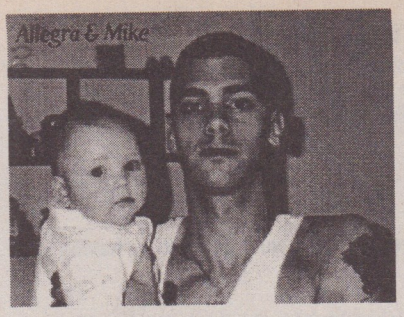
by Mike and Meredith Richards

I've been into punk since I was in the seventh grade, and I as grew, I grew with the music. Having an overall discontent for life because of the ills of society and my lack of knowledge of how I could make a difference, I hit a few road blocks that led up to my current situation. When I was eighteen, my girlfriend at the time became pregnant. After little deliberation, she got an abortion. I left her the next day. I was all for the abortion at the time, but I knew I couldn't be with her anymore. Maybe it was a shitty thing to do, but hey, I said this is the part with the road blocks (and plenty of fuck-ups to go with it).


Allegra

At this point I went through many relationships with various girls, but nothing worked out. Then I fell in love, with heroin. (I said there were fuck-ups). I spent the next four years addicted to smack and it wrecked my life. I lost my job, stole shit, traveled to San Francisco (just because I heard the tar is better than powder dope) and did a slew of other stupid shit that left me with a few trips to jail and prison. This ended with me convicted of five felonies (nothing violent). After the stint in jail, I ended up with ten years suspended and eight years probation. It seemed like maybe I'd better do something else if I wanted to stay alive and out of jail. So after jail, I got shipped to rehab. It was the Salvation Army, a Christian rehab. Now, I'm not one for all the Praise Jesus stuff, but if you take away all the evil that Man has done in the name of God, they have a few good points for getting along with people. So I made it through the program without being brainwashed and ready to start anew.

I began working two jobs, both located on a local popular street where all my friends hang out and there's lots of shit going on. I began noticing this girl that my friends knew. She was a new college student, but she seemed alright. The first thing I noticed was that she had a Fugazi patch on her bag. I bought her ticket to go with me to a Rancid show, and we had our first kiss before the band even came on. After that, we were always together. It was great. I was working, I had a new apartment (a shithole with no heat), a great girl, and all my old friends. Life was good. When the summer came she had to go home, which is about 2000 miles away from here, but we vowed to stay together. When she came for a visit in July she


Allegra & Mike

told me she was pregnant—about six months pregnant.

We talked for hours and hours about what we should do. We'd had some problems in our relationship, but the love was there. We knew we didn't want an abortion (and it was too late for that anyway), but we were heavily considering adoption. We didn't know what was right. We weren't really financially (or mentally) ready for something like this. When she went into labor on September 10, we still hadn't come to a decision. I got a call from her friend (I was at work) to meet her at the hospital. I witnessed the entire birth, and it was fucking incredible. I can't put into words what it's like to realize you've created life, but it's pretty amazing. At that moment, we decided to keep our beautiful new daughter.

Since then, we've had to move in with my parents, who have helped us beyond definition. Her parents have been great support as well, both emotionally and financially, though they're 2000 miles away from their daughter and new granddaughter. We never would have made it without all of their help. The change in lifestyle has been difficult to adjust to, though—we're in the suburbs now, not the city; I'm living with my parents again after being on my own for so long; and we don't have a lot of time to be with friends or see shows unless we can get a sitter. Since even before she was born, our daughter has been listening to the fine music of the Bouncing Souls, Crimpshrine, Filth, Aus Rotten, the Swingin' Utters, the Business, Dropkick Murphys, Choking Victim, Black Flag, etc. You get the picture. Not only the music, but I read to her constantly from a fine library of Chomsky, Zinn, Bellamy, Emma Goldman, Rollins, Froud, etc.

My wife and I were married exactly a year after we got together, on Halloween of 1999. I am a blue collar worker with socio-anarchist views and my wife loves to play the bad guy capitalist in arguments to keep me on my toes—and to annoy me. We hope to raise our daughter with the knowledge to fight for what she believes in and not to coddle her with lies that everything is perfect. We want to gradually show her the truth about history and our society and how people can change things. We will not let schoolteachers lie to her. We will point out the lies in her textbooks and encourage her to question her teachers about the sanitized versions of history therein.

So far, it's been a mess of dirty diapers and long nights that gradually gave way to a laughing baby with a personality to charm anyone. I have never been happier than I am right now. I love my wife more every day, and watching our daughter grow is such an enlightening experience to me. This summer we plan to take her to the free shows in the local park. As soon as she can walk, she's coming to the shows with us (with ear plugs of course). Allegra McColl is a beautiful, good-natured, and rarely fussy baby, but she's still a lot of work and time and relentless effort—and worth every moment. Maybe this isn't where we expected to be one year after that first Rancid show, but we wouldn't change a moment of it now. ★

Fatherhood is Worth it *by Evan Beckert (Scurvy Dogs)*

This was a difficult article for me to write. Just getting started was the first hurdle to jump, and what the hell I should write was the second. My third and finally hurdle was not feeling foolish talking about my life with the possibility of many strangers reading it. So I'm attacking this parent/punk article as a divorced father of 32 with two girls, ages six and eleven. I've been listening to punk since I heard the Sex Pistols in the summer of 1979, and I've been hooked since.

I've been an active father since the summer of 1991, when I meet my ex-wife Kate and her daughter Sarah from a previous relationship, in Santa Cruz. That summer, Sarah turned two. I literally took over all the fatherly duties immediately. This was mainly due to the fact that Sarah's father could not cope with being a father. He would act very stressed out every time he was called on to perform his fatherly duties. After awhile, we stopped even trying. At the time I personally couldn't stand him (fucking hippie).

Since I was young, I knew I could be a good dad, although it happened much sooner than I expected. But hell, that's life. Looking back at my relationship with my ex-wife, I think I might have been attracted to Kate for the lifestyle of family and fatherhood she represented to me. Maybe it's the allure of security I enjoy. I don't think I can honestly answer that. In retrospect, you can see all the things you have done and where things went wrong, and what changes you could have made.

Soon Kate asked me to marry her, and I said yes. My friends laughed at me at first, then they just thought that I was crazy and had a lot of guts to through with it. My parents hated the idea. That really didn't surprise me, because we didn't get along well at that time in my life. "Whatever," was my reply to them.

After we got married, in a nice mellow ceremony with no church and no god, (I'm an atheist, for christ sake!), we moved to Sonoma so I could attend college. As married life, fatherhood, and school consumed my life, I literally stopped going to shows. I used to go at least once a week, now it was no more than once every two months, if I was lucky. I did notice, even though I was a punk rock DJ at Sonoma State radio station, that I really felt like an outsider in the punk scene. I remembered feeling awkward with a wedding ring on my finger at punk shows. A gold wedding band—how punk is that?

One time I was at a show in Santa Rosa and saw Born Against play (they were great). After the show I talked with the lead singer a bit, and he noticed my wedding ring and asked if I was married. For the first time since the 10th grade, I felt really embarrassed. I don't know what we talked about, but I did feel a bit hypocritical. I professed anarchist ideas on the air and I was sitting there with a gold ring on my finger. At that time in my life, I knew no other punk parents that shared any aspects of my sub-culture. I felt alone.

Soon my wife was pregnant! I quit smoking and drinking to help support my wife through the pregnancy. "If she can't, I shouldn't" was my motto. Eventually we met another punk couple that also had a daughter. It was cool because he was another stepfather, like me. We enjoyed each other's company for some time. Over a few short years we lost contact, mostly due to their breakup, our separation, and moving away from each other.

Near the end of Kate's pregnancy, she expressed a desire to move back to Santa Cruz because she felt isolated, alone, and missed her Santa Cruz friends. Also, I was finding out that Sonoma State was a crap school. So I dropped out of college. On May 21st, 1993, my daughter Kayla was born. Wow! We had a home birth with a midwife. I was there for the whole thing. I even cut the cord! The birthing process is an amazing thing to see.

Soon my family of four moved to Santa Cruz and was quickly caught up working, babysitting, changing diapers, taking the oldest to school, and all the other family stuff. Soon a noticeable strain in my marriage arose. Looking back, I can see that this tension had been coming for some time. I remember waking up next to my wife one morning and asking myself, "who is this person? I don't know her at all." We would argue and argue and argue all the time. Non-stop tension. Our marriage went downhill very fast. We had marriage counseling for at least a year. We tried to keep together, and I'm an extremely loyal person, but that alone didn't do shit. At the end, I just didn't care to work on a relationship that was consuming all of my energy away from the kids. Her self-esteem battle raged on, and there was nothing I could do about it. I finally threw in the towel.

People who have the notion of a marriage staying together "for the sake of the kids" live in a fantasy world and would be rudely awakened from their dream state with a middle finger in their face if they were in my situation. When a relationship is no longer built on trust, love, and friendship, what is the point? I consider it child abuse to raise children in an environment of mistrust, deceit, and hatred. For many years my parents were unhappy; they would argue all the time, and I would escape from the house and hang out with my punk friends who also had tweaked experiences with their parents. When I was young, I swore I would be a good father and create a loving atmosphere so my kids could grow healthy physically and emotionally. It is not easy, being a father. My ex-wife and I are much happier separated, and I know that reflects positively on my kids.

I don't see my kids every day anymore, but I see them as often as I can. I try my best to make each moment the best I can make it for my kids. I'm not perfect. I'm in debt, back in college, working full time, in a punk band and I'm happy. Sarah and Kayla tell me they love me, and I tell them I love them.

Fatherhood is worth it. ★

Evan, Kayla, Sarah, and Melissa

parenthood

FAMILY PLANNING RESOURCES

ABORTION

Planned Parenthood provides abortions, or can or refer you to other trustworthy health care professionals.

For a listing of reputable abortion providers in your area, contact::

The National Abortion Federation
1755 Massachusetts Ave. NW. Ste. 600
Washington, DC 20036
1-800-772-9100
1-202-667-5881
http:/www.prochoice.org

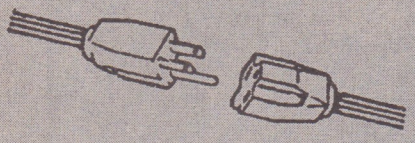
For more information about abortion, contact:

The Alan Guttmacher Institute
120 Wall St.
New York, NY 10005
1-212-248-1111
http:www.AGI-USA.org
information@agi-usa.org

National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League
1156 15th St. NW. Ste. 700
Washington, DC 20005
1-202-973-3000
http:www.naral.org
naral@naral.org

The Religious Coalition for Reproductive Choice
1025 Vermont Ave. NW. Ste. 1130
Washington, DC 20005
1-202-628-7700
http:www/rcrc.org/

Many Planned Parenthood centers are now offering medical abortion as an alternative to surgical abortion.



Little League Coach: Joe Banks from Avail

Joe Banks plays guitar for Richmond, Virginia's Avail. He also happens to be one of the first people I had heard of who had a kid and was an active punk rocker. So, when this "Punks with Families" issue started to come together, I wanted to make sure I included him. After some email disasters, this interview was conducted over the phone. By Tom H.

MRR: How many children do you have?
Joe: I have one. He is seven.
MRR: If I recall correctly, didn't Avail break up around '92 because you were going to be having your son?
Joe: Yeah.
MRR: What was it about having a kid that made you think you wouldn't be able to do the band?
Joe: The band took up so much time—that was one issue. And I had a better job opportunity up in Northern Virginia. I moved back there for about eight months. There were all these new changes going on, so I just basically quit everything and tried to get my act together, for the kid. I was really scared out of my mind. That's the reason I quit the band, just to focus on working.
MRR: Why did Avail get back together?
Joe: Well, I was up in Northern Virginia and my wife (at the time) and I were coming down to Richmond a couple times a month because all of our friends were down here. Finally, we just decided one day that we weren't going back to Northern Virginia. We found an apartment down here, and I found a job, and we just decided to see if we could put it back together.
MRR: Was there anything in particular that made you change your mind about the ability of raising a child and being in Avail?
Joe: He's here now, and this is how everything works, and this is what needs to be done. We finally figured out that OK, you can have the kid and also have a life. Still pursue the things you want to do. Just find a good balance in everything and that was mainly it. We moved back to Richmond and (I don't remember exactly how) we got the band back together. It was probably just, "hey let's get together and play," and it seemed to work out. We slowly just started doing practices again and started playing shows. It just took off from there.
MRR: About how many months of the year does Avail tour?
Joe: It varies. I know we were out off and on between May and November last year. I know the year before was probably the worst, where we were out about half the year. In '98, right after a record was released. We'll have another record released in late June, which will be back to back with three tours. It varies year by year with what's going on, and when we're writing a record, and when we're just touring off of one. We've been home now since the beginning of November.
MRR: How does that impact raising your son and being around your son?
Joe: There are definitely the good points. When I am home, I have a lot more free time. We practice when he is at school in the middle of the day. So it works out nice. I can go and pick him up from school and take him to school and go to all of his school parties. Both Tim (singer of Avail) and I coached his little league soccer team a couple of years ago, and I'm planning to do that again. It allows me a lot more flexibility in what I can do with him. I'm not stuck in a 9 to 5 rut where I go to work, get home from work, see my kid for an hour and a half, and then put him to bed. Weekends come, and you're too busy because you have to catch up on everything you couldn't do during the week because you were working. So, all in all, it benefits our relationship. But when I'm gone for five weeks straight it sucks.
MRR: Lots of phone calls?
Joe: Oh yeah. You ought to see what my European phone bills looked like.
MRR: How do you think your involvement and your exposure to different ideas in punk has affected the way you've raised your kid?
Joe: That's a hard one. I wouldn't label myself a punk. Of course I agree with some of the ideals. A lot of it I agree with, a lot of it I don't agree with. It's a matter of pooling from all your different resources. I don't think there has been one influence that has been bigger than another. The type of music that I play, and the type of band that I play in, for the most part has been a little better on the ethics side of music. That's a hard question. I just raise him, in lot of aspects, in the way I was raised—by a mother who definitely wasn't into punk. I'm sure I've taken some of the things I've learned from being in a band and passed them down to him.
MRR: Are there ways you've decided to raise your son that people you play with or who buy your records might be taken aback by?
Joe: You know, I don't think so. He leads, for the most part, a fairly normal life. Or should I say, a typical life. We live in the city, so he is a city kid. The area around us is mixed up class-wise and race-wise. You have half-a-million dollar homes three blocks from us, and then a block the other way, some of the homes just look like shacks and they're falling down. I think the area that we live in, the people are so diverse, that everybody who looks at him and looks at us just see regular people doing their thing.
MRR: As far as interacting with more regular day-to-day parents, has it been difficult explaining what you do?
Joe: It seems like most of the parents that I interact with take interest in it. Mainly, I think, because it isn't a typical job that most people have. They find the traveling very interesting. Usually most of the questions are about "where have you gone?" and "what's it like being away from Beau for so long?" So, I just tell them where I've been and tell them "well, it sucks." It does pay the bills, and pays for the insurance. We're just trying to make ends meet like everyone else.
MRR: How do you feel about spankings?
Joe: I'm not opposed to it. It *really* depends on what the situation is. I think it's probably only appropriate five percent of the time. I can't even remember the last time I spanked Beau.
MRR: I think some people automatically associate spanking with a pretty rough situation.
Joe: There is a difference between spanking and beating your kid. Spanking should not leave any kinds of permanent marks or welts, or anything like that. I think the last time I spanked Beau, he was probably two years old. It was probably for something that I could not convey any other way except putting my hand on his butt.

Oliver Gauge

MRR: What other kinds of discipline or rules do you use to set boundaries?
Joe: Usually his punishments just consist of having stuff taken away from him. I've been lucky that he's a fairly well-behaved child. There hasn't been too much trouble. He lied to his teacher one time last year, so he was getting it for about a week, where there was stuff taken away from him, to try and instill in him that there are certain things that just will not be tolerated. There's really not too much trouble with him. I don't have a brat child really. I'm very thankful for that.

MRR: Do you bring your son to any of your shows?
Joe: Yeah, when we play in Richmond or the DC area, he'll come to the shows. It's difficult for him, because usually by the time we're playing he's fast asleep. Last time we played in Virginia Beach I looked over and he was sitting on a bench ten feet away from everything dead asleep. He's grown up with the whole music and band stuff, and bands coming to our house. I don't think it really phases him. Music, at this point, doesn't really seem to interest him that much. He likes it, but it's no big deal. It's just what his dad does for a living. No different from anyone else as far as he's concerned.

MRR: You're divorced from his mother?
Joe: Correct.

MRR: What kind of impact did that have at first? Is it something that has smoothed out, or does it add difficulty to raising your son?
Joe: It will always make matters more difficult. We live a block and a half away from each other. We have a schedule that is down pat. It's split pretty much 50/50 as far as time goes. The courts were never involved, and there were never any custody fights or any of that stuff. That aspect was extremely smooth. There really has not been too much fighting or disagreements, anymore than people would have who were still married. We somehow manage to get along well enough to try and keep everything smooth.

MRR: Does your son have a current book or TV obsession?
Joe: Pokemon!

MRR: Anything and everything Pokemon?
Joe: Oh, god yes. It's a scourge. So that is his main thing. Before that was trains. He had a complete and utter obsession with trains. He liked Thomas the Tank Engine. Everybody had train names. Me, his mother, and all of our friends. We would be referred to by our train names. We have a lot of railroad tracks and crossings in Richmond. We'd drive down to the train yards and look at the trains. If he saw a train passing, we'd have to stop so he could stare at it. He had all the metal trains and wooden trains. You name it, we probably had it.

MRR: Did he get into the Barney stuff?
Joe: The Barney stuff didn't last too long. We watched the videos a little bit, but beyond that, it never really amounted to anything, thank god.

MRR: Anything else to add?
Joe: No... It's fun being a father. Probably the best thing that ever happened to me in my life. ★

Don't Kid Yourself, You'll Never Be Ready

by Ken Fury

Are kids "punk"? I guess that depends on your definition of punk. If your definition were anything like mine, your answer would be, hell yes! If your idea of punk has anything to do with doing whatever you want to do and not giving a fuck what anybody else thinks, then kids are just about as punk as it gets. If punk to you is a teaching and learning process then kids are definitely punk. If a four year-old with a mohawk flashing you the "metal horns" while standing in his Power Rangers Underoos isn't punk, you must be a jaded old fuck who's lost their sense of youth. After all, isn't punk mainly about being young and having fun?

Flash back to 1994. I'm twenty years old, standing in the garage during band practice, talking to my "brother" Jeff. My then girlfriend, Molly, comes out of the bathroom and tells me she has something she needs to talk to me about in private—she had to tell me she was pregnant. Band practice was cut short. Playing the typical reactionary, insensitive male asshole role, I did my best to get her to have an abortion, but this was out of the question for her (no, she's not a "Pro Lifer"). So now my options were limited to sticking around to be a part of this child's life, or bailing out like my father did. Since I already knew what the bail out scene was like, I chose to stick around and try something new—fatherhood. Fortunately for me, Molly stuck with my lame ass, and now we're married. We've been together for seven years this June, and she continues to be my lover, soulmate, and best friend for life.

Fast forward to the present. Molly and I have two beautiful, bright, mischievous, rowdy, bratty, flirty, most lovable children. That first one, that came into my life by ending band practice for me, is now four years old going on twenty. His name is Oliver Gauge, but he goes by Gauge. On September 24th this year, he'll be five. He likes flirting with girls that are usually between fifteen and thirty. He likes soccer, skateboarding, and wrestling with dad. Gauge really likes music and he keeps telling me that he wants to be a rock star (he's four, what do you expect?) When I'm listening to records, he likes to listen to Dystopia, Neurosis, Death Wish Kids, And Area 51. When mom is around, he likes the Bucky's (Sacto), Fugazi, Citizen Fish, the Fugees, the Beastie Boys (his favorite), and... the Backstreet Boys (uuuaggghhh!). We took him to his first indoor show earlier this year; it was Citizen Fish and Mark Bruback. I was impressed to find that he actually seemed interested in watching Mark speak. He had a blast hanging out on my shoulders and watching the band play while we danced.

Our second one is our daughter Olivia Paige—Livvy, for short. On August 2nd this year, she'll be two. Red hair and green eyes. I'm in trouble. She definitely fits the stereotypical redhead temper; full of fire and stubborn as hell. This one is without a doubt my troublemaker. Her hobbies include making goofy faces and

Olivia with finger in nose

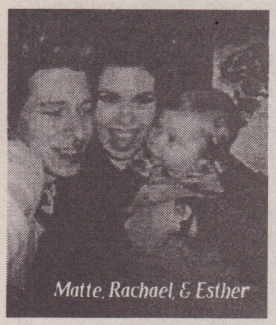
getting into absolutely everything that she's not supposed to. Livvy really likes Bad Brains, Fugazi, Dystopia, the Fugees, And the *Cry Now Cry Later* comps. She is completely obsessed with puppies and likes to put our cat in a headlock while she "meows" to her.

For anyone who is going through a pregnancy right now, male or female, weigh out your options carefully. Unfortunately, these days people that should have never been parents are having children (and have been for quite some time) and people that would make great parents usually don't want their own children. If you're one of those "I'm waiting till I'm ready" types, don't kid yourself. You'll never be ready, but you can have them while you're still young and able to relate to their mischief and fun. Don't let anybody else influence your decision on whether or not to have kids. It's your life that will be affected, not anyone else's. Even though the male in a traditional relationship should have some effect on the decision to have a child or not, I firmly believe it is ultimately the woman's choice. Her body, her choice.

So, maybe you're wondering after reading this if I'm happy. Maybe you don't care. I'm going to tell you anyway. I am happy with my decision to stick around with Molly and be a part of my kids' lives. Life is a lot harder now than it was five years ago, but in a good way, if that makes sense. I do get pissed off and saddened sometimes, though, when I look around and see the bullshit that goes on all over the world. I often wonder what kind of mess these two and the rest of the children are going to inherit. The kids are the future. All we can do is love them.. all of us. Kid power! ★

A Different Approach

by Matte Resist



Matte, Rachael, & Esther

Dorothy Day once wrote, "In spite of strikes and brutality, controversy and war, this world is filled with joy and beauty and the children bring it to us anew and help us to enjoy it through their eyes." I was just explaining to a friend the other day just how much my life has changed since my daughter Esther was born. She is almost two years old now, and it took me almost that long to really adjust. When she was first born, I thought I would go crazy. I had spent close to five years going from job to job and town to town, and really shirking every responsibility that I could. I lived with four other guys in a three-bedroom place in Minneapolis. Rent was cheap that way, and bills split five ways amount to almost nothing. I got a lot of my food out of dumpsters, or the cheapest possible food at the grocery store, which meant I had to work very little to make ends meet. This left me a lot of time to go gallivanting around all over the country.

When I got married, nothing really changed (at first.) Rachael and I bought a van, stored all our stuff at our parent's house, and hit the road. We ended up out in California where we lived with (leeched off) friends for almost two months. About that time, I got sick. Incredibly sick. So sick that they quarantined me in the tin porch where Rachael and I had been sleeping at night so I wouldn't get the kids sick. This went on for days. I don't remember how it started. But I ended up with a sore throat that was so bad, I couldn't even eat. After a week, a friend paid for me to see a doctor. (I had been planning to get a job just before I got sick, because we were out of money. When I got sick I couldn't work, and we couldn't get medical assistance because we weren't residents.) It was about this time that we found out Rachael was pregnant. Rather than leech off our friends any longer (they could hardly afford to live without us leeching off them) we decided to leech off Rachael's parents, who loaned us enough money to get home. To their home, where we lived for the next two months. But I was much too sick to drive, and by this time looked like a skeleton. Those of you who know me, and how skinny I am—imagine me having lost twenty pounds! Then imagine that my intense vomiting made my eyes hemorrhage, so that I had not only black eyes, but that the whites of my eyes were pools of blood! I was in pretty bad shape. Suffice it to say, things did not get better very quickly. I didn't even have a permanent job until two days before Esther was born.

This was the prelude to my first child. And although when she was born, a lot of my fears were mellowed, I was still incredibly selfish, and wanted to be on the road and switching jobs and being irresponsible. But I couldn't do that anymore, and at times I thought I would go mad. I could no longer be good for nothing. I had responsibilities.

Now, I think it is the best thing that has ever happened to me. It's funny—I really thought that I was doing something to better the world before we had Esther. I don't know what I thought I was doing. I had my ideas of how things should be, and I wrote about them in my zine, but that was about it. And I was completely unaware that I was totally selfish, and that none of my actions would promote a better life for myself or anybody else. Punks seem to think that growing old and more mature is a such a terrible thing. You get this impression from talking to punks that the day they stop going into the pit will be the day they die. We love to protest! We love to dress strangely and yell and scream to the choir about how unjust and cruel the world is. But we rarely do anything about it. Now that I have a child and have been forced to mature, I see what a shortsighted view that all is. What will happen to them when they're too old to dance in the pit anymore? When they're too old to be in a band?

Matte & Esther

Now I've started to look at things in different ways. I started to think, what is going to be best for my child? How can I make this world a better place to live in, for her and for everyone else? What can I really do? I'm starting to realize that more often than not, it's the little things we do that really make a difference. It's the things that we do in our own lives, and among our own friends, that can affect the biggest change. If I say that I am against corporations and big business, why do I shop at a grocery store instead of finding a co-op, or shop at Walmart instead of the Salvation Army? If i say I care about the plight of the poor, what am I doing about it? If I say that I believe that we should all live in a community, why don't I help provide for the needs of my friends when I am able? Having a child has really helped me see what is important in life. In my life, providing for my wife and child takes priority. And not just food, and material necessities, but time and love. And that means that instead of writing this at a coffee shop some afternoon, I am writing it at almost 1am after everyone has gone to bed. It means that instead of going to shows on weekends, we do stuff that often includes Esther. It means that instead of running around the country all summer, I plant a garden (and teach my child how). It means that instead of doing things solely for myself, I do things that benefit my family, and my community. It means that when I do dishes, I feel honored to do my part, not pissed because someone else can't do them.

Having a child really forced me to stop focusing on myself and my own desires. And once that happened, I started to see a lot of things in a new light, and it all began to make sense. Like non-violence (and anarchy in general). I used to be kind of a Bakuninist, and believed in armed rebellion or violent overthrow. But then I started to look at Anarchy as a whole, as a way to help the community, and not just a way to help myself to the community. Now I am a firm believer in non-violence. But at the same time, having a wife and child makes that really difficult. It's easy to say, "I won't defend myself with violence," it's harder to say "I won't defend my loved ones either (with violence)." And could I desire to see a person who killed my loved ones rehabilitated, instead of fueling my desire for revenge? There are things that I think are really important, and that I want to be involved in, like tax resistance. But if I don't pay my taxes, will I be able to support my family from prison? There are a lot of things that having a child makes difficult. But had I not had a child, many of those things might not have mattered to me anyway. And I probably would have continued down the same road, becoming more self-destructive and self-indulgent as time went on. The sense of responsibility I gained from being a father spilled over into other areas of my life, and I feel I'm a better person for it.

I could go on and on about this. Having a child has changed more than one column's worth of material in my life. And I am not advocating that people run out and have kids so they can look at things more maturely. (obviously!) I'm saying, when you're out there screaming about justice, try to think about somebody besides your stupid self! And I might also be saying, stop screaming and start doing! All our protests, all our yelling and screaming will do nothing if we can't live the way we advocate in small ways in our own lives. There are things you can do only when you're young, and things you should do when you have the chance. But that doesn't mean life is over when you can no longer spend half your life in jail for protesting. It might have done me well to try to envision myself past the age of 25, or with a child. It probably wouldn't have worked anyway. It's probably just a step you have to take when you get there. I guess, it's cliche as all hell, but true... you go through changes as you get older, and it's not necessarily bad, just different. I'm more active now that I ever was. I'm just using a different approach. ★

I Did it on Purpose! *an interview with Ruth Schwartz (Mordam Records)*

Ruth Schwartz is a busy lady! When she's not pulling her hair out about the latest shit-talking in MRR about other members in the Mordam stable, she's got two little ones to take care of. Interview by Tom H., with help from Sean Sullivan.

MRR: How many children do you have, and what are their ages?
Ruth: I have two children. One who is ten, and one who is two.
MRR: What do you do for a living?
Ruth: I run Mordam Records, a record distribution company. Record and *magazine* distribution company. The very distributor of *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*.
MRR: If my mathematics are correct, you were pretty well into Mordam before kids came along?
Ruth: Yes, I've been doing Mordam for eighteen years.
MRR: If you can think back to when you first became pregnant, what kind of thoughts went through your head at that point?
Ruth: Well, I tried to get pregnant, I did it on purpose. Both my pregnancies were very determined. Although, probably two months before I got pregnant, in deciding to do it (because it didn't take me long the first time) I asked myself, "Well, if you want to do this, what are you waiting for?" What does one wait for, to make the decision to get on with that? Got a partner, got enough money. Some people wait for money. Well. if you have an OK job, you have enough money. You can wait until you're rich, but that's just an excuse. And I wanted to have a kid. So I thought everything was there.
MRR: Do you think that with the way you run Mordam or make business decisions...did the responsibility of having children change the way you look at things business-wise?
Ruth: Well...I don't think so. But I know people who would argue against me. I think now, I think in terms of the fact that I have to raise my children for a long time and so I have to make a living. So, in that way, I'm going to make the living that best accommodates all of those things. Maybe before, I thought, oh, well if my job doesn't work out, I'll go do something else. Now, it's probably taken twelve years to go, well, it's not a bad living. It's as good as it can be so I'm just going to stick with it.
MRR: What kind of impact do you think your involvement and exposure to different ideas in punk has affected the way you've decided to raise your children? If at all?
Ruth: I think that the way I was raised had more to do with the way I raise my children. I find that situations come up, for both me and my partner, that scream "punk." My daughter is a pop music fanatic and she seems to come to this whole music thing pretty naturally. And probably one of the first situations was "Honey, maybe now is not the time to play the Queers." (laughter) This person's parents might not appreciate all of the words in these songs." So, we had to teach a certain appropriateness. "Well, that's something that *we* might do in the car, but it may not be something that everyone appreciates." My daughter's best friend told me what I considered to be a racist joke. That, to me, was the moment of realizing that I might be the only influence in that kid's life that is not going to laugh at that joke. And who is going to say something different than all of the other adults who told her that joke to begin with. So, I very carefully, without trying to chase this child away, had to tell a nine year-old, "That racist joke isn't funny to me. Let me change the punch line. What if I said little blonde girls with blue eyes, instead of people who speak Spanish or are from Mexico." I don't know if she got it entirely, but I felt that it was a really important presence to make. So, there is that kind of range for me. Parents don't always teach kids to do the right thing, or think differently from the status quo.
MRR: How did your own upbringing and childhood experiences determine how you were going to raise your child? Were there things you weren't going to do that your parents did? Have you found yourself becoming your mother or father in ways that you didn't expect?
Ruth: All of those things, everyday. I don't fight with my kids about food. That was my battle with my mother. Rene doesn't fight with them about how many piercings they want. That was his fight. We compromise there. I still don't think a ten year old should go to school with makeup on. She doesn't agree. Is that like my mother? Probably a little like my mother. So, yeah, everyday I come up against things that I learned. I think that it's always being conscious of what are your own quirks, versus your parents' quirks, versus allowing your children to be people and not be little possessions or pets. I hope that the difference in my children is that they're people and they need to be who they are.
MRR: Your partner is from Europe, correct?
Ruth: Yes.
MRR: Have there been any cultural clashes in parenting decisions?
Ruth: Yeah. Kids in Europe drink a lot more alcohol than kids are allowed to here. That is my own training that I have to undo. They're allowed to, I think, be a lot freer than they are here. Here, I think it is a matter of safety. Safety is a big issue. I think in Europe it is a lot safer for kids to be out and be among people of all ages. And here, kids have to be watched every minute. So, we went up against that every once in a while.
MRR: So it's not so much your American viewpoint and his European viewpoint, as much as it is your understanding of what is going on in America?
Ruth: I think so. The educational standards in Europe are much higher than they are here, certainly in California. He tends to have a much more rigid requirement for what he expects. He holds them to a different standard.
MRR: Is your ten year-old in public or private school?
Ruth: Public. But we live in a rural community. There are only 85 kids in her school.
MRR: What if you were in an urban environment?
Ruth: That's one of the reasons I left an urban environment.
MRR: For your children?
Ruth: Yes.
MRR: Was that something you prepared for before you had your children?
Ruth: No, I just realized after I had a kid headed for school, that I am a proponent of the public school system on one side and on the other side I couldn't tolerate the public school system in the urban areas. You fight the belief system you have versus protecting your child. It's all fine and dandy to do the right thing, but when you are putting another individual in danger or giving them a sub-adequate education, at best, you gotta weigh that. I thought that in order to stay in an urban environment, I would have to put her in a private school, and I was very uncomfortable

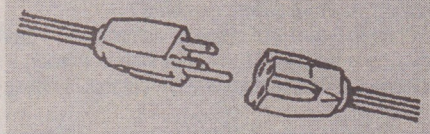
parenthood

FAMILY PLANNING RESOURCES

LAWS REGARDING TEENS ACCESS TO ABORTION SERVICES AND BIRTH CONTROL

A minor can receive contraceptive information and services without parental permission, but the law in many states requires her to inform a parent or receive parental consent before it will allow an abortion. The laws vary from state to state. Sometimes another adult is allowed to give the necessary consent. The Supreme Court has ruled, however, that there must be another option to parental notification or consent for a minor. It is called "judicial bypass." In judicial bypass, a judge can either rule that the young woman is mature enough to make this decision without her parents or that she is not mature enough to make this decision without informing them. If you have more specific questions about the laws in your state, call your nearest Planned Parenthood.

The National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League (NARAL) has a document titled, "Who Decides? A State-By-State Review of Abortion and Reproductive Rights," on its Web site.



with that.

MRR: Are there other instances that had you compromise or rethink your belief systems?

Ruth: I think every day of having kids is a battle about remembering that they are people, and that they are going to have their experiences in the world, and that all you are doing is helping to guide them to their first experiences in the world. So, I have to relearn my thoughts every day sometimes.

MRR: Do you find that you like children in general, or do you just prefer your own children? When your kids go to a birthday party or when you are hosting one or a sleepover or events like that, do you like being around other kids?

Ruth: I do. Most children. Not all of them (laughter), but most I really do. It's a little more complicated now that I have two, because I'm just a little bit more burnt. But I like my house full of kids, and I like my kids to think that they have a house where all the kids can come and can hang out and be themselves. Sometimes I burn out on that to and say no, everyone goes home. But I like having all the kids around, and I like knowing the kids.

MRR: You mentioned being burnt in some instances with your youngest, do you notice yourself letting the youngest one...

Ruth: Not as strict with the youngest one? (laughter). Oh, yes. I'm not worried about dirt anymore. I'm not worried about colds and runny noses anymore. I don't worry if he eats all the food on his plate. There are things that you just don't care about anymore because the first child is so precious that you think anything wrong with them is something majorly wrong. And then you learn that they get through all of this stuff. So, I'm definitely lax. I know a lot of people—this could be considered a punk attitude—want to protect the children from any kind of commercialism. For instance, I know parents who, in an effort to protect their child from commercialism, will not put them in public schools or let them watch television. Protect themselves from all sorts of media contact. I enjoy so many parts of the media, I'll let my kids enjoy whatever they're going to enjoy. But I find that I am much more lax with the second one. You like Winnie the Pooh, cool. Blue's Clues? Great! We're down for Blue's Clues. (laughter) I just don't care about that stuff. I'm just excited about whatever he's excited about.

MRR: (Sean) Do you think that you were stricter with your first child about that kind of stuff?

Ruth: Yes, I was stricter about foods. I was stricter about media. Stricter about a number of different things. Or just being tense about dirt or disease (laughter). I think that birth order does count for something. As does gender. I hate to admit it, but gender does count for a lot. I'm sorry, but my daughter likes dolls and my son likes balls, and I didn't tell them to. (laughter) But one has a lot of estrogen and one has a lot of testosterone. My daughter plays soccer, and I don't know what he'll be doing—he's two. I'm sure he'll have some other side to him as well. But yes, it is a little less strict.

MRR: How do you feel about spanking?

Ruth: Don't do it. I don't like physical violence and I dislike any kind of attack of somebody who is bigger on somebody who is smaller. It's an unfair fight, period. Don't go there. I understand frustration, but that is not anywhere anybody should go.

MRR: How do you set boundaries with your children and how do you get the little bit of discipline you need?

Ruth: Discipline is a huge issue. You start with time outs. I now have a two year-old who digs in his heels and says "No! No!" I'm struggling with that every day. "Yes, you will stop what you are doing right now." He's a terror. Whereas my daughter was easier to scare. (laughter) This kid is not easy to scare at all. He is very stubborn. So, each child is different. I read a book when my daughter was three, because my daughter was not a "terrible two," she was a terrible three. I thought I was going to die getting through the threes. This kid is two and he is a terror. He's very sweet but he's a terror. I read a book during that time which is called *How to Listen So Your Kids Will Talk, and How to Talk So Your Kids Will Listen*. I was very attracted to that title, and every time it gets hard, I go back to this book and it gives me some fresh idea about communicating with children. Its philosophy is based on the idea that punishment doesn't work. It's all about making that connection of what your needs are and what is the right thing to do for each other to make it work mutually. And it's age appropriate. But I find that it works for adults too.

The whole punitive approach, I hate it. I see ten year old children who spend 75% of their time being "grounded." I feel sorry for those kids, and I feel that it engenders all of those things that we hated about growing up, which is "I don't want to trust adults and I don't want to talk to adults because if I do bad things happen to me." Having punishments that have nothing to do with the crime. If there is an obvious punishment, like, you broke that so you're paying for it, or you broke that you're going to fix it. You're hitting me, you need to stop that—those things seem logical to me. Punitive behavior, just for the sake of punitive behavior, that's what our whole society is based on. I think it rubs on kids wrong. I try not to do it. Every time I get angry and want to do something just to show them that I'm bigger than them and I can make them stop, I try to go to the book (laughter) find some creative way of dealing with it.

MRR: (Sean) Do you find that it works most of the time?

Ruth: The times that I've really followed through on what they've suggested, I thought it worked great. My daughter was four or five, and she had this thing where she would go in my bedroom and mess it all up. She would play her games in my bedroom and I would walk into my bedroom and it would be completely trashed. Keep in mind that this child has a big house to live in, and her own bedroom. She has all this space outside to play in, but for some reason, everyday she trashed my bedroom. And I started to get mad about it. "Don't do that! Time out! I'm mad at you!" It was like this every day for a month. And every day she'd go back in and trash my bedroom. I was incredulous as to why this was going on, so, I read the book and I did a basic brainstorming exercise with her. Tell me all of the solutions you can think of so I don't have to be mad about you trashing my room and you are getting what it is you want. And what is it that you want? Why is it that you are doing this? And we brainstormed everything and it was hard for her, and it's hard for adults. Well, one of the items of the brainstorming list was "you stop doing that" or "I get to do it and you don't get mad." (laughter) And everything in between. I had to make those suggestions to her, because she didn't think those were acceptable solutions. That's the thing about brainstorming, you get to think of everything. She finally, through the process, told me why she was doing this. She was doing it because she was playing a particular make-believe game and her room didn't have enough space in it and my room had more. I was like "Is that it? That's what we went through all of this about? Well, why don't we rearrange the furniture in your bedroom so you have more room to play." "*Really?*" (laughter) "Yeah, and you can go into the garage and play." "Well, Dad doesn't like for me to go into the garage and mess up his stuff there." "Well, how about we get Dad to agree that if you ask permission, you can go in the garage and play." And that was it. We went into her room the next day and rearranged it. I would never have even thought of it, I would have never even known that it was as simple as rearranging furniture. So, I thought it was brilliant.

MRR: Is there anything that you had to give up when you had kids that you miss?

Ruth: You mean like time for myself? Sometimes I miss it. Sometimes I look at my non-parent friends and wonder what they do with all that time.

MRR: Do you find with your youngest in the house, that Barney or Raffi is played more often than a punk record?

Ruth: Absolutely. In the car. But it's different. See, with the first one, we were Barney'd out. And I like Barney because I know all of those songs. I think that if you sing to your kids and play them Barney or whatever else that interests them...that is why my daughter is listening to music now. Of her own choosing. But now the little kid gets drowned out because he has a big sister playing the Backstreet Boys. But, she loves MTX and the Ramones and the Queers.

MRR: (Sean) How did dealing with all of the people at Mordam get affected by having kids? Do you find that all the lessons you've learned from raising kids, like punitive action not working at all, apply?

Ruth: Oh yeah, some of the people I work with are just like my kids! (laughter)

MRR: And that goes for labels and zines, too?

Ruth: Yeah. Kids are just little versions of the grown up people. We all learn this stuff when we are growing up and some of our parents were better at it than others. We all come from a certain amount of dysfunction, so a lot of the adults that we deal with are just dealing with all of this stuff that they've grown up with. They didn't get the right help when they were growing up or whatever.

MRR: Anything else?

Ruth: Punk, or not punk, I just hope that parents realize that their children are people. I think that is the hardest thing for parents, and I have to do it too. When your kid is screaming and yelling at you, and you're going, "I'll give you something to cry about." (laughter) Well, maybe he does have something to cry about. It gives you some perspective on what it's like to be a little person.

(after some goading from Ruth)

MRR: Ok, I'll ask the question that most of the readers are thinking. In a world of such limited resources and such bleak futures, why would you bring two kids into it, Ruth?

Ruth: On my optimistic days, it's because there is a future. On my pessimistic days, it's because, goddamn it, this is my life and I want to get everything I can out of my life. I'm only here for this little speck of time and I want to know everything about it. I had kids because I wanted to experience having kids. I got to give birth. Not once but twice. That's incredible. Absolutely awesome. And I can't imagine going through my life without a family. What a drag. Family's everything. And that's on my pessimistic days! (laughter)

MRR: (Sean): Did being involved in punk discourage you from having children?

Ruth: Oh, it was way not cool. It was absolutely frowned upon.

MRR: (Sean) Were you frowned upon once you had them?

Ruth: I think so. Tim made it real clear to me. (laughter) ★

Is There Such a Thing as a Punk Parent?

At first the term "punk parent" may seem like an oxymoron, like "military intelligence." And why not, with lyrics to songs like "I'm gonna stay young, until I die?" Parenting at least implies the passing of the torch from one generation to the next. Many punk lyrics express rejection of the types of stabilizing attributes we're told inform good parenting, as part of the territory. The question than becomes; is there such a thing as a "punk parent"? Interview by Bilbo.

Jon, a long-time Hamilton, Ontario punk rocker, enthusiastically tells people about being a new parent to his daughter, Chloe, through his upstart zine Diet Society. Jon was the one to contact me about doing this article, so I was surprised at his initial answers to these questions: What is a punk parent? Is he one? Does he even define himself as a punk?

Jon: I guess, not, if punk rock is Green Day and all that sort of stuff. I've sort of grown out of it, by virtue of growing up. There are many things I do that revolve around punk, but it's no longer the be all and end all of my life. By the original definition of punk—the sort of antagonistic, nihilistic '77 version of punk—to be a parent is a total dichotomy; an opposite. It probably would never have happened.

If some of your values rely on (your definition of) punk—do you expect Chloe to adopt punk rock when she's older?

Jon: Certainly not. In a way, I hope she doesn't. For me to force my views onto my daughter seems to me to be in serious conflict of one of the ideas of punk—an open mind, an ability to think for yourself, and challenging yourself; doing it yourself. To come to your own conclusion as to what and who you are. That's what punk rock was for me.

Still, what it means for a lot of punks comes from a sense of alienation from the major institutions in society, and the family features prominently in this. Alienation can be heard in the music we all know, in songs like (the less serious) "My Old Man's A Fatso" by the Angry Samoans. Or the (seriously intended) "I Hate the Families" by an Italian band, the War Dogs. Then there's Christ On Parade's resigned-sounding "Twenty Years." The Republic of Freedom Fighter's whole album seems to be about the family turned in on itself. Even MDC's "My Family's/A Little Weird" (which appears to be celebrating the weirdness), speaks to an alienation from family. So, if the families most punks come from alienate them, and the antidote to this is a childhood that's loving, hopeful, and creative, is there a need for further generations of punks?

Jon: That's really, I think, a noble goal. To be able to do that, I think, is a major success, something good that has come out of what started as a form of rebellious music. That's about positive change. You know what? If she doesn't feel the alienation, that means that we've done a good job, and we've been good parents. But if she feels like she wants whatever twelve or thirteen years from now will be the version of the Backstreet Boys—that's fine. As long as that's her choice and she's happy with it.. Seein' Red wrote on the inside of one of their record covers, "It's a very punk thing to raise a child in a DIY sort of way," and I couldn't agree more. It's a right and just thing to do, to try and raise a child with the child's best interest in mind.

By not wanting to impose your beliefs on your daughter, do you censor yourselves?

Katie: We play what we want to play, and it's just going to become—it is—a part of her life, because it is what she hears. It's not like one day we're going to make a conscious choice to sit her down and say hey, listen to this music. It's just on.

Katie & Chloe

by Jon K.

What if an older Chloe isn't doing what you thought she should, while in the background your copy of "Fuck Authority" by Raw Power is playing? Do you agree with "the family is not a democracy?"

Katie: Well it might be more of a democracy when Chloe can actually verbalize an opinion. Right now she's fourteen months. You can tell if she's upset or happy about something. But at this point she can't really verbalize what she wants or doesn't want. I think at the point where she grows and gains some responsibility, we can start working together to make decisions.

Jon: I would hope the majority of punks in 2000 would have enough political awareness and astuteness that if they're going to have a child, they can at least glean the ideas that political punk, anyway, has filtered down—to pass the concept of respect and equality on to your child, and to take it into your life, and try and lead your life with that set of values.

Katie: I just want her to develop naturally into the person that she wants to become, guided with a gentle hand, to make sure that she's safe, and hopefully intelligent, and, you know, well read. A basically, happy, safe child, that's going to grow up and turn into a respectable adult.

If Jon's zine is any indication, Chloe will do well in cut and paste at school! ★

Jon & Chole

by David Owen

Fathers' Rights

by Doug Grime

Back in 1994 I got involved in a long-distance relationship with a woman living in California. I only saw Linda for a few months, a handful of times, when I would pass through Humboldt County on trips south from my home in Portland, Oregon. But by the middle of that summer, I could tell Linda was taking the relationship much more seriously than I was, and I decided to call it off.

That's when Linda told me that she had become pregnant on her one and only trip up here to visit me that July.

To be brief, it was a nightmare. She seemed to think I was going to drop everything, move to California, and marry her. I was an angry and depressed drunk who didn't know the first thing about being a father. We argued brutally over the phone for months before our daughter, Sabra, was born the following April, and by that time had developed a relationship based on hate and mutual distrust. I won't lay blame or point fingers; we both fucked up hard early on, and we both tried at different times to find a solution that would give Sabra a father. But, in the end, things were just always up in the air between Linda and I; we didn't like or respect each other, and there didn't seem to be any way to solve that.

For the first two or three years of Sabra's life, my relationship with her was very touch-and-go. At times, Linda would encourage me to visit and would help me establish a relationship with Sabra. At other times, she would deny me access to Sabra, sometimes for months on end. Things never got any better. It was cyclic: a few months of us getting along, then a few months of almost no contact.

In May of 1997, Linda got married, and I consented to a "step-parent adoption." This basically meant that Linda's new husband, Rale, would become Sabra's legal father, I would be removed from the birth certificate, and I would no longer have any legal rights or responsibilities as a father.

Up until that time, I had never taken Linda to court to have any type of custody or visitation enforced by the court. I always felt that the problems Linda and I had were personal and that they couldn't be solved by the government. I knew that even if the custody battle wasn't brutal and damaging to Sabra, it still wouldn't make Linda and I like each other. We would always be forced to deal with that ourselves. So even if the court had said that I could see Sabra every other weekend or whatever, how those visits went and what they meant to Sabra would still depend on whether or not Linda and I ever learned to get along.

So, when Linda and Rale dragged me to court to have my rights and responsibilities as a father stripped from me, I agreed.

First and foremost, I wanted Sabra to grow up with a father. She was two going-on three when Rale came into the picture. I knew that if he was around for even a couple of years, she would always remember him as "Dad," and I wanted to cement that relationship as best I could. I felt that, given the bad blood between Linda and I, I would never be given the chance to become truly close to Sabra.

I also had a remote hope that consenting to the adoption would somehow let me get closer to Sabra. Between Linda and I there had always been the threat of a custody battle; Linda and I both knew that if I wanted to, I could take her to

court and most likely be granted custody and visitation rights. That set up a kind of power struggle between the two of us where Linda always allowed me just enough access to Sabra to keep me from suing for visitation. Sabra was stuck in the middle; a weapon to be used. I felt if that threat were gone, totally gone, then we could be more honest with each other, that we could stop being at war, and start working with each other.

Lastly, I felt and feel that the government is totally incapable of solving people's personal problems. It can enforce a set of rules by saying that it is the law that I be allowed to see Sabra, but it can't ever make Linda and I get along with each other.

The government first became involved when Linda applied for welfare. Because I lived in Oregon and Linda and Sabra lived in California, the government would not allow me to pay child support directly to them. According to the law, California had to determine an amount I owed and submit that amount to an Oregon judge. That judge would then approve the amount and send it to the DA's office, who would contact my boss and directly attach my wages. There was only one way around this process; if there was no back balance, then Linda and I could agree on an amount and method of payment, which I could send directly to her.

The problem is that the whole process took so long that by the time an amount was agreed upon and okayed by an Oregon judge, I owed over a thousand dollars in back child support. The government began taking a third of my pay in order to "pay itself back" for Linda's welfare money. Sabra didn't see any of that money at all; their benefits didn't go up a cent. It also made it harder for me to afford visits to California to see Sabra.

Throughout, the process was set up to treat us like enemies. Money was the only form of responsibility ever discussed and there was never any room for us to learn to collaborate or work together. The government can deal with a child as a dollar amount, but it can't see past that.

So, I agreed to the adoption. I signed away my rights and hoped that somewhere in Sabra's family there would be room for a friend who loved her very much but had no legal right to demand anything.

It didn't happen. For two years, I called and sent letters to them and never got a single reply. And it hurt.

But at the same time, I felt like by refusing to use her as a weapon in a custody battle, by refusing to see her manipulated by her mother, or injured, I was finally able to give her something that only I could give.

People have a lot of stereotypes about fathers who aren't present in their kids' lives. They reduce the issue to money and call us "deadbeat dads," saying that we don't provide for our children. I won't argue that there aren't a lot of fathers out there who do try to avoid financial responsibility, leaving that burden on women and helping to create an underclass of impoverished single mothers. That misses my point, though.

What people should be talking about is not just whether or not a man helps pay the bills or not; they should be talking about how men can and should be active in all aspects of their children's lives. While a lot of men don't take up their share of the financial responsibility, just as many are robbed of their relationships with their kids. Often, we're sidelined by the courts, given visitation on weekends and holidays instead of on the daily basis that the mother receives. Or, when equal custody is granted, many mothers still prevent the father from seeing his kid regularly, leaving the father with the choice between not seeing his son or daughter, or taking the mother to court and having her charged with violating the custody ruling.

When I was still caught up in the cycle of trying to get Linda to allow me to visit Sabra, I got in touch with other fathers who had experienced similar situations. What they told me was that while "deadbeat dads" get a lot of press, very few people ever talk about the women out there who refuse to let their kids develop relationships with their fathers. And there are a lot of men out there who, even though a judge has granted them such-and-such as visitation, don't get to see or be with their kids as much as they should.

Like I said before, the court system can't do shit when it comes to fixing messed up relationships. If the parents hate each other, that's going to outlast any court battle.

The problem, at its core, is that we don't expect men to be involved in their kids' lives. Sure, we expect them to pay the bills, and when they don't, we call them "deadbeats" as a way of attacking their ability to live up to the traditional view of father-as-breadwinner. But no one ever gets sad or upset at the thought that the kid is being deprived of a father, being shorted one more person who should love and care for him or her. While men are expected to work and support the family, we are otherwise considered expendable.

Throughout my own ordeal, I felt like people were always waiting for me to run like hell and avoid any responsibility. One member of my family was nothing less than awestruck that I didn't demand a paternity test before agreeing to pay child support. When I went into the government offices trying to speed up the child support process, the bureaucrats there looked at me with open disdain as if to say, "Here's another one of those deadbeats." Even my friends seemed to look at the hell I was going through with a detachment that implied that if I did lose my struggle to be part of Sabra's life, it would be a natural, normal, and acceptable outcome for her to live with her mother-with-a-screw-loose, but never be able to see her dad again. A couple of friends told me bluntly that kids grow up without dads all the time and that it's perfectly OK.

Of course Sabra will survive. But we really need to unthink these stereotypes. If the mother were absent, no one would be asking about child support, but everyone would be astonished that the child was being raised without a mother. We need to assume from the beginning that men are just as central to their kids' lives. We need to assume that the fathers' lives will always be partially incomplete if they never see their kids or only see them sporadically. We need to assume equality and total involvement for both parents.

By the way, Linda and Rale are now divorced. During the custody battle, Linda accused Rale of molesting Sabra, a charge I'm sure is false. It was horrible to hear about second hand; it hurt Sabra, and the only thing it solved is that now Linda finally has Sabra all to herself. Go figure. But, Rale has started a trust fund for Sabra that she'll have access to when she turns eighteen. He's set it up so that, in order to get the trust fund, she'll have to also accept documents relating to her adoption. He's included letters from himself and friends and asked me to include letters and information for Sabra so that she can get in touch with me too if she wants. Only thirteen more years! ★

Athena Raven

Athena Raven

by Victoria (Damad) and David (Fishfur)

Athena Raven moshed into our lives in May of 1999. We had to rearrange every schedule and priority for her, and the sacrifice is more than worth it. She has been a rebirth for both of us, and bonding with her has been the best experience we ever could have imagined.

She has already been in samples and songs for both our bands, a movie with Keanu Reeves, a car crash, England, a major hurricane evacuation, and the thanks list of a Phobia CD. Not bad for only being nine months old. ★

ultrasonic manipulations during the recording of the *Burning Cold* CD

pickpocketing some old drunk at the mall

her friend Ian's dad was the drummer in Antischism. Initial state, and later, Damad

Foul Mouthed Brats?

by Kenny Kaos

Madison "Kaos"

When I was first asked to put some words down regarding my life as both a punk rocker and a father, I honestly didn't think I'd have much of a problem. I mean, seriously, how difficult could it be? I listen to punk rock—although I'm not sure that makes me a punk rocker. But wait a minute... I did do a punk rock radio show for a long time and I am fond of labeling people, so let's call me a "Punk Rocker." And I am a father—this one I'm sure of. So, I've got both the bases covered. Having convinced myself that I qualified as both a punk rocker and a father, I then started to wonder what the hell I was going to actually write about. A "How To" guide? Yeah, I'm a real fucking expert. A "Whether or Not To" guide? I might be of some assistance there, but ultimately you need to figure that one out on your own.

So I figured I'd just tell my story and throw in little bits of advice and philosophy along the way. Trust me—this is not expert advice, just personal experience. Way back in 1989, when I was 24 years old, I got married to this chick (let's call her "Jana") that I met while I was doing radio at KALX in Berkeley. Looking back, I figure that she was just another groupie looking to get rich on the Kenny Kaos gravy train. Bad choice, Jana. Anyway, after we'd been married for a little over a year; we decided that we wanted to have kids. She, being a female, had the maternal instinct, and I really liked sex, so it seemed like a perfect match.

To be honest, I don't really remember it being a "decision" that we came to. We just kind of did it. It seemed like that's what was supposed to happen—get married, have kids—so we did it. At any rate, in February of 1990, our first child, our daughter Madison, was born. Becoming a parent was many things. It was tiring, time consuming, expensive, and constraining. But it was also (and still is) tremendously fulfilling and satisfying.

We didn't wait long to have our second (and last) child. Alexander was born in June of 1991, just 16 months after Madison. The strain that one child can put on a relationship is significant. The strain that a second child can add is tremendous. Throw in the normal problems that arise in a relationship and a couple that never really learned how to communicate and the future ain't looking so bright. Not too long after Alex was born—a couple of years, maybe—Jana and I split up. It was tough for me because the romantic ideal of staying with the person you marry for life was something I had always dreamed of. Despite being into punk and opposed to most standards that society sets for us, I always bought into the monogamy/"true love" ideal (and still do, by the way). Anyway, Jana and I were history. Our split was fairly amicable, thankfully. She got the car. I got the wine and the record collection. We agreed to split the kids 50/50. She'd have them for a week and then I'd have them for a week. This has worked out pretty well over the years.

Madison is now nine and in the third grade. She's bright, artistic, extremely articulate, and loves to read. Alex is seven and in the second grade. He's charismatic, smart, active, and loves to play video games. They're both very social, get along well in crowds and can handle diverse situations. I can take them to the *MRR* house when I do my reviews and know they'll do fine. I can also take them to an opening at an art gallery and be confident they'll do equally as well. I'm saying this because I figure this means that I must have done something right along the way. I haven't done everything right, but overall I am proud of the job I have done; I'm pretty sure they think I'm pretty OK.

Many times I've had people question my parenting skills, perhaps with reason, but again, in the end, I think I've done a decent job. I tend to have a foul mouth and don't always tone it down when the kids are around. A lot of people (most?) don't think this is appropriate. I counter that it teaches the kids when the use of words like "fuck," "shit," and "asshole" is appropriate. So far I haven't received any calls from the principal's office.

One thing I have not done is raise them to be punk rockers. In other words, I don't dress them in little leather jackets or ripped jeans. Nor do I dye their hair pink or give them mohawks. (I do buy them Chuck Taylor's, however.) I have seen little kids around like that, but I figure that's a decision they need to make on their own. The whole idea of trying to force your kid to be a punk is very un-punk. My kids do, incidentally, like punk rock (they're particularly fond of the Mopes record right now)—along with shit like The Backstreet Boys and The Spice Girls. Don't get the idea that I'm just sitting by idly waiting for my kids to become whatever it is they will become. That is not the case. I am trying to mold them into being punk rockers, but feel that the best way to do this is be a little underhanded about it. (Everyone knows that the more you force something on a kid, the more they resist it.) And while I may be laid back enough to not force-feed them punk rock, there are certain things that I absolutely will now allow. For example, I will never allow Alex to have a "Mullet" haircut (a.k.a. "Hayward Hair" or "The Short-Long"), no matter how many other kids are doing it. Nor will Madison ever be allowed to wear clothes that scream "Come fuck me." And neither one of them will be allowed to wear pants with the waistline hanging around somewhere near the crotch area. I know, I know, you need to let a kid express himself or herself, blah, blah, blah. Not while they're living under my roof. (Now if they want to go get tattooed, that would be cool.)

Despite the fact that they are great kids, there has still been a tremendous opportunity cost associated with having them and trying to raise them properly. Opportunity cost is a fancy economics term I learned when I was at Cal. The concept here is that I've chosen not only to father the kids, but also to be a father to the kids. This second bit, being a father to the kids, prevents me from having the opportunity to do things that I might otherwise like to do. If it's my week to have the kids and I get a call on Friday night from Steve and the boys to head down

parenthood

FAMILY PLANNING RESOURCES

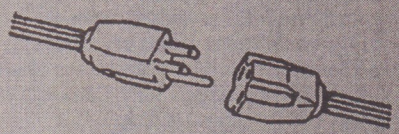
New Options: Male Pill?

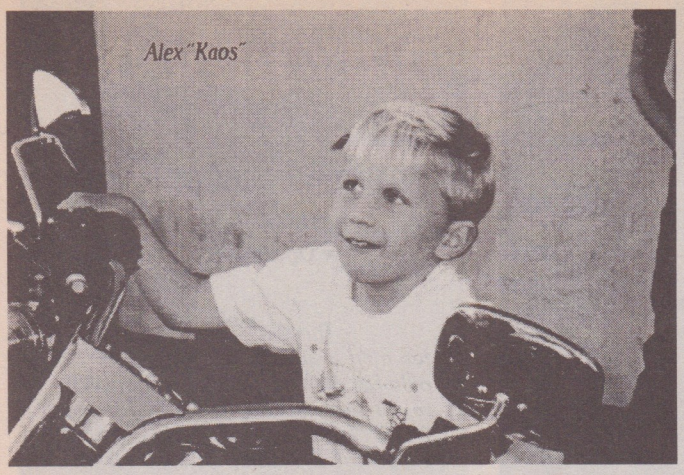
There is no birth control pill for men available, yet. Many potential pills for men are being developed by researchers around the world. The year 2005 seems to be the earliest we can expect the availability of a pill for men that provides reversible contraception by stopping sperm production. For more information about birth control pills for men and other contraceptive methods currently under development, you may want to contact:

The Population Council
One Dag Hammarskjold Plaza
NY, NY 10017
212-339-0500
email: pubinfo@popcouncil.org

AVSC International (Access To Voluntary and Safe Contraception)

79 Madison Avenue
NY, NY 10016
212-561-8000
email: info@avsc.org




Alex "Kaos"

to The Ruby Room for a cocktail and to look at chicks, I can't go. I suppose I could call a babysitter or try to make other arrangements, and once in a while I will do that, but generally I do the right thing and decline the invitation. Of course, that's not a huge sacrafice, but there are other examples that are more significant. I couldn't really take a job that would require that I travel a lot. And I couldn't just pick up and move to Bum-fuck, Maryland (or Chicago, for that matter) if I got the itch. I'm pretty much tied to living in the East Bay for at least the next ten to twelve years. I like the East Bay and probably wouldn't leave it anyway, but the point is that that is not an option for me.

Dating can be tough at times as well. Many women don't want to go out with a guy that has two kids. This is not entirely difficult to understand—for many reasons. And the difficulties don't end once you've found someone to date. Next, there's trying to figure out when to introduce this person to the children. You don't want to introduce them too quickly, as they have a tendency to get attached to people. At the same time, you don't want to wait too long or they might feel like you've been keeping secrets from them. Once you've cleared that hurdle, you've got to figure out boundaries and discipline issues. The bottom line, really, is that it makes a complicated situation even more complicated.

In wrapping things up, I suppose I should pose the question of whether or not I would do things differently if given the chance. The answer, of course, would be "yes." I mean "no." (Did you expect something different? Come on, who is really going to go on the record as saying they made the wrong choice?) I like my life and the choices I've made. I didn't necessarily choose the easy path, but I am satisfied with where it has gotten me. Would I encourage others to choose the same path or recommend following my recipe? Sorry. Can't help ya. You're on your own. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.★

Not Your Average Family

by Justin

I'm a twenty-four year-old father from San Jose, California. I've been in the punk scene since I was about twelve years old. I am currently serving time at the Nevada State Prison here in Carson City, NV. My daughter was only two and a half when I caught this case. Most people probably think, "what kind of father can you be from prison?" Well, that is why I am writing my story for you all to read.

I got my ol' lady pregnant while living in my 1970 Dodge Dart Swinger. I was eighteen years old, had a nice looking girl, a car that ran, and not a worry in the world. Life consisted of drinking beer, going to shows, getting laid, drinking more beer, and going to more shows. What more could an irresponsible fucker like myself ask for?

When Julia sat me down for that "talk" it changed my life for good. She told me that we needed to go to the Planned Parenthood clinic in the morning. I thought she was crazy. This had to be a mistake. So we went to see the doctor in the morning. We had a five minute talk about our "choices," and Julia went to pee in a cup. I guess we had to wait about twenty or thirty minutes before the doctor came back out. She told us that the test was positive and that Julia was definitely pregnant. Julia was totally freaking out by that time. Did I mention that we were both just kids? She was sixteen and I was eighteen. Wow! Kind of an overwhelming thing to hear at that age, huh? So the doctor asked us if we had thought about what we were going to do. She explained to us that we had three choices. We could keep the baby, give it up for adoption, or have an abortion.

Well, we both agreed that an abortion was out of the question. And seeing how I was living in a car and she was living at her parents' house, the chance of us successfully raising a child seemed unlikely. Adoption was the only choice left. There was some question as to whether it would be an open adoption or a regular adoption. In the end, it wouldn't really matter.

Well time went by. Julia's parents let her come home, since she was doing the adoption thing. I tried to get my act together a little bit. And everything seemed to be going as planned, right up until we went in for her five month check up. And let me tell you, this too was a life changing moment. When I heard that little baby's heart beating, there was no fucking way that I was going to let someone else take her away from me. To make matters worse, the doctor told us that the baby was a girl, and prints us out a little picture of the ultrasound. It turned out that we had an appointment with the adoption agency to make things final. We were supposed to sign some papers so we couldn't change our minds when the baby was born. She wanted to know if I would pick her up and take her to the place. I had other plans in mind. I just got on the freeway and started driving.

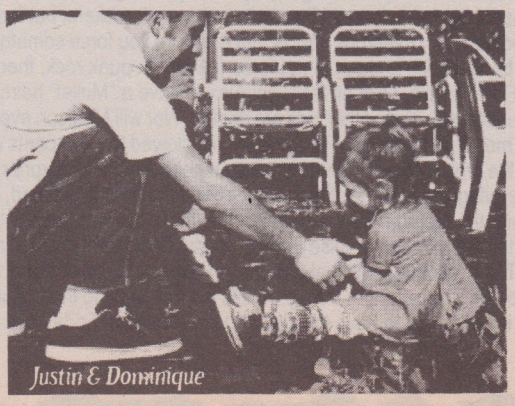
I kept driving until we ended up at a little beach off Highway 1 called Bonnie Doon. I always kept my two-man tent and sleeping bags in the trunk, so we made camp. We also made up. I apologized for being an asshole and she apologized for being a bitch, and we had some of that awesome freaky pregnant girl sex all night long. Needless to say, we missed our appointment and decided that we would keep this little girl and raise her the best we could. I got a couple of different jobs, she went to a school that would provide daycare, and once again things seemed to be going smoothly. The projected due date was July of '94. Well July came and went, and it was August. The date was set for August eighth. The next few days were kind of a drunken blur. I was so excited and nervous that I partied non-stop.

Well the time finally came to go to the delivery room. What a sight it was. I don't see how a woman could ever be shy again after going through an experience like that. Once the birth actually started, it was quick. She just shot right out. I thought for sure we were the proud new parents of some sort of alien, but once they cleaned her up she was the most beautiful little baby I had ever seen. That was and always will be the best day of my life. I spent the night and the next day there at the hospital with Julia and Dominique Rose. We decided I should go work with my dad and save up some money for a place. Julia had her baby come to stay every once and a while. Then it was just Dominique Rose getting dropped off for a few days. And somewhere, Julia decided I wasn't fit to be a father at "this time." I didn't have the money to take her to court and demand that I be allowed to see my daughter. So basically I just became an angry dope fiend and drank and partied until I realized that I was only proving her right. I started saving my money so I could go see my little girl. If Julia wouldn't let me have Dom for the weekend, then I would just go visit her at Julia's house. But I was going to be a part of her life, no matter what!

I was giving Julia money every week. I had a decent job. And I had quit partying. My little girl had a father in her life. We were all happy, and we were proving that we could do this. Everything was cool until my job had me scheduled to go to Reno, Nevada for the weekend. It was payday; they paid for my room, and we didn't have to work until the morning. So I was free to wander around the casinos all night. This was not a good thing for me. I am a drinker and as long as the drinks kept coming, I kept drinking. I ended up losing my whole paycheck and getting kicked out of the casino. Well after doing so well for so long, I couldn't go home broke—especially not because I was drunk. That shit wasn't going to look good. So in my drunken stupor, the only logical thing to do would be to rob the nearest liquor store. Bad idea!

I haven't seen Dom since I have been here, but I write her all the time. I call and talk to her on the phone, and let her know that her daddy loves her very much. Julia has done an awesome job of raising her since I've been locked up. Both of our parents have also been an essential part of raising her. Julia and I aren't together, but Dom knows she is loved by both of us and that someday I will be there in person to raise her. I know that my situation isn't unique; there are many fathers behind bars. And there are a lot of single mothers out there. But this is no excuse to give up on yourself or your kids. Children need to know that their parents love them regardless of whether you are presently in their lives or not. And to all those people who think that just because I'm in prison I can't be a good father, I say "fuck you and your little-ass minds." My daughter knows that I love her, which is probably more than you can say for yourselves.

But to those who took the time to read this and hopefully got something out of it, here is a picture of Dominique Rose and myself. Not your average family, but then again what would be punk rock about that? At least we are happy.★


Justin & Dominique

Being Different is Being Punk

by Jeb Branin

The last thing that I would want to do is make any attempt to define "punk"—there are just about as many definitions as there are punks—however, one commonality among most definitions is that punk is an attempt to be different. Different values, different beliefs, different music, different looks, etc. With an acknowledgment of this fact, the question "different from what?" is begged. Different than societal norms? Certainly. But who defines "norms"? I caution against "us" defining the norms of "them" lest we pigeonhole and generalize to the point of bigotry. At best, any attempt at "being different" is limited to our perceptions of the way things are, or should be. This is what allows for such a huge variation in ideas and ideals amongst punks. That is a variation I think is healthy for all of us.

I say all this because when I think of myself as a "punk," I often find myself considering my "differences," The irony is, more often than not, I find myself not trying to be different from some broad (and vague) societal norm, but instead different from what I perceive to be the "punk norm." I take pride in the fact I have a deep rooted punk ideal and an even deeper rooted love for extreme music, but I don't feel any compunction whatsoever to put these loves on display. Granted, this hasn't always been true, and I realize that my frame of reference is shaped in no small way by my age and life circumstances, both of which have contributed to "mellowing me out," You see, I am a professional educator. I have been married for over fourteen years, and I have four children, ranging in age from teen to two.

Being a punk with children lends me all kinds of interesting perspectives on punk as a music and a lifestyle. For example, rebellion seems to be inherent in most people's definition of punk, including my own. Still, I don't want my kids to be rebellious. At least not destructively so. I want them to reject a lot of things that society would have them believe, but I also want them to be functional members of that same society. I certainly don't want them to rebel against me because I love them and feel an obligation to help shape their development, but I realize that part of their defining who they are will be in contrast to me and my wife. Certainly a type of rebellion.

I am wary about exposing my children to a lot of the music I love dearly. I don't think I will always feel that way, but right now their powers of discernment are limited by their age and their varying stages of cognitive development. Let's take one of my all time favorite bands, Brutal Truth, as an example. They do a cover of "I Killed My Family" on their *Kill Trend Suicide* 10". I don't think my kids (especially the younger ones) should be exposed to the sentiment of that song until they are old enough to have mature judgment. So, in spite of the fact I love the tune, I don't play it around my kids. Maybe not a very punk decision, but I admit that in child rearing I rarely use "punk" as a decision-making yardstick.

Not all the ironies of being a punk and a parent are ones that are cause dilemmas. Some are pretty funny. Going back to my kids defining themselves by contrasting against me... my two oldest sons are both classical cellists. They can't stand the "noise" that their father listens to. They particularly dislike power violence and grindcore, two types of music I play constantly. They both tease me a lot about it and mock the music. Both of them can do a pretty decent approximation of the screechy and growling vocals of pv and grind, and they often will walk into a room where I am listening to music and do impersonations of the vocals to bait me into chasing them around the house snapping a wet dishrag at their backsides.

My oldest son in particular is passionate about his cello playing. He is an award winning composer who writes music for entire orchestras. Pretty impressive for a kid who turns fourteen this year. I think he is embarrassed by my choice of music a lot of the time. He definitely sees music as one way he is in contrast to me. The fact that I too love classical music and own dozens of classical albums and CDs is something we both kind of ignore because we both have a sense of how important it is for him to feel ownership of "his" music. I am very supportive of him and his endeavors, but I also give him a lot of room to be his own person when it comes to music.

My only daughter is my third youngest child. She is only eight but she has already decided that besides Hanson and Britney Spears, the type of music she is going to be into is jazz. This actually gives her and me some connection. Because somewhere between my love of extreme music and my appreciation of classical music, I have an interest in jazz. My daughter will even listen to bands like the Dog Faced Hermans with me because of their heavy jazz influence. So maybe not all my children are lost when it comes to punk!

I said earlier that I was proud to be a punk, and that is true, but I am even more proud to be a parent and a husband. I have a terrific relationship with my wife and with my kids. I value those relationships more than anything in the world. My wife spent all of last year and much of the year before battling a brain tumor. It was a horrifying experience for her and for me and my kids. But it was something that brought us all even closer together. It also illustrated how wonderful the extreme music community is. While a lot of our close friends felt awkward talking to us during this struggle, members of the punk and hardcore community (many of whom barely knew us) were incredibly supportive. We received hundreds of letters and emails of support from people in the scene. People like Lydia and Chris Dodge (Slap A Ham, Spazz, Ancient Chinese Secret) would call to visit with my wife or to see how she was doing. Rich Hoak (Brutal Truth) offered to let us come and stay at his house to get away from things. It all meant a lot to us.

I believe a person can be a real punk and a member of a stable family. I believe parenthood is rewarding and that "the family" can be one of the cornerstones of a healthy society. Maybe that belief is different than what a lot of punks believe. But being different is all part of being punk. ★

credits

"Operation! Operation! Snip & Tie!"
Read Scott Soriano's MRR column:
"Rama Lama Fuck You"
1114 21st St.
Sacramento, CA
95814
email: scotts@sl.net

"The Penis"/"The Uterus: Two Views"
Robnoxious does the Boy side of *Boy/Girl Zine* ($2 by mail) and recently put out his second punk novel, *The Fall of America* ($2 by mail).
Contact for whatever reason: Rob or Shyla
PO Box 743
Mankato, MN 56002
therobnoxious@hotmail.com

"1..2..3..4 New Punk! What's the Score!?!"
Half Dumpster/Half Debutante zine
PO Box 13105, Gainesville, FL 32604
or Liz Johnson,
1128 NE 21st Ave, Gainesville, FL 32609
email: hellcatsam@hotmail.com

"Nine Months Pregnant"
Jude is from Glasgow and ought to be a mother by now

"Flawless Pregnancy"
Jessica & Ernesto's baby Emma-Joy was born was born March 15, 2000

"The Role of the Punk Parent"
Try reaching Phil throughBilbo.
PO Box 57069
Jackson Stn.
Hamilton, ONT
L8P 4W9 Canada

"Allegra"
Mike, Meredith, and Allegra Richards live in Cranston, RI

"Fatherhood is Worth it"
Evan and his girlfriend Melissa live in San Francisco, CA

"Little League Coach" Joe Banks
If you just had to write Joe, you could do so through www.avail-avail.com

"Don't Kid Yourself"
Ken Fury does all ages, diy benefit shows in Rocklin, CA
email: kenfury@pacbell.net

"A Different Approach"
Matte Resist
PO Box 582345
Minneapolis, MN 55458

"I Did it on Purpose"
Ruth Schwartz: www.mordamrecords.com

"Is There Such a Thing as a Punk Parent?"
Jon does *Diet Society* zine
dietsociety@antisocial.com

"Athena Raven"
is by Victoria and David

"Foul Mouthed Brats?"
Kenny Kaos does record reviews for *MRR* and is a punk rock DJ in the Bay Area. Reach him via *MRR*.

"Not Your Average Family"
Justin Gauntt №53683
Nevada State Prison
PO Box 607
Carson City, NV 89702

Tom Hopkins interviewed Ruth Schwartz and Joe Banks. Reach him at dbie13@pacbell.net.

Contact:Arwen: arwenc@mindspring.com.

It seems the older I get the more idealistic I become

The Coalition Records catalog is a who's who of modern international hardcore. Consistently eye catching graphics, incredible bands, and a commitment to the idea of friendship as the glue that holds the DIY community together make it worth while to check out any release that Coalition puts their name to. Recently Marcel and Jeroen were in San Francisco and we sat down to talk about the difference between European and American hardcore scenes, Marcel's design excellence and Jeroen's stint in the highly influential straight edge band, Mainstrike. Interview by Sean S.

MRR: So, let's begin with the obvious. Did you start Coalition together?
M: Not really, he started it on his own. You'd already put out, what two records?
J: Yeah I put out two compilation seven inches, and then May first, 1994, I know it's that day exactly.
M: Because we were at this socialist convention.
J: I meet Marcel there and we were both bored with the subjects being discussed, so we started talking about music, hardcore and punk. Marcel knew through Seeing Red that I'd done a seven inch and he asked me about how you go about putting out a record. So I told him a little about how you go about doing it, and I asked him what he was planning on putting out, he said he was going to do a live seven inch of Larm together with his zine. I was like "Wow! that's one of my favorite bands of all time and if you need help, I'll join in"

From there on it just started out. It was never really intended to be a label actually.

M: That's why for the first couple of releases we kept two separate names.
MRR: What was the name of your's Marcel?
M: Kaal.
J: Mine was Left Wing
MRR: So neither one of those releases were done under the name Coalition?
M: No, that's why we came up with the name Coalition.
J: Since it was the two of us together.
M: It just didn't make sense to have the two names since we were working together on all the projects, so we just said "why not just do it under the same name?"

COALITION RECORDS

MRR: When did that happen?
J: I'm not sure. Maybe two and half, three years ago. I can't recall the first record that was actually officially on Coalition.
M: Yeah, We're really bad with that. All our catalog numbers are like...
J: A big mess. (laughter) I think it might be 96' or something that we changed the name.
MRR: Were you doing Mainstrike before that then?
J: I think it started up right around the same time. When we meet, Mainstrike had just started out. We had just started to practice in the spring of '94. When the first record came out on Coalition was also right when we (Mainstrike) started to play out and do the demo.
MRR: Is there any reason why Mainstrike never put out a record on Coalition?
J: It was because our singer used to be in Man Lifting Banner, and he knew Peter (Crucial Response) for several years, and I used to write letters with Peter, cause I did this distro and I was in touch with him. So we were already friends with him, and he seemed to be the right label to do a band such as Mainstrike. We (Coalition) were just starting out, so we didn't have the means, and I also think we were headed in a different direction.
M: Well, we aren't a straight edge label, and Crucial Response was and is the major straight edge label in Europe. Also, when Mainstrike started, I didn't really like them. (laughter)
J: He was not really sure at that point. And also I thought why do another Crucial Response when there is already one Crucial Response.
MRR: When you're thinking about putting out a record, what is the criteria? Is it, "are they a political hardcore band?"
M: Not even.
MRR: Is it "do they rock"?
J: Well, for me personally, a band has to have a strong expression, be that musically or in what they do. They don't have to have 80% socialist or anarchist lyrics, I do consider that a very good thing, but they don't have to come from a special background. For me, it's more important to work on terms of friendship.

M: If you're friends with the band, it's easier to deal with them.
J: It's easier to relate.
M: And I also think that's a big part of hardcore. It should be about friendship. Not in the 25 Ta Life kind of way, but in trying to have a real personal relationships. Which can be kind of hard sometimes.
MRR: Do you know the bands first and then put out the record?
M: Yes. Most of the time we do. When you're friends, it makes more sense to put out a record.
MRR: Is that the concept behind the "Network Of Friends" series?
M: There was this whole concept. There was this time, and I guess it's still there, that all these American bands were getting lots of attention, while a lot of good European bands weren't getting attention at all.

So we wanted to team them up, on one record, and make splits so that the lesser know bands would get more exposure. But when we represented the idea to a lot of bands, they would say "Well, if it's a Network Of Friends we want to do the record with our own friends, with our real friends" so the whole concept kind of changed.

M: It also seems that when we contacted European bands, they were already on a label or they had friends who were trying to start up a label, and they were more interest with staying with one label. While American bands don't care as much if they're on this label or that label. European bands are more into staying with one label.
MRR: It sounds like you were both involved in hardcore for awhile before you did Coalition.
M: I was not really involved, but I was around. I was always more of a consumer than anything else.
J: I was around for a few years I guess, I started to do things for the first time seven or eight years ago, like putting up shows, which was the first thing I did.
MRR: Can I ask how old you are?
M: I'm thirty two
J: I'm twenty seven.
MRR: Would you be considered older in the European scene?
J: I'm still considered young over there.
MRR: Really.
J: OK, in the straight edge scene I'm considered one of the older guys, but in the hardcore or more punk oriented scene, I'm one of the younger guys. There are many people in their thirties who are still involved in punk and hardcore.
MRR: In America, that's really rare. Do you have any idea as to why that is?
M: Here (in America), it seems more like a phase for a lot of people, and less of an attitude. Also, in America the pressure is higher than it is in Europe.
J: Here in America if you have green hair, you have trouble getting a job.
M: Well you can have a shitty job then.
J: In Europe there are several people who are say, teachers, who are still very involved in punk or hardcore.
M: In Europe you can live off the government as well, and get benefits. The pressure is not that high to conform to the rules that society dictates. It's just easier I think to stay punk a long time, and go for your beliefs. You have to work here, but in Holland, if you don't work, you can get benefits.
J: I also think that punk and hardcore in America, and I'm not sure about this, but I think in Europe punk has more social and political roots. It's not so much of an act. Here in high school you get into hardcore because you want to be the opposite of your peers, but in Europe people are more conscious of what they do and what they think, and maybe they stay longer with those ideas, because that is what they want. That is their lifestyle.
MRR: Do you think hardcore is more political in Europe?
M: Yes, definitely.
J: It's pretty easy to see that in the USA it's impossible to have squats here, and there's just not such a good foundation to create nonprofit art and music that can grow up with a social political mind set. In Europe, that's where the whole social political mind set started. In the squatting scene.

What became more and friendship that I built

MRR: Is that going to be a continuing thing?
M: The Network Of Friends isn't really working out the way it should, so when we do a split, and we do a lot of splits, people will sometimes ask if we can make it a network of friends thing, because they think it's a cool idea and the bands are friends with each other. J: There's a new series that popped up.
M: But it's a totally different idea. It's going to be a series of benefits.
J: It's going to be called "Counter Culture". Which has sort of a double meaning to it. Counter culture as a culture that is opposed to the mainstream, and counter culture like the culture of buying things over the counter of the store.
M: And we're part of that, and that's the whole thing with hardcore is that over the years it has grown so much that we have this great network and we don't use it. It has a lot of possibilities.

Maybe it's because we make the records, and we're on the other side of doing the label, so that for us the focus is on that side of punk and hardcore. We don't see the other part, so that for me it just seems so focused on the selling records side of hardcore, I would like to see it change.
MRR: More than most European labels, you put out a lot of American bands, I was wondering if that is difficult logistically, or why you'd made the decision to do that.
J: It just happened.
M: I travel through the States a lot, and with the scene being so small, you get to meet a lot of people in a very short amount of time. So, that's why we put out a lot of American bands. I'm just friends with them.
J: When we started out, Marcel said "I'm going to take care of all the American bands", because he traveled through America a lot and I was supposed to take care of the European bands.
MRR: And you've been falling behind? (laughter)
M: It's not a conscious decision to do more American bands, it just happened.
J:There were a lot of European bands, but they just weren't the kind of music we wanted to put out. But that's started to change now. We've been doing more European bands now, with JR Ewing and Point Of Few.

M: It's kind of a tough question. It is political (in Europe), more political.

First of all people are more aware, in Europe. America is a really big country, and the news you get is about America exclusively. But in Europe, since you live so close to other countries, you're open to different kinds of culture. You see different things.

MRR: The look of all the Coalition records is amazing and totally recognizable. Marcel, do you all the design for them?

M: Not all the designs, no. I always ask the bands if they want to do it themselves.

MRR: When I'm flipping through a distro box I can pull out a Coalition record right away. It's always the best looking one.

M: That's what people say. I don't think it's true but... It's one of the reasons I wanted to start a label. I did this fanzine solely to be able to do graphics, and it's also one of my main interests in starting the label.

MRR: It seems like there has been a look in common to the last couple of releases.

M: It's funny to see a band like Reaching Forward, who are from Holland, becoming more political right now and crossing over to a more political audience.

J: What I notice within the straight edge scene is that bands like Reaching Forward don't have that much support, because people can't relate to their politics. Which are more sociopolitical motivated.

MRR: Was that a problem with Mainstrike?

J: Well we never really thought of ourselves as a political band. Our singer just wrote about whatever topics crossed his mind. Sometimes he wrote more socially aware lyrics, and sometimes he wrote more typically hardcore lyrics. Old school lyrics

M: About getting stabbed in the back. (laughter)

J: I'm kind of worn out on the whole straight edge scene. I mean, I'm still straight edge and believe in those things myself, but the way it's heading now, I'm just not sure if it's heading in the right direction.

J: More conservative attitudes maybe.

M: More professional.

more important to me was the through this whole community of hardcore

M: It's funny that people say "Oh yeah, I can see that's a Coalition record" because I'm always trying to do something different. (laughter), then everyone says "Oh yeah, that's totally you"

J: What I personally like about Marcel's work is that he combines the computer art and graphics design with the more cut and paste look. The typography or the materials he uses are really cut and paste, but it's done in a sort of computerized way, so it's comes out kind of clear.

MRR: Well, I do, I really like the fact that Coalition puts so much effort into the packaging. We get so many records here where the music is great and the sleeve is terrible. It takes away from the total project.

M: I always get the comment that it's not hardcore.

MRR: The look of your records?

M: Yeah, everyone goes "Oh, another emo record" (laughter)

MRR: Jeroen, having been in Mainstrike, one of the bigger straight edge bands from Europe, how political do you think the straight edge scene is over there.

M: It's like separate scene in Europe. It hardly has any crossover.

J: There are people who are crossing over, but a lot of them don't.

M: There used to be more of a cross over into the political arena with bands like Man Lifting Banner.

J: I think also eight years ago hardcore was a few times smaller than it is now. So, there was not like a real straight edge scene like there is now, that could function independently.

M: Back then, eight or nine years ago, the scene was so small you couldn't afford to break up into little cliques. And you didn't want to. Now a days the scene has grown so much, and especially the straight edge scene has gotten so big, that it just split off into a different scene.

J: Even within the straight edge scene it's split up. You have the new school kind of stuff like the H-8000 style then you have the more old school style stuff.

J: Yeah, more professional, more mainstream oriented. To me, the way I got into straight edge was when I got in touch with Man Lifting Banner. Before that I had an idea of what straight edge was, but seeing them live and getting the seven inch and the ten inch, I was like, fuck, they're doing something with that whole concept. Now, I'm just not so sure. It's just the safest form of rebellion. You can make you parents happy, and they'll give you fifty dollars to buy a hooded sweater. It's so consumer oriented.

M: It doesn't promote people thinking.

J: That's the bottom line to me, it should be a foundation to think and to act toward things you believe in, and that's how I got into straight edge.

MRR:Changing gears somewhat, do you have any preference to putting out vinyl or CDs?

M; I'd rather have everything on CD than on vinyl actually. I think now a days because it's cheaper to produce CDs, which has it's negative points, but vinyl now has become such a fetish thing.

MRR: But as someone who does design do you prefer the vinyl format?

M: No, I actually prefer designing CDs.

J: Holy shit. I would think it would be more limiting.

M: I think seven inches are perfect though for hardcore. Both for the amount of time, and size of the record.

J: As a label, it's hard to do the big vinyl. The LPs. There's a lot of weight, and a lot of space. CDs are easier. Though being a hardcore kid, I do have that vinyl fetish.

M: I have that too, but it's more for seven inches. There's not a lot of good hardcore LPs.

J: Hardcore is more about seven inches.

M: I like the splits we do, because it's like two seven inches.

MRR: Do most people in Europe have record players?

M: Yes.

MRR: People write here to Maximum, especially from South America, and say how exclusionary it is that a lot of hardcore labels only put out vinyl.
M: We're working on tapes now. CD's are so expensive there, but making tapes is so cheap. What we're going to do is help them produce the tapes, with all the money going to benefits. We're going to do that in Indonesia and Mexico. We want to do more of these smaller projects. We want to do more benefits.
MRR: Does Coalition have a political ideology?
M: No. Seeing Red were communists, but I'm not a communist at all.
J: I used to be very interested in socialist ideas, but through the years I've expanded my ideas, and I no longer think of socialism as the only answer. I still consider myself political, but more on a personal level.
MRR: What kinds of political ideas are you going to put forward?
M: Well, first we're going to work on a book with Crimethinc, so it's going to be a Crimethinc book.
J: Brian from Catharsis is going to write it.
M: Crimethinc is a good example of the direction I want Coalition to go in. What I like about them is that they do a fanzine, and put out records, and do a lot of stuff. They're trying to bring this message across.

I don't think we have to bring *a message* across, but what I would like to see would be us distributing ideas more.
J: That's how I always thought about it. A band doesn't have to agree to socialist ideas, but you do have to have a thought provoking mind set. And in a positive way. Not thought provoking like Pitboss 2000. We want people to start to think about their own lives and their environment, and what they can do with it. It should leave some room for creativity to the person who get's the idea. And not just "this is the answer."
MRR: My last question - is why do you bother? Why do you keep doing it?
J: I don't know. Sometimes I ask myself that too.
M: For me, in the beginning, it was just doing records. Just making sleeves. It's weird though because now it seems, the older I get the more idealistic I become, instead of the other way around. I still like doing the art work, but now I see the possibilities that we have with the label.

We're going to do books. We're working on a fanzine now. We want to be more about distributing ideas, and that's more what I want to do now, that's what I think is important.
MRR: Do you think of it as a tool?
M: It is a tool, and a tool that is not used enough.
J: I still fell very strongly not only about the music, the energy and the anger that comes out of the music. And not just being angry, but being angry with a purpose. There's so much that still bothers me when I wake up and read the newspaper.

What became more and more important to me was the friendship that I built through this whole community of hardcore, and that it goes beyond "did you buy this seven inch or did you hear that band" but that you build life friendships that go beyond that. You can relate to people and other peoples lives.
M: That's one of the best things about hardcore.

COALITION DISCOGRAPHY

THE OATH - s/t - 7" (LKW 028)
REVERSAL OF MAN - Discography - CD (LKW 027)
CHARM - One Sided - 7" (LKW 026)
JR EWING - Razorblade Summer - LP/CD (LKW 025)
DEVOID OF FAITH / VOORHEES - split - LP/CD (LKW 024)
POINT OF FEW - Beneath The Surface - 7" (LKW 023)
KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS - Sugar Industry - LP/CD (LKW 022)
CHARLES BRONSON - Youth Attack - 10" (LKW 021)
CURTAIN RAIL - To Be With You - LP (LKW 020)
SEEIN' RED / JUDAS ISCARIOT - Network Of Friends Part 4 - LP (LKW 019)
STACK - Selbstfindungsgruppe - 6" (LKW 018)

SEEIN' RED / MK ULTRA - Network Of Friends Part 3 - LP (LKW 017)
HIS HERO IS GONE - s/t 7" (LKW 016)
SPAZZ / OPSTAND - Network Of Friends Part 1 7" (LKW 015)
ONE DAY CLOSER - Songs Of Silence - CD (LKW 014)
IN/HUMANITY - Your Future - 7" (LKW 013)
PALATKA / ASSHOLEPARADE - split - LP (LKW 012)
SEEIN' RED - Discography Part 1 - CD (LKW 011)
97A - Abandonded Future - LP/CD (LKW 010)
LARM - Discography - CD (LKW 009)
DROP DEAD - s/t - LP (LKW 008)
DEVOID OF FAITH - Slowmotion Enslavement - 7" (LKW 007)
ONE DAY CLOSER - Unconquered - 7" (LKW 006)
H100's - Dismantle - 7" (LKW 004)
SEEIN RED - Trefwoord Punk - 7" (LKW 003)
SEA SHEPHERD - Invisable - 7" (LKW 002)
LARM - Extreme noise terrorism - 7" (LKW 001)

PLANNED FOR 2000:
-Youth Strike Chord LP/CD)
-Seein Red discography part 0 CD
-By The Throat / Hail Mary split 5" pict. Disc
-Counterculture 7" comp. (with The Swarm, DS-13, Slang and more)
-Guyana Punchline 7"

COALITION
HUGO DE GROOTSTRAAT 25
2518 EB DEN HAAG
THE NETHERLANDS

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

From Hell •Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell
542 pages • $35.00
Eddie Campbell Books

Since he first reached international prominence in the early and mid-eighties, Alan Moore has stood comfortably as one of *the* figures that comics fans could point at to demonstrate the potential of comics as an adult medium. The major comics publishers, especially Marvel Comics, still spew out enough execrable books that most folks can be forgiven for casting a skeptical eye on the medium (and the juvenile obsessions of the fans don't help much, either), but Alan Moore can.be given a large part of the credit for what maturity and intelligence has come into comics in the last fifteen years or so. It's impossible to ever look at superheroes the same after reading Moore's take on the superhero myth in *Miracleman* and *Watchmen*, both of which confront the psychosis, misogyny, and near-fascism inherent in the psyches of such characters. *Watchmen*, though flawed and self-indulgent in places, has been called "the ultimate superhero comic", something which isn't quite as hyperbolic as it might seem.

From Hell also deals with psychosis, misogyny, and authoritarianism, but looks at them in the context of the soiled misery of Victorian London. Specifically, Moore builds his story around the myth/history of the killings of five Whitechapel prostitutes by Jack the Ripper.

Moore could hardly have chosen a more fascinating historical event to weave a story in; even now, with over a hundred years and far more grotesque murders standing between us, Jack's pseudonym holds a special power over us that even Charlie Manson lacks. In many traditional forms of magic, names are the key to spell-casting; once a sorcerer knows the "true" name of a person or place, they can bind or control them at will. So it is with Jack: after all this time, we have no name, no face to go with the acts, and so he could have been anyone. His lack of a true name makes Jack the Ripper seem more like a shadowy spirit of murder than a human being with a physical body.

In *From Hell*, Jack the Ripper is Sir William Gull, a high-level Freemason and the Royal Physician in Extraordinary to Queen Victoria. At its most basic level, the story of Gull's murders springs from a secret marriage between Prince Eddy and Annie Crook, a girl who works in a candy shop. The prince and his wife are forcibly separated and she is committed to an asylum. Four prostitutes, desparate for money to pay off the local mob, try to use their knowledge of the scandal to blackmail Walter Sickert, the artist responsible for the prince's "social education", and Victoria asks Gull to take care of the situation.

If Gull were satisfied to just be a royal assassin, there would be no Jack the Ripper and no story; as it is, he sees the murder of the blackmailing prostitutes as an opportunity to fulfill an agenda of his own. His killings will make them into Dionysian sacrifices so that he can reach towards divine visions.

These are just the bare bones that *From Hell* is built upon. Moore and Campbell's narrative is unbelievably complex, touching upon nearly every aspect of Victorian society. By the end, the story encompasses not only the puritanical queen and her lackeys, but icons of Victorian bohemia like Sickert and Oscar Wilde; John Merrick, the Elephant Man; the pathologies of the Victorian press as they try to manipulate the story of the slayings; Masonic conspiracies; occult implications of London's architecture; and, of course, the sad, sordid realities of the life at the bottom of Victorian society.

If nothing else, one has to be amazed at the breadth and depth of Moore's research into the texture of the times and the people who lived in them. At the back of the book is a forty-two page appendix of annotations, where he not only footnotes his sources, but also points out where his fictions about the characters are solid and where they are speculation. And while this sort of attention to detail helps to make Moore's work great, it is also one of the burdens that makes so much of his work qualify as "flawed masterpieces". This is less true in *From Hell* than in *Watchmen*, in which Moore's self-indulgences intruded repeatedly, but it still a reality of the book. In Chapter 4, just as *From Hell* is starting to establish a coherent understanding of the characters and a fascination with their lives, Moore hits the reader with The Expository Lump From Hell. The majority of this chapter is devoted to William Gull riding around London with his coachman and accomplice, John Netley, explaining the esoteric occult symbolism inherent in the architectural landmarks of London. The subjects covered by Gull in this section are obscure and dry, and the entire story comes screeching to a halt right here.

From Hell reaches its true points of glory when it deals with the solid, practical realities of the lives of its characters. Even the dry occultism preached by Gull in Chapter 4 does eventually translate into something real, vital, and human. As he makes his way through the four prostitutes (plus one slain by accident), he does have progressively more intense visions — visions of the realities of our own modern world. He sees us, and in his ultimate vision, is appalled by the lack of vitality of the workers moving through an office. The irony of this vision in particular is that, if Gull's eyes were open to his own time, he could most likely seen the same listlessness in the faces of sweatshop workers, or in those of Elizabeth Stride, Mary Kelly, Catherine Eddowes, Polly Nicholls, and Annie Chapman as they leaned against a fence for some drunk with three pence in his pocket.

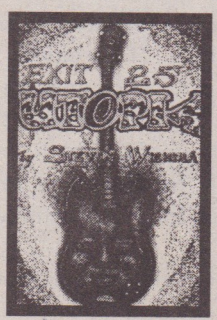
The victims of Jack the Ripper are even more anonymous than he is, even though their names and lives are down for the record; most of us just know them vaguely as women who

wound up in a cold gutter with their entrails ripped out. Their deaths were more important than their lives ever could have been. Moore rectifies this brilliantly, sketching their personalities in perfect detail and adding importance to their lives. The horror of the murders lies not in Gull spattered in blood, or the manic look on his face as he tunnels into a woman's body, but in the inevitability of each woman's death. When reading a historical work like this, the end is already a matter of record; you know that these women did die, and died gruesomely, but the dimension that Moore and Campbell give them makes one desperate to avoid it. By the time Gull murders Mary Kelly, the final victim of Jack, Mary knows why her friends died and has accepted her own death as inevitable. When warned by Prince Eddy himself that the final blow will come within two nights, she refuses to even flee, seeing it as futile. She spends the last few days of her life in desperate drinking and fucking, trying any way she can to stifle the knowledge of what's coming.

The poignancy of Mary Kelly's death, and the vicious brutality of Gull's final work, underscore perfectly the lies that the upper classes of Victorian society told themselves; it restores the humanity of people who lived in dirt and sewage and emphasizes the corruption lying at the hearts of the people who lived off the myth that they were in some way superior to those below them.

It's taken a long time for *From Hell* to become commonly available (it was originally serialized in Steve Bissette's *Taboo* magazine during the late eighties and early nineties), and at this price it's likely to remain out of reach of many for quite a while. But the mastery it represents makes it worthwhile to keep an eye out for the first opportunity to add it to your library. Whatever its flaws or indulgences, *From Hell* can definitely stand on the list of the virtues of the comic medium. —Chris Hall

Exit 25 Utopia • Steven Wishnia
239 pages • $7.95
The Imaginary Press • PO Box 09 • East Setauket, NY • 1733-0509
Swishnia@hightimes.com



Although I love reading collections of short stories because I often don't have the time or attention span for a regular book, I think they are harder to review. *Exit 25 Utopia* makes it slightly easier; these seventeen stories share common themes: drugs, rock, sex, drugs, more rock - oh yeah, did I mention drugs?

I wasn't very impressed with the way *Exit 25 Utopia* started. Between the poem (or is song lyrics?) and the first chapter, I wasn't sure if I was in for another Henry-Rollins-style tour diary filled with pathetic poetry and stories about life on the road or a Hunter S. Thompson drug fest.

Thankfully, after getting past that initial poem and first chapter *Exit 25 Utopia* turned out to be a good read. For the most part, the stories are music-related and told from a band member's point of view: hitchhiking across the city to purchase your first "real" guitar; attempting to play a show after ingesting such a large quantity of speed, pills, pot and booze you can no longer see straight; forming a band with friends, playing your first show in front of an audience, and having it go ok; touring across the country to play in small clubs with even smaller audiences; bands getting together, playing, touring, changing members, and breaking up. *Exit 25 Utopia* does turn into a tour diary at one point, and it makes me wonder what percentage (if any) of these stories are entirely fictional. Wishnia was once a member of the False Prophets, and I have a feeling some of the stories may be his first hand account of the New York rock scene during the 70s and 80s.

I really liked *Exit 25 Utopia*. I thought the stories were interesting, and very realistic. The only problem I had with the book was that it was hard to tell at times if these stories were separate or all somehow related.

I found myself repeatedly thumbing back a few chapters, trying to figure out if a character I was reading about had been mentioned in a previous story. (I guess that's not really a problem with the book, maybe it's a problem with my attention span). I recommend this one —Missy

Bulletins From Serbia: E-mails & Cartoons From Behind The Front Line • Aleksander Zograf
93 pages • $12.00
Slab-O-Concrete • PO Box 148 • Hove • BN3 3DQ • UK

Unless you've been living under a rock (or are too punk to give a fuck) you know a little bit about the turmoil in the former Yugoslavia over the past ten years. Most recently, we Americans were bombarded with propaganda about the true evil of Serbian president Milosovic and the horrors committed by him against the Albanian residents of Serbia. After failed negotiations with Milosovic, NATO decided that it would be a good idea to bomb the fucking shit out of Serbia. (This is, of course, a very condensed version of events.) That is where *Bulletins From Serbia* begins.

Bulletins From Serbia is the personal account of Aleksandar Zograf, a cartoonist (Psyconaut and Dream Watcher to name two) and resident of Pancevo, a town about twelve miles outside of the capital of Belgrade. These almost daily e-mails from Zograf were published in newspapers across Europe and forwarded to hundreds around the world, and they provided a shocking insider's view into the state of a nation being blown to bits by NATO aircraft. In addition to factual

updates on what was bombed, how many died, and how many projectiles missed their targets and killed innocent people, Zograf also humbly acts as both commentator and political analyst. On the second day of bombing, he correctly predicted the outcome of the three-month bombing campaign: that Milosovic would emerge even more powerful than before the raids began, the atrocities would continue, and that scores of civilians, who had nothing whatsoever to do with ethnic cleansing, or anything more sinister than being Serbs (or Albanians, or Croats, etc.) would be wounded, made homeless, or murdered.

The play-by-play of the air raids is fascinating and chilling: 29 March, "How would you feel if you saw a red mushroom cloud over your town?" 19 April, "...the oil refinery is still burning, two days after bombing," 6 May, "...they are still finding bodies under the ruins of in a small town of Surdulica, a week after NATO bombed a civilian block of houses," 1 April, "Hello people-Guess what? Yesterday they didn't drop a single bomb on Pancevo." He talks about his wife, Gordana, watching explosions out the window of her bus on her way to work; about the level of Vinyl Chloride Monomer gas (which is toxic-duh) in the air that was 7200 times greater than the maximum allowed by international standards because NATO bombed the town's oil refinery, fertilizer plant and chemical plant all at once. Several e-mails concern the frequent black outs caused by the repeated attacks on power plants; frozen food tends to spoil rather quickly when the freezer doesn't work. And of course, detail after grim detail about the leftover bombs discarded in farmer's fields (they killed the farmer) and the twenty-some-odd projectiles that landed on a prison in Belgrade. Wounded civilians appear on almost every page, men, women, and children alike.

But instead of just morbid war stories, Zograf also provides amusing stories about the daily life of an average cartoonist living in a war-torn country. Little things like the book of *Mad* magazine pieces he got in the mail, or the 1940s American movies that played late night on Serbian TV take up as much of the book as stories about bombings. And his outlook on his life never seems to get soured by the atrocities that surround him. Zograf is clear from the beginning that the villains are not the people that inhabit any nation, they are the leaders of said nations. Comic strips drawn by Zograf appear sporadically throughout the book, in fact one of the only negative things I can say about *Bulletins From Serbia* is that there are not enough of his comics (but maybe that was the point, because I've already ordered one of his other books).

This book reads through in one sitting, and not a very long one at that, but it is absolutely gripping from the first page (including the hysterical introduction, "NATO Bombing for Beginners," by Monty Python's Terry Jones). Almost everyone reading this has never been exposed to anything even closely resembling war, and while *Bulletins From Serbia* won't make you understand war (and as wars go, this was really nothing), I think that it will make you realize that one simply cannot comprehend war without seeing it firsthand. On April 24th, 1999, Zograf wrote, "If there is anything that shows up from this recent war in my country, it is that, at the end of the 20th century, the system is still stronger than the people who populate it. The victims of this war are small, common people, no matter if they are Serbs, Albanians, or soldiers from NATO countries. And at the same time, all the crimes were done IN THEIR NAME, and all the crimes were projected by a system. It is the system that is sick, not people."—Robert Collins

Do or Die #8
348 pages • $12.00
Do or Die • 6 Tilbury Place • Brighton, East Sussex • BN2 2GY• UK

This book received a promotion since its last issue: it is rightfully listed as a book and not a 'zine. This is due to its enormous size and scope. This 348-page perfect-bound tome details an eco-activist scene where the United States is a footnote at best. It highlights struggles from most every continent with particular attention paid to the U.K. (where the editorial staff is located).

Do or Die highlights the best of the ecological scene. It details the struggles, assuming an intelligent readership. The rationale and practice is detailed in both an uncompromising and non-detailed way (since most everything detailed is illegal behavior).

What is most appreciated is that self-criticism is shared in the same context as propaganda. Since the assumption is a sympathetic and knowledgeable audience, the gloves can come off regarding many of the contradictions that the editors are dealing with. In some detail, in this issue, the issue of using defensive camps as a protest strategy is explored. This issue is explored from the tactical position of effectiveness and not the more cynical place that we would usually see these issues aired.

Moreover, what is particularly attractive about this project is that in the reading you feel the joy and possibility of the projects involved. This is not another 'zine talking about Mumia, Chiapas, and Seattle (I am foreshadowing); this is the result of the committed effort of in the trenches radicals talking about projects in an appealing way. It is exciting because the work is the right work, is dangerous, and is talked about in a real non-intimidating way.

Clearly this is not a primer as to why you should become involved in eco-activism as much as a broadsheet advertising the events that are going on in the broader scene. This is the kind of linkage that *Maximum* provides to the punk scene, *Flipside* to skaters, and *Maxim* to dumbass dudes. *Do or Die* is a glue connecting our activism to a very real world wide resistance, and not just as a result of alternative ghettos becoming more common in different parts of the world. But because the people in West Papua (part of New Guinea) who are struggling against an Indonesian colonizing force, are related to us. This is happening not in a history book, but today, in this world. *Do or Die* makes this real.

There are some interesting book reviews. A lengthy amount of time is spent reviewing Ward Churchill's *Pacifism as Pathology* with the unsurprising conclusion of both being challenged by the criticisms and responding positively to the

thesis. There is an incredibly detailed section of how-to book listings that just shouldn't be missed. From building fires to building your own home, the list is a pretty complete library of titles for the practical radical.

If you are looking for a touch of inspiration without the self-defeating tone of most American radical papers, *Do or Die* is important. If you are familiar with both the general theme of radical ecology and some specifics of the U.K.'s struggles, you will enjoy *Do or Die*. Mostly *Do or Die* reminds me of all the projects that I should be doing with me time, instead of sitting in front of computers and working for the Man. —Aragorn

Extremities • Kathe Koja
200 pages • $13.95
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th Street, Room 503 • New York, NY • 10011

Kathe Koja's collection of short stories, *Extremities*, is a great book. Billed as horror, this book has horrific elements but actually aspires to being a work of literature rather than fitting the mold of most horror novels these days. It is neither pulp horror nor is it post-modern, irony-laden Gen X crap; it is a serious-minded work that takes nightmarish situations and uses them as a means of examining the complexities of human relationships and daily existence. The stories included in *Extremities* do have a lot in common with traditional horror fiction, but if you're looking for thrillers or slash 'em ups, you'll be disappointed. *Extremities* comes from the same tradition of horror writing that gave us the short stories of Edgar Allen Poe, "Tales from the Crypt" comic books, and "Night Gallery" on television. Like those, Koja uses the supernatural as a means of looking at people and how they treat each other. However, where "Tales from the Crypt" and horror in that vein always had a moralistic outcome where the evil-doer got his or her just desserts in the end, Koja's stories are much more complex.

In one story a man finds himself with the ability to fly after surviving a plane crash, another comes across his dead girlfriend living among a commune of ghosts at an isolated farmhouse, and another finds his wife evolving into a part of the garden after a particularly painful break up. In one story, a man and his sister find their lives being eclipsed by their autistic, blood-spitting brother. In another, teens harvest giant aquatic lizards from a local lake and sell them for beer money. In each of these stories, the main characters are facing the dark parts of their personalities, the pain they've brought on themselves and others, and the suffering that exists in the world. The opening story in *Extremities* is a perfect example of this. In "Arrangement for Unheard Voices" the lead character goes to a barbecue where a whole pig is being roasted over an open pit. Suddenly, he is overcome with the sound of the pig's dying cries of agony, which no one else can hear. The sounds come to him again and again after that, destroying his relationships and dominating his life.

Like each of the sixteen stories in *Extremities*, "Arrangement" operates on several levels. It can be read as simply horrific and nightmarish, as a metaphor for choosing veganism and feeling like no one else hears the pain of animals killed for food, or as a story about how we each react to the pain we see in the world around us. "Arrangement" specifically reminded me of when I used to work with homeless teens and runaways. Anyone who's ever worked in a field like that can attest to how their stories of abuse and what they have suffered to survive on the streets can come to dominate your life, and "Arrangement" perfectly describes the sense I always had that no one else seemed to notice what was going on everywhere around us.

Serious-minded writing like this is seriously out of vogue these days. Post-modern works seem more preoccupied with laughing at our attempts at making sense of the world than exploring the implications through writing. And, works like Koja's *Extremities* run the risk of being scoffed at by Gen X slacker kids who pride themselves on their jaded sense of irony. But, Koja is saved by the fact that she's an excellent writer.

As a story-teller, she's a lot like Raymond Carver. The stories are sketched rather than drawn. There is always a sense that dark secrets lay unspoken just below the surface of what the characters are saying. Violence, brutality, and incest hide everywhere, and the characters are cloaked by their emotional detachment from the absurd situations they find themselves in.

Similarly, like Carver, Koja also knows how to sketch scenes and events in a way to draw us deeper into them. Action happens quickly and is only glimpsed, ghosts sit barely seen in shadows, and even lead characters are only outlined, silhouetted. Everything seems to take place in bad lighting, where we can't quite see exactly what's going on. And, yet, like Carver, the details painted in are perfectly executed and razor sharp, allowing us to catch the exact look in one character's eye and another's grip on a chain wielded as a weapon. It is that style, coupled with Koja's insights into us as people, that make her a spectacular writer.

If you are looking for something that will scare you, *Extremities* is probably not the book for you; it is not a thriller that aims to shock or frighten. If you're after bloodletting, gore, and deaths, *Extremities* will fall short in that sense as well. But, if you're not afraid to take on a work that uses nightmares and the supernatural as an inroad to understanding our daily lives and suffering, then *Extremities* is an excellent choice.—Doug

HOLY SHIT!...I MEAN SMOKE.

I go to the movies because I like to go to the movies. People ask what qualifies me to write this column and that's what I tell them. Well, that, and I volunteered to do it. Yes, I have a film degree. I've made some films. Sometimes I read film criticism books. But I don't think any of that other stuff matters. I like to go to the movies. Also, it should be noted that I don't get reimbursed by MRR for the movies I see. I go to see the ones I would any way or I find a way to get in free.

I got free tickets to see **Holy Smoke.** That's not an excuse—I wanted to see it. My roommate couldn't believe I went to see it. He said he didn't want to after seeing that commercial where Kate Winslet is driving in her car, singing along with the radio. "It just looks stupid," or something to that effect. Anyway, I'm not as easily swayed. I tend to judge a film by the premise and, of course, on whether there are any cute boys in it—the premise on this one.

The thing about getting free tickets to a movie is that if you don't have a ticket in your hand, the box office person never seems to know how to handle the situation. I was on a list. I tell the boy at the counter this and he doesn't know what to do. I've been in this situation many times, so I explain it to him slowly. He says there is no list. My boyfriend, who's been through this with me many times and is not being his usual patient self, says, "It's in that black book over there!" pointing at the book where we know my name is written. The kid, either embarrassed or wanting us out of the line immediately, just gives us the tickets without checking the book. I don't mind going through this rigmarole to save $15, though. It actually amuses me. Though as an afterthought, we should have taken it as a bad sign.

Another bad sign is that it's the 10:00 pm show on a Saturday night, opening weekend, and the theater is a third full. Interesting for a Campion film, since **The Piano** was such a success. Still, I guess **Portrait Of A Lady** really wasn't. We joke about why that kid wouldn't let us in to see this when there are so many empty seats. Maybe most people reacted to that commercial the way my roommate did. That driving scene isn't the worst.

Ruth and her friend go to India after graduation for a vacation. They sit in on a guru's session and Ruth finds enlightenment. This is shown by some cheesy effects meant to give you the impression of enlightenment and/or brainwashing. It comes across as weird. I giggled to myself. Ruth decides to stay in India, and her friend goes back to Australia. When she's back in Australia, she reports to Ruth's parents that she has been brainwashed and that is why she is staying in India. Ruth's parents concoct a story to get her to come back to Australia so they can deprogram her. Then the true silliness starts.

There is no set-up to make anyone believe that Ruth is brainwashed. It is probably taken for granted that we viewers know that anyone who is into religion must be brainwashed. The only scene that wants to show this, but doesn't, is the one where the friend says she is going back to Australia and wants Ruth to go. Ruth doesn't want to go, so she stays. There is no argument, no discussion. Even when Ruth's mother goes to India to convince Ruth to come back, there is nothing to convince me. Ruth's mother makes an attempt to participate in one of the groups, but she never makes it in.

The biggest weakness of this film is in the characters. I like to see characters that have more dimensions. Ones that seem more real. These characters are all stereotypes and do not act like real people would act in the same situation. Ruth's parents and her brothers immediately believe that she is under some type of spell. No one asks her what is going on. When her mother meets Ruth in India, she makes an attempt to understand Ruth, but is too freaked out by the different culture to be able to see what is happening. Ruth does not act like someone who has found enlightenment. She acts like a spoiled brat.

Back in Australia, Ruth sets up a little shrine in her very girlish bedroom. Her father is resting out in the outback, so she has some time at home before she goes out there. When she arrives, she catches her father playing golf and realizes he is not sick. She doesn't get mad. Instead, she still agrees to meet with the deprogrammer, P. J. Waters. This I can understand. If my mother asked me to do something, I would. She probably thinks she has enough conviction to believe he won't be able to influence her.

Harvey Keitel's P.J. Waters character is the most ridiculous. Why people believe that this character has any charisma or will be able to change a brainwashed person's mind is beyond me. His speech about what will happen during his session with Ruth is laughable. He's your stereotypical American, wearing cowboy boots and tight clothes, sweaty, acting arrogant and thinking he has a way with the ladies. Ruth's sister-in-law is awestruck by him on sight. He is very similar to her husband and foreign. After a matter of a couple of hours in his presence, Ruth falls for him too. Harvey Keitel must have it in is contract that he always gets to star with a young, attractive girl.

If you believe the ads, **Holy Smoke** is supposed to be a "battle of the sexes." Instead it comes across as two pathetic people who meet, annoy the audience for an hour, and then return to their previous life without the incident having any impact on them. There aren't any new insights into male/female relations, just an excuse to get two people out in the Australian outback and film them doing it. You get nudity and a lot of nonsensical dialogue. In one scene, which I assume is supposed to be an intimate moment between P.J. Waters and Ruth, there is some improvised dialogue where P.J. pretends to grab Ruth's nose and actually says, "Got your nose." I burst out laughing, causing everyone else in the theater to laugh too. It felt good to let out all that suppressed laughter.

—Carolyn Keddy

FATHERS, SONS, AND WATERS

It's hard to know whether to feel sympathy or pity for Fred Leuchtner. He had to know what he was getting into by involving himself in a Errol Morris documentary. Maybe it's a way to atone for past wrongs. Then again, it might be yet another attempt to steal into the gentle spotlight of recognition he must feel he deserves.

For better or worse, **Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchner Jr.** tells the story of a -man beset by paradoxes. Leuchtner believes in capitol punishment, but also feels deeply for the pain of Death Row convicts as they're hanged, electrocuted, gassed, or lethally injected in ways that are often cruel and inhumane. So, he took it upon himself to invent and vend killing machines that perform the job with more efficiency. It's a specialty rare enough that soon, state penal institutions across the world are consulting with Leuchtner and buying his devices. He's especially proud of his electric chair, adorned with soft leather restraints, a meticulously timed de-

livery system for current, and tasteful drip pan for when the expired prisoner loses bladder control.

Gaunt, gawky, and with thick glasses, the only things which could complete Leuchtner's image would be a slide rule and plastic pocket guard. He says he can't function without coffee, drinking forty to sixty cups a day to avoid excruciating headaches. He's also been a solitary man for most of his life, marrying in his mid-forties to a waitress (his attraction might partially have been the product of coffee intoxication). As a honeymoon, Leuchtner—a born romantic—brings his wife with him to visit several German concentration camps in a self-styled research project commissioned by Holocaust revisionist Ernst Zundel. Zundel is undergoing trial in Canada, claiming that the mass killings didn't happen. For him, only a someone like Leuchtner can prove his point.

Fred Leuchtner may be a competent inventor, but he had never earned his laurels as a scientific researcher, much less an historian. With his wife freezing in a nearby car, a video crew records everythinig while a lookout makes sure nobody knows what they're doing, Leuchtner scrapes samples from the walls of gas chambers in the hope of finding traces of Zyklon B, raiding a place many Jews regard as a kind of shrine. Chunk by chunk, sacrilege by sacrilege, he chips away at history, oblivious to the ramifications of what he's doing.

He found no cyanide traces on the walls of the half-century old gas chambers. He could hardly have known that all the poison would be concentrated on the surface of the walls, and by taking fist-sized samples, he was diluting all traces to the point where they couldn't be detected. He wasn't even using the right test.

If Hamlet's road to ruin came from ambition, Leuchtner's was the craving for recognition. The government commissions dry up, and whatever his contributions to humanizing capitol punishment evaporate along with it. But in a attempt to redeem his reputation, he submits to every demand Errol Morris makes—punishing close-ups, ironic put-downs... even a sojourn in the director's set-piece, a prison cell fitted with electrical flashes where Leuchtner sits, helpless, surrounded by his inventions. For moviegoers, it's worthwhile visiting his self-made prison.

Leuchtner paid for his myopia and need for glory. Conversely, father and son Melvin and Stephen Matthews in **The Jaundiced Eye** were helpless victims of state paranoia for nearly ten years. Their story is framed with less flash than **Mr. Death**, but it has all the elements—child molestation, homosexuality, false imprisonment, and a case of false memory syndrome that will meld (at least for its victim) into reality.

If all unhappy families are unhappy in different ways, the Matthews household carries it a step farther. Stephen Matthews is a loving father to his young son, but when his marriage breaks up, his wife replaces him with an arrogant, jealous boyfriend. Suddenly, a family squabble and the boy's distress leads to accusations of child molestation. At the police station, leading questions from interrogators give the boy the idea he might have been sexually hurt by his father and grandfather, the strangest accusation being that of having had a machete driven into his rectum. There's no physical evidence of trauma, but that doesn't stop authorities from dropping the Matthews in jail.

In the interim, Stephen Matthews discovers he's gay. This only makes matter worse. The popular misconception that gay men are child molesters only adds fuel to a case that's now starting to attract national attention.

The players in this, unlike your typical adversarial courtroom battlers, are almost uniformly reasonable. The prosecuting attorney is honest enough to realize when he should drop even a case like this, controversy or not. Melvin and Stephen Matthews have every reason to be outraged, but their main gripe is that their case was dismissed for "a lack of evidence"—quite a bit short of a clean slate. It's understandable that a mother would feel crushed by the ambiguous verdict, and her son (now in his mid-teens) refuses to acknowledge his father, still under the mistaken notion that a crime had been committed. The main fault falls on the step-father, an uninformed police investigation that doesn't understand the way children apprehend reality, and a hopelessly partisan, middle-aged social worker who's so single-heartedly devoted to children's rights that all she can see is guilt.

Several of the interviews and court excerpts were captured on audio tape; so the filmmakers do the best they can with the material, taking shots of blanks courthouses or desolate fields in middle America. But the most compelling aspects of **The Jaundiced Eye** are the issues it raises. A society that places supreme importance on apprehending sex criminals risks turning the innocent suspects into lifetime objects of scorn; innocence until proven guilty becomes its mirror opposite, and the children—who are supposed to be the ones being protected—are all the worse for it.

The Jaundiced Eye deals with its sensational subject matter with remarkable restraint; **Divine Trash** has no such intentions. It's basically a fluff-job on camp film director John Waters, offering fans all sorts of inside trash on the making of his pre-**Desperate Living** output.

You already may have seen **Pink Flamingos**, where rival degenerates vie for the title of the filthiest person alive; if not, a Silver Anniversary Edition has a cleaned-up print and extra footage. If you haven't seen it yet, then that film (and this documentary) is the perfect introduction to John Waters at his desperate best.

Director Steve Yeager tracks John Waters' childhood and early career with such devotion that you might think waters is a Martin Scorsese, or at least a John Cassavetes. He starts off by interviewing John Waters' parents, who remember their son's compulsion for demolishing all his toys—in fact, destroying things in general. But he loved films, and early efforts included grungy, 8mm gaspers like **Hag in a Black Leather Jacket** and **Roman Candles;** we get to see enough of both to get the general idea. Things would change when Waters discovered the New York underground film scene; catching infamous events like Andy Warhol's 24-hour movie, he enlarged his vision. His cast remained about the same for those early films — NY underground film star Mink Stole, Mary Vivian Pearce, the ubiquitous David Lochary with his dyed hair—and not least, a 300-pound transvestite named Divine, whose roles range from a mother to a homicidal maniac. (And veteran punks probably remember Edith Massey, who played Edie the Egg Lady in **Pink Flamingos** and made a tour of punk clubs in the early 80s with her classic, "Punks, Get Off the Grass.")

Steve Yeager is enough of a fanatic to have caught Waters in the directorial process. For the roughness of the final product, Waters turns out to be a fairly meticulous filmmaker. But not too serious; even Waters admits Pink Flamingos was made while he was high on weed.

The critics and film-folk who come to sing his praises are a step down from the usual bunch, including the likes of Ray Dennis Steckler (**Sexorcist Devil, The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies**). These and other interviews are usually worshipful, but the best moments are from people who hate his movies, like the aghast Maryland film censor who had to see all of Waters' movies and finally had no words for her levels of disgust. Every bit as fun is his mini-tour of the underground film circuit, which is worthy of a documentary its own.

—Steve Spinali

THIRD WORLD WAR

by PJ Crittenden

ANOTHER SUBCULTURE GOiNG

The scanty liner notes on the reissue of Third World War's first album describe them as 'pioneers of British heavy metal' - but then it also mistakenly states that their second album was released on the Fly label, so I don't hold much trust in that particular source of information. (Fly was a subsidiary of Track, but the second album was released on the Track label proper.) However, the subject matter of many of their songs, their sheer attitude and awesome live performances put them firmly within the scope of this column as far as I'm concerned...

When the group formed, around 1969/70, the Cold War was very much still at its peak - the threat of nuclear annihilation and the onset of a third world war was on everyone's minds. However, the hippy philosophy of peace and love, with its flared trousers and cheesecloth shirts, remained all-pervasive. And so Third World War seemed to be the perfect name for a band that dealt in the reality of everyday life, a group that was just about the loudest, most brutal and violent of its time. The now long-defunct weekly magazine Disc & Record Mirror described their music as "naturally violent and aggressive... Pretty songs wouldn't really go with the hard-hitting words."

Of the group's main song-writer Terry Stamp the magazine says that "Just because he's a potential pop star, singing in a group and using a guitar as a percussion section, doesn't mean to say he's a different person from when he was driving a truck for a living. He's not." Stamp himself claimed that "I just write about what I know. As I see it, it's a reflection of what's happening in the world. And it's not exactly love and peace out there, is it? I'm fed up with all these passive audiences and their lethargy."

A sizable contingent of young people were already looking for something different, setting up the conditions to make the 1976 punk explosion possible. (In my opinion the old argument about London versus New York is totally irrelevant - revolutions happen because the time is right...) The band gigged quite heavily and built up a strong following. One of their most notable gigs was the "Oz Police Ball" - a benefit show to raise funds for Oz magazine following their trial for obscenity - alongside the likes of Arthur Brown, Viv Stanshall and The Pink Fairies. But with song titles including "I'd Rather Cut Cane For Castro", "Preaching Violence" and "Hammersmith Guerilla" the mainstream world would never be ready to listen to them. The result is that even today the success and recognition that they deserve so much is still being denied them.

A sample of the lyrics make it quite clear where they stand:

One-day strikes and working class will
Didn't kill the industrial relations bill
So you keep your mouth shut

You don't need the sack
Or a knife in the back
The factory canteen news is turning
To factory burning
("Factory Canteen News")

So your governments come
And your governments go
The promises are fast, the action slow
You get no direction, a poor education
And the government bleeds you with inflation
Fidel! Fidel! Fidel!
Living off the land, Che Guevara my hero
I'm an authentic UK redundant zero
Working in the fields, Fidel as my neighbor
I'm genuine UK semi-skilled labour
Fidel! Fidel! Fidel!
("I'd Rather Cut Cane For Castro")

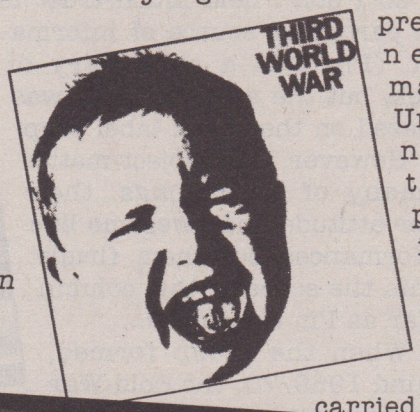
I've got just the thing for you
A real cop beater
A sawn-off twelve gauge
Five shot repeater
Get your arse down to Hammersmith Town
Join the urban guerrillas
Take up arms against the crown
("Hammersmith Guerilla")

None of the '76 class of punk bands would ever sing lyrics like those! The latter song was a big influence for another bunch of working class London boys, who named their own group the Hammersmith Gorillas, in tribute to their musical brothers in arms. (Read their story in *MRR* #189/February 1999.)

Jesse Hector, singer with the Gorillas, witnessed Third World War live on stage on a number of occasions. He particularly remembers seeing them at a club called The Temple, formerly the famous mod hangout The Flamingo, where they used to play quite a lot. "They were an amazing group in lots of ways," says Jesse. "They weren't wild in that they leaped around on stage like The Who. But they meant business. They were for real. It was amazing. It was punk before punk - more or less what we were doing with Crushed Butler at the same time."

"There were just a few bands, not many, probably just the three of us, Crushed Butler, Third World War and Ambrose Slade [later to shorten their name to just Slade], who were making the rounds, playing something a bit different, something with a bit of excitement. Third World War were blinding as a live group, they were very, very good, in-your-face, hard, aggressive kind of music. Terry Stamp had a real growly voice that was very punk rock. They were a classic band, they were different, they really were playing punk rock before anyone else ever did. The attitude was, 'this is what we are, if you don't like it fuck it'."

"You can say that John's Children did all this back in '67 but they were still mods because that was the fashion at the time - if they came out in the '70s they would've been punk. But Third World War came in very early in the punk melting pot, they got loads of press and nearly made it. Unfortunately they packed it in quite soon whereas we carried on [as the Hammersmith Gorillas] and took our following onward. We eventually reached a point that Third World War never managed to get to."



Based around the nucleus of Terry Stamp and Jim Avery (formerly bassist with chart toppers Thunderclap Newman, another group on the Track label), the rest of the line-up fluctuated enormously during their short time as a band. At various times other members included John Hawken, former pianist with the Nashville Teens, Renaissance and Spooky Tooth, and American drummer Paul Olsen, who had played with the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Finding difficulty in retaining a consistent line-up to take out to play live gigs was a big problem. Said Terry Stamp when looking for a new guitarist, "We want someone who will soar right over the top. We'll find him, he's around somewhere. It's just frustrating listening to a load of bums audition for us first. We must have heard about 60 [guitarists] altogether, mostly bums and speed freaks."

With two singles and two albums selling only moderately well the pressure was too much for them and they split in 1973.

The current whereabouts of the band members has proved to be extremely difficult to determine, although some people believe them to have relocated to the USA. Indeed, they may well be within spitting distance of the MRR HQ! If anyone has any further information, articles, photographs, etc of Third World War the author would appreciate being contacted, at: <dirtywaterclub@yahoo.com or via http://svm.www.cistron.nl/music/dwc/>.

DISCOGRAPHY

- Ascension Day/Teddy Teeth Goes Sailing 45rpm single (71, Fly)
- Little Bit of Urban Rock/Working Class Man 45rpm single (71, Fly)
- Third World War LP (71, Fly)
- Third World War II LP (72, Track)

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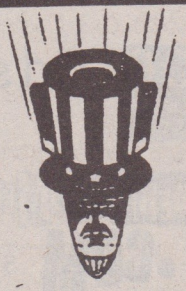

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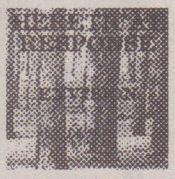

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ACRID - "86'd LP

Just the thing to ruin your sunny afternoon. This circa 1997 recording serves up some of the best metal-influenced, doom-laden hardcore I've heard in a while. The back says "poison free power violence," but that doesn't seem to ring true with me. This is technical, sometimes quite slow, at one moment even bordering on the pretty, and menacing. Not words I often use to describe that most over-referenced of terms, "power violence." This does not include the *Sea Of Shit* demo that was on the now out of print CD version of this release. But fear not, No Idea will be putting that out as a separate LP soon. Keep your eyes open for it. (ST)
($7: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS - "Weighing Contradiction Through Gravity" EP

I felt somewhat honored and excited to receive this—I spent my formative (13 to 21) years in the general area where this band is from (Canandaigua, then Rochester). When I was there, bands like HUNGER ARTIST and BENT were the current thing, and I've often wondered whatever happened after I left in 1991. Well, seems that hardcore is alive and well in the Rochester area, and it's been updated to the 2000 version. This is moody, harsh hardcore from the HIS HERO IS GONE or DYSTOPIA stable, and those are names so revered, I wouldn't use them lightly. It's a cacophony of noise, distortion, angst, screams and samples. Despite the swirling mess this all creates, impact is still foremost—the walls are coming down, and this is your soundtrack. Awesome—best thing I've heard in a couple of months, and I've heard a lot. Seems that the Finger Lakes region is doing just fine, eh?! (TM)
(Denied a Custom, 3-5-12-106 Hashigashi, Narita-SHI, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY - "24 Hour Roadside Resistance" LP

Here's the latest album from a punk-ska band that I was never impressed by. You think its alright—aggressive, ripping, and sneering hardcore punk—but then all of a sudden, it goes all downhill. Horns! I just wish it wouldn't turn into a third-wave ska fest every other song. This album is good for fans only. (SR)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

THE AGENCY - "Engines" CD

Don't be afraid of the emo exterior. No, no, no it's catchy as hell punk that at times verges on sounding like SLADE with the occasional DRIVE LIKE JEHU breakdown. I mean, it's almost like a serious attempt to update the basic musical concepts of glam. While I hope nobody in the band wears makeup and leotards, some of the tunes have arrangements that would make QUEEN proud. Someone should introduce this band to RANDY from SWEDEN. A really, really great CD. (LH)
(Fiddler, PO Box 330667, Miami, FL 33233)

AMLUET – "The Burning Sphere" CD

Fast raging punk from Norway. More pissed-off than positive hardcore that's hard and heavy without deteriorating into metal wank. AMULET have the big New York–late '80s–revisited sound, but I don't know whether they're SxE or not, if they *are* they don't preach about it. Yet another band covering the WEIRDOS "Solitary Confinement" (which they do a fine job of). This is pretty tough stuff, heaps of energy and aggression – I'd like to see them live. Music to move your lame ass. (AD)
(Bridge, Box 1903, SE-581 18 Linkoping, SWEDEN, bridge_rec@hotmail.com)

ANAMNESIS/ENCROACH - split CD

ENCROACH reminds me of the other hardcore scene of the early '90s. There was the hardcore punk of the ABC No-Rio and Ebullition (and many other) bands. Then there was the straight-edge hardcore of bands on Conversion and New Age. ENCROACH has the fairly restrained chug-chug, metal leads, and up front vocals of OUTSPOKEN and WORLDS COLLIDE. ANAMENSIS have a swirling metal vortex hardcore style that pleases those buying Relapse and Hydra Head releases. (TH)
($7: 5036 Fremont Ave. N, Minneapolis, MN 55430)

THE ANIMALS - "Club Aug Go-Go 1963" 10"

Pop was so lame in the early '60s that kids looked to CHUCK BERRY, and LITTLE RICHARD at his queerest, to practice and later develop their sound. If you're into THE MAKE UP or DELTA 72 hear this. It will make you feel like shit for missing the '60s. (EC)
(Get Back)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ANNALISE – "Tour Issue" CD

A good comp of singles and unreleased tracks from this UK band. In the DOUGHBOYS/STARMARKET vein, this is a good pop release if you dig the emo pop punk thing. Not for the heavy types, but a good deal from a band whose releases are hard to find over here. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SWI 1FG, UK)

THE AUTOMATICS - "Murder/Suicide" CD

Whooo! Wait, what happened here!!?? These guys sound different...they are a lot less sloppy... and I'm not sure if that's a good thing just yet. A little PINK LINCOLN-ish at times, but for the most part very JACKIE PAPERS (Kimball sounds a lot like Chris Barrows on this album), even though these bums have been around a lot longer than the PAPERS. Four chords, simple lyrics and drunken rants about bullshit and girls. I love this band. This is a lot thicker and moodier than their early efforts but this is still very listenable, in fact this is a damn fine recording. I'm really loving on it right now. Rock and roll party in my room tonight!!
(Just Add Water, PO Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94142)

BAD DREAMS ALWAYS - "Another Body Murdered" EP

Sweden's own BAD DREAMS ALWAYS keep up their countries recent tradition of big speed, big hair, big riffs, leather pants and extremely hoarse vocals. I bet there is even a bullet belt or two hiding under their t-shirts. One would only need to listen to their slightly mangled cover of DISCHARGE's "Hear Nothing, See Nothing...." to know where their roots come from. (RC)
(Distortion Records)

THE BEATNIK TERMITES - "Bubble Core" LP

It's about fucking time. That's all I can say. This was recorded way back in '96, and here it is now mid 2000 and this is just now hitting the streets. Y'know what? It was worth the wait. A few of these tunes have been released on EPs already, but so what? This is 12" blue vinyl!!! Blue vinyl!! In any event, fourteen sugary sweet, RAMONES influenced, harmony-drenched pop punk blasts of rock and roll. Pat Kim writes good songs and that's all there is to it. These boys do the geek rock/wuss punk thing so well it brings tears to my eyes. (BM)
(Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

BERSERK - "Theyreaftame" LP

Even though the members of BERSERK seem to know what they're doing, they bring back fond memories of my old band. Tyler, the guitar player, follows the bass just enough, but can't resist little licks and mini-solos. And Joanne, who sings, apparently prefers to sing fast. And they have lots of clever breakdowns, stops, starts, and tempo changes. And the lyrics are simultaneously pissed and idealistic. Generally—speedy, up-tempo, awesome, screechy punk rock with plenty of bad words. (AC)
(Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

THE BLACKS - "Hate You Like Gold" LP

Coincidentally, early today I was complaining about there now being three bands called THE BLACKS. There's a Swedish band whom I like very much, this band, and now some alternative country bullshit band. Anyway, what the fuck has happened?!? People just don't pay attention to what is going on. I think if I thought a name like THE BLACKS was a good idea for my band name, I would check to see if there were any bands going by that name. It's such an obvious name that it's got to be taken already. I guess on that note, I should add that I don't give a shit who had the name first. I'm sure there will be some whining on that front, so don't bother. On to the matter at hand. This BLACKS come from Arizona, and if I didn't have the album in front of me, I would say, "Hey, does Mark Arm have a new band? I would think he would be able to get more interesting musicians to play with him." Basic garage rock with singer who yells and screams. The kind of stuff I want to see after a bad day at work or when my roommates are annoying the shit out of me. I drink a six-pack and bob my head and later say it was a fun show. The album is dedicated to Larry Terbush of THE DIRTYS, which is cool 'cos they were one of my favorite live bands and unappreciated while he was around. (CK)
(Chemical Valley, PO Box 77142, Tucson, AZ 85703)

BLADDER BLADDER BLADDER - "On the Job With..." CD

Twelve songs of mid tempo SEX PISTOLS punk done with real English accents, for a change. While not terrible, overall this is a fairly mediocre release, that lacks in the energy department. (RM)
(Pelado, 521 Wilson, C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

THE BLOOD BROTHERS - "This Adultery is Ripe" LP

Two vocalists, one high and whinny, the other a bit lower and more throaty, both screaming NATION OF ULYSSES. It's definitely in a good way though. Not completely unoriginal, much more screaming and a superior guitar sound that makes use of the higher tones. Tons of energy and really a great record. "Sugar, I'd come over but your coffee tastes like the clap". (PA)
(Hopscotch, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

BOB BARKER YOUTH/CRUMBUMS - split EP

BOB BARKER YOUTH have an edge on the CRUMBUMS on this record. Both bands have an amateurish/innocent loose feel with great energy and a pretty good 4 track mix. BBY have more more aggressive vocals and straight ahead songs. Both of the CRUMBUMS' tunes have YOUR MOTHER'S "Greatest Masturbator" riff which they skillfully transform into two tunes which sound significantly different. A fine DIY debut. (HM)
($3(cash only): Stupid Nerd, 7 Upland Lane, Ipswich, MA 01938)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BONECRUSHER - "Singles Collection" CD

No need to search the dusty singles bin for old BONECRUSHER singles, because here comes the remastered collection of all those hard-to-get records. This is one of OC's best blazing good ol' working class punk for working class punkers. Lots of tough n' angsty anthemic rock n' roll with the distinctive and brawny vocal flexes of Raybo make BONECRUSHER stand above the rest. (DL)
(Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)

BONECRUSHER - "World Of Pain" CD

Another great release from the SoCal boys, with powerful retro/street punk with a GBH meets AVENGERS feel. The vocals have a hardcore sound at times. There's more muscle here than on their early release. No fancy chops or production here, just the basics with good punk power. (RL)
(Devil Doll, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

BOXINGWATER - "Anthem" CD

First I think this is straight edge kids playing pop punk. Lots about unity, some aggressive vocals and some youth crew style backing vocals. My theory is later disproven when a song claims that he's "been drinking" and "down for far to long", neither being straight edge principals. It's just some pretty good, aggressive pop punk. Mostly fast paced drumming, octaves, breakdowns, catchy guitar work and so on. (PA)
($10: 11 Forest St., Gloucester, Mass. 01930)

THE BROADWAYS - "Broken Van" CD

Pop punk with a rough edge, played much the way that FIFTEEN used to do it. Two vocalists, both with gruff vocals, one just much more so. Mid to up tempo songs, crunchy guitar, catchy song writing. (PA)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

CANNABIS CORPUS - "420" EP

A rehearsal recording of some really fucked up grindcore, that's heavily inspired by—you guessed it—weed, and fucking lots of it. The graphics, the insane amount of time it must have put together the packaging, and just the music itself screams pounds of weed. If EXIT-13 was more grindcore, but recorded on a four track, this would be the result. Fucked up shit. (MW)
(Cannabis Corpus, PO Box 93, Fairoaks, CA 95628)

CARBURETOR DUNG - "Sheep Farming In Malaysia" EP

Easily the most inspiring release of the month. Tuneful and gruff punk traffic jam of LEATHERFACE, street punk chorus camaraderie, and late '80s East Bay melody. The band is from Malaysia and the songs are collected from cassette releases of the past several years. The EP gives some look into the political climate of Malaysia that serves to further isolate these punks from the already overly Western focused scene. Members of the band are involved in a cassette label that distributes DIY music from around the world in Malaysia. The post-paid price is a fucking bargain. (TH)
($3: Hideous, PO Box 22016, Brixton D/O, London SW2 2WE, UK)

CASH FOR CHAOS/SOUTHPAW - spilt CD

This CD captures two hardcore bands playing live on WNYU, so yeah the recording could be better, but they both perform with the fervor of a live show. CASH FOR CHAOS is pretty tough in a good way, but the vocals are over powering at times. SOUTHPAW speeds it up in that way they know how with drive and enthusiasm. Their breakdowns are classic. (TJ)
(Conspiracy Chain, Caixa Postal 87, Sao Paulo/SP, 01059-970, BRAZIL, conspiracychain@hipernet.com.br)

THE CASUALTIES - "Who's in Control?" CD

Goddamn, this band has the biggest fuckin' hair ever! Four studio tracks, along with four live tracks. All of the songs are fast to mid tempo pogo punk tunes, with a BLITZ cover thrown in for good measure, I suppose. The live tracks are pretty crappy (but unintentionally funny due to the number of "oi!"s thrown about) while the studio tracks are pretty good. You decide. (RM)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

CATHARSIS/NEWSPEAK - split CD

Sure, CATHARSIS have been on a split with GEHENNA (which is where these tracks are from), kick out some anthemic and crunched hardcore that just begs for kick-boxing madness, and fearlessly champion the DIY ethic. But don't let them hoodwink you. They are hippies. They have tribal drum circles at their shows! Brazil's NEWSPEAK share some of the metal rhythms of CATHARSIS, but don't wallow in them nearly as much. The crunchy breakdowns and metal interludes are sandwiched between early '80s hardcore with the modern tweaks of DEVOID OF FAITH, BURNED UP BLED DRY, and FROM ASHES RISE. (TH)
(Liberation, Caixa Postal 4193, Sao Paulo, SP 01061-970, BRAZIL)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CATHETER/FUKROT - split EP

Is there a better release this month? If there is, I'd love to hear it. First off, CATHETER has released yet another good EP, and this one has a NAUSEA cover. Fast hardcore, think the GRIMPLE half of their split with LOGICAL NONSENSE, or a band like CATWEAZLE. This release jumped from good to great when I flipped this disk over to listen to the FUKROT the side. I'll get evicted from apartment for sure after playing this side no less that three times in a row. Brutal as fuck grindcore that'll renew your faith in the whole scene...I hope. (JV)
(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

COGS – "Viva!" CD

A great poppy punk release with those gal indie rock overtones, a la EGGPLANT and HISSYFITS. In fact, this New York band came through town recently and put on a decent show. Nine songs in twenty-something minutes. For a band that started out as a WEEN cover band, they certainly do a good job of upholding the Damaged Goods level of quality. Strong gal pop vocals and spunky songs make this a must for fans of that genre. (RL)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 6NF, UK)

COMATOSE - "Slave of Society" EP

Exactly what I'd expect from a Thought Crime release: ripping fast German hardcore. None of the songs slow down for you to catch a breath, and if you got this twelve years ago, you would have called it grindcore. The production is insanely raw and heavy. Good shit. (MW)
(Thought Crime c/o Jens Walter, Petersburger str. 68, 10249 Berlin, GERMANY)

CONFUSE - LP

At first, I looked at this and thought, "fuck, yet another goddamn CONFUSE bootleg of the same old stuff." But this is every vinyl thing they ever did, including the vinyl bootlegs that were released posthumously....and unlike the various "official" releases from Japan and the bootleg that came out in the US, this is *vinyl*, not a goddamn CD...which makes this rise above the others. Pretty good quality, good amount of info about the releases...get it if you can find it. Just look for a photocopied CONFUSE logo glued onto a plain black cover. Who ever did this also did the KURO bootleg (see review this issue).
(no address)

COOKIE - "All Hell Can't Stop Us" CD

Listening to the barrage of chuggy metal rhythm guitars (complimented by country solos) and highly-professional female vocals, I have to wonder where exactly COOKIE are comin' from. Guitar school, maybe? Fast punch-drunk punk, again, with occasional hayride-hoedown-twang that leaves this good ol' boy out in the cold. I dig the stop-start version of "Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad", though a straight version woulda been nice, too. (JH)
(Last Chance, 3812B SE Division, Portland, OR 97202)

THE CREEPS - "Lights Over Baghdad" EP

This is a pretty basic mix of hardcore and metal, NYHC style. With all the breakdowns and riffs put exactly where they need to be. And in the end it really didn't do much for me. The saddest part of the whole record is the part of the insert which has a scan of a ticket where the band played a show with the CRO-MAGS. As if somebody could actually be proud to be playing with the so-called CRO-MAGS in the year 2000. Give me a break! (RC)
(Smog Veil, 777 Mays Blvd #10-454, Incline Village, NV 89451)

CRIMSON SWEET - "Robot Bus Driver" EP

Back with a second EP of quirky punk goodness, this outing is practically an homage to the better early '80s/late '70s post-punk/new wave weirdness. Lots of catchy tunes with vocals that switch between ferocious growl and haunting melody. Sort of like "Incubus/Sucubus" era X-MAL at times. The title track is fun too, with its "Beat My Guest" styled guitar part. (LH)
(PO Box 20506, Tompkins Sq Station, New York City, NY 10009)

CRISPUS ATTUCKS - "Destroy the Teacher" CD

Thought this record was much hyped, so I was certainly curious to check it out. I'm always a bit apprehensive about bands/records who take a undue pride in their "old school" sound—things usually evolve for a reason. This is a return to more "traditional" hardcore—16 songs in about 25 minutes, with songs that are short, quick and concise. It's a great listen—the songs are energetic, aggressive and maintain enough personality that it's not a 16 song blur. Lyrics are basic without being boring—political without being dogmatic or preaching. Solid stuff—well done! (TM)
(Soda Jerk, PO Box 4056, Boulder, CO 80306)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CRUCIAL YOUTH - "Singles Going Straight" CD

A no-brainer if there ever was one...this is THE positive hardcore band. And the hits are all here; "Positive Dental Outlook" "Me & Mr.T" "X-Mas For The Skins" and twelve more from the seven inchers, plus live tacks and the first demo! If you've never heard CRUCIAL YOUTH, then it's time to get on the bandwagon, because these records are hard to get nowadays. These songs are absolutely essential, whether you consider yourself among the ranks of the positive youth, or you just want to roll around in hysterics to songs like "Those Who Curse." Although I take exception to "If you don't shave clean, then you're not in the scene" (what kind of fucking elitist shit is that anyway?) this is still a brilliant band. GO! out and buy this now! (WN)
(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA, 94121)

CRUCIAL YOUTH - "The Posi-Machine" CD

This, according to the info provided on the inner sleeve, was originally recorded in 1988. Maybe I'm not the best person to review this record because I'm not that familiar with CRUCIAL YOUTH, but here it goes. Over the top sXe hardcore that basically makes fun of the whole idea of militant straight edgers. Sounds a lot like what Max would include on one of his Bandana Thrash Comps, but slower. The lyrics are very funny, and the singer sounds exactly like Ian MacKaye. Worth a listen. (JV)
(New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)

DAYCARE SWINDLERS - "Testosterosa" CD

An attempt at being the next OFFSPRING or maybe GUTTERMOUTH. The cover is really just an embarrassment. Southern California style pop punk with an occasional ska part thrown in. An attempt at a surf song. Clean dare I say slick recording. There is far too much of this stuff. (PA)
(Vile Beat, PO Box 42462, Washington D.C. 20015)

DEAD TO THE WORLD/KID GORGEOUS - split CD

Both bands come at the listener with a barrage of hard metal guitar riffs similar to DISEMBODIED and CONVERGE. I was especially impressed with KID GORGEOUS (except for the band name). They had a crushing sound that was quite impressive for a debut release. At times they sounded like a dead on COALESCE rip-off, but they have got enough firepower to blast through that comparison and take things over on their own. Killer goods! (RC)
(762 Upper James Street, Suite 335, Hamilton, ON L9C 3A2 CANADA)

THE DEADBEATS - "Don't Go Away" CD

Pretty earnest East Bay influenced punk here. The singer has sufficient raspiness, the guitars can't decide if they want to play another melodic line or self destruct, and the bass is busily trying to hod everything together. I like the energy and vibe of some of the more searching or anthemic songs, but a couple fall short of the mark. Either way, it's a pretty good release. (BG)
(00 Loser, 100 Rembrandt Dr, Butler, PA 16002)

DEADBOLT - "The Mandark" CD

An EPs worth of chaotic post-hardcore that is executed really well. Fans of DEADGUY, or Hydra Head stuff will dig this. It's got all the good elements (the packaging is great) yet this style doesn't really do much for me these days. (MW)
(Hectic, Rietbergstraat 78, 7201 GK Zutphen, The NETHERLANDS)

DEAD-END CRUISERS - "The Patron Saints of Wheless Lane" CD

The DEAD-END CRUISERS earn creativity points—in my book, anyway—for the Ennio Morricone-ish intro that opens a CD's worth of songs about gin, beer, vodka, barroom brawls, and gin. Luckily they're able to back up the functional alcoholism with tough, compressed punk rock in a sort of ANGELIC UPSTARTS vein...and actually show off some muscle, rather than come off like a pack of over-polished poseurs. I've confused this band with several similarly-named bands (not to mention any of 'em specifically), but the CRUISERS are head 'n' shoulders above most of their ilk. (JH)
(Unity Squad, 354 W. 100 N, Logan UT 84321)

THE DELTA 72 - "000" LP

.....wow, strange shit here.....this is like....uhhh...hard rock or something.....black backing chick vocals.....good players all around.....pro stuff....I don't know if I dig this too much.....oh no, wha-wha's..... actually, I think this is a real hunk of dog shit... mid-'70s FM, no doubt about it..... fuck this limp dick shit.... sorry folks, after five songs I'll have to bail out....eat my ass!!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Touch And Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago IL, 60625)

THE DIALTONES - "Introducing" EP

Now this is rock 'n' fuckin roll. The DEVIL DOGS comparison is inevitable and yes, it is in the same league as them too. Both songs here just rip! Buy now. (NF)
(Radio Blast, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldor, GERMANY)

DIE STINKIN' - "(Smell is in' the Air)" CD

DIE STINKIN' do mid-tempo punk and rock with pop sensibilities. They do a meaner, less goofy DEAD MILKMEN style. A mere eight tunes, but a pretty good eight at that. (HM)
(Stench, 214 Lakeland Drive, West Palm Beach, FL 33405 brianmcmanus2@gte.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DIRTEEZ - "How I Lost My Fur And Became An Angel" CDEP

Maybe a little like ALIEN SEX FIEND? A little like a less adventurous "Only Theater Of Pain"? It's that fine line where gothic and punk meet. It's lack of irony makes it almost uncomfortable to listen to. Gruff vocals over droning punk. "Something Got To Give" is almost psychobilly. But not really... Have you ever seen the movie "Clerks"? There's a Russian guy who sings for a metal band called BERZERKER. This is what I imagine that band sounds like. Understand? (LH)
(28 Rue Chateau Payan, 13006 Marseille, FRANCE)

DOWNLINERS SECT - "Nite In Gt. Newport St" EP

Don Craine's DOWNLINERS SECT are remembered as contemporaries of early ROLLING STONES, PRETTY THINGS, and KINKS, and played in the same British R&B sandbox. They were also the prime influence on the HEADCOATS, right down to the deerstalker caps, choppy riffs, and lyrics about Davy Crockett.... anyway, *Nite in Gt. Newport St* is a live EP, originally issued in the early 1960s, now available through Penniman records of Barcelona. Four tracks, all covers ("Beautiful Delilah", "Shame, Shame, Shame", "Green Onions" and "Nursery Rhymes") reproduced with adequate quality sound. Not the greatest intro to these cult heroes, but it's still diggable on its own merits. The fresh 'n' innocent crowd were having a fine time that night, from the sound of things. (JH)
(Penniman, PO Box 32142, Barcelona, SPAIN)

ELVIS DISCIPLES - "Punk Rock Pills" CD

Plop, plop, fizz, fizz, go Southern California's ELVIS DISCIPLES with five easy to swallows. This is pharmaceutical-centric n' silly suburban punk rock that gives a quick buzz, but just doesn't get you off. Comes with four-color cover art that parodies Burger King as a pharmacy and shows all the band members passed out. Caca. (DL)
(Suburbia, PO Box 1666, Rosemead, CA 91770)

EX MODELS - CDEP

Edgy post-punk shit that sounds like the FIRE ENGINES or even classic GANG OF FOUR with a dash of FUGAZI. Spastic vocals, heavy bass riffs and discordant guitars mark these guys. I can even hear them doing the FUGAZI thing in "Girlfriend Is Worse" (dig those "hey, hey hey"s) as well as "The Mechanic" which lurches and sputters in a real cool Andy Gill-meets-Ian MacKaye-guitar-circle-jerk kind of way. Other cool tunes include "Its On Television" which does the relentless bass 'n' drums pound quite well and builds up in typical emo-like fashion. A good debut here that does *quite* well and I don't mind saying so either. (JY)
(no address)

FACE OF CHANGE - "Keep The Balance" CD

How's this for scene unity? A Spanish label putting out a Japanese band that sounds exactly like the American band GORILLA BISCUITS. And I mean exactly. Right down to the guitar intros, little spoken bits in the middle of songs, and melodically sung parts. All of which is fine by me. Originality is overrated. To further press home the multi-ethnic nature of this release, the lyrics are printed in English and Spanish. A fine release, if nothing to write home about. (Dear Mom, got a really good hardcore record for review this month. Sounds just like GB though...) (ST)
(Soulforce, Aparatado de Correos, 18 199 - 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

FAIRFIGHT - "The Neverending Road" EP

FAIRFIGHT is so posi they even have liner notes explaining fuck ups as "a good learning experience." Youth crew as pure and simple as it comes. FAIRFIGHT hammer words to live by into your little hardcore head one after the other. They also point out that grumpy straightedgers will soon fall, so with a smile on your face you can spread positive ideas and still have fun. Pass it on. (TJ)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS)

FAMILY – "I, Me, Mine" CD

This stands out as my "CD of the month," that's not saying much this month, but it was still such a relief. FAMILY pulls together to deliver youthful catchy hardcore complete with raw power and vocals that sound like this kids throat is being ripped apart straight from the heart. (TJ)
(Liberation, Caixa Postal 4193, Sao Paulo/SP, 01061-970, BRAZIL, mslib@uol.com.br)

FEAR IS THE PATH TO THE DARKSIDE - "Someday..." EP

Even if the last *Star Wars* film sucked ass, you'll never see the end of references to the film epic in hardcore records. Someday I'll decipher the attraction. Perhaps those SxE kids see themselves as latter day Jedi? Perhaps I am full of shit. Back to the record. This is more melodic than I was expecting, which shouldn't give you the impression that it isn't mindblowingly fast and hard as fuck. It is. It's just that this is better than your run of the mill brutal German hardcore record. More accomplished, more complex—it encourages multiple listens. The anger seeps from the vinyl and is staining my record player with its hatred. (ST)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

MUSIC REVIEWS

FEDERATION X - LP

Difficult, impenetrable, treacherous. Known to some, a mystery to others. FEDERATION X? Never heard of 'em before tonight, but that's my fault and not theirs. Deep and bass-heavy sludge 'n' roll that recalls memories of DRUNKS WITH GUNS, UNSANE, and many other bands I dutifully followed at the beginning of the 1990s. Choppy, with a remarkably deep-throated bass sound. Don't look for any deep meaning in between these grooves 'cause I don't think there's any to be found, they just want to bludgeon you over the skull with their version of "We Got the Beat" and spill beer on your Performance Fleece vest. (JH)
(Molasses Manifesto, 505 32nd St. #107 PMB 190, Bellingham, WA 98225)

FUNERAL DRESS – "Party Political Bullshit" CD

For some it will always be 1982. From Belgium, FUNERAL DRESS play retro-cabaret for (out of) fashion punks, basic music and simplistic lyrics that challenge nothing ('cept maybe the patience.) One song will sound like BLITZ, the next like early CHAOS UK or ONE WAY SYSTEM, then they repeat the process. I swear, if I hear one more non-British band singing about being "on the dole" or their "mates"... It gets downright surreal when they cover John Denver. Fans of the CASUALTIES and the GLORY STOMPERS will like this, it doesn't do much for me though. It must be fun if your life revolves around how you dress, but I'm quickly losing tolerance for this particular genre. Street-punks are the new Teds. (AD)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953. Email: fundress@hotmail.com)

THE FUX - "Made In The U.S. Fuckin A" CD

This only thing that I can really compare this to is dogshit. This is pretty bad stuff. Maybe if the TUNNEL RATS all had Down's Syndrome or something. The name of the disc and the US flag on the cover should piss off the lot too. (NF)
($10 ppd: 705 Tilghman #3, Coopersburg PA 18036-2436)

GAMITS – "Endorsed By You" CD

I've loved everything by this band, and I like this. So it's a tiny bit of a let down. These guys do some great power pop punk. They have some great stuff here too. My only complaint is they kind of mix it in with the speedy pop punk thing which sounds a little ordinary. Don't get me wrong, though, because there are some great GAMITS songs here. (RL)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

GASOLHEADS - "Fuel, Stereo, Shit" 2xEP

This French band play in a buzzsaw, early punk style. It's definitely got the requisite energy, but the tunes themselves just seem like retread. I hear potential for them, if they only focus more on the songs than the attitude. (BG)
(Rocking Bones c/o Pagani Gualtiero, P:Le Della Macina 3, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

THE GC5 - "The Price of Security" EP

This band is truly inspired! If you remember how moved you were when you first heard Darius and the SWINGIN' UTTERS play great punk rock on *Teenage Genocide* , then you can grasp the enthusiasm this record harnesses. The politics of "Wild Desperation" and "Submission by Frustration" call up memories of young Joe Strummer and his rants. The cover art on this little gem is a fucking brilliant piece by Mad Marc Rude. THE GC5 have successfully combined their personal philosophies with top quality punk rock with a capital "P"! The ghost of the STIFF LITTLE FINGERS circa 1978 lives on in THE GC5! (BR)
($3.00: Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr., Clarkston, MI 48346)

GENERATORS – "Blind Ambition" CD

Second album from this SoCal band. There's a definite CLASH influence ala US BOMBS (minus Duane's whine) or DEAD END CRUISERS (minus the Brit accent), but there's also an old BYO Records (SOCIAL D. and YOUTH BRIGADE) feel to it which sets it apart from the current horde of '77 influenced bands on the West Coast. They play their style well with hooks and harmonies galore, and the lyrics aren't too dumb either. The soundtrack to wife-beaters, tattoos, beer, and blue skies. (AD)
(Urgent Music/Cool Guy, PO Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670. Web: www.thegenerators.com)

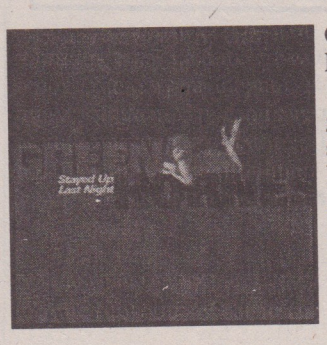
GERIATRIX - "Switch Blade" EP

Good song title: "I'm A Ramrod." I'm all giggles. And it's no surprise that it's my favorite song on this, though, who's choosin'? Jesus, it's all great! Gives me what I ain't had since the MOTARDS. Dude! Rad shit from...Michigan? Whatever, this cranks my crankshaft and torques my torpedo! No, really. Consider my nonexistent gnads dangerously pumped! And buy this record, dammit! (RY)
($4: Tom Perkins, PO Box 970936, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

MUSIC REVIEWS

GREEN FLEM AND THE NASTY MAGGOTS - "Nasty Hits 1989-1998" CD

Awesome name and over the top humor, but is it intentional? This "greatest hits" is a borderline reviewable CD. It's almost too blues, pop, rock for this punk zine. At best, GREEN FLEM is like a mediocre IGGY POP (not the STOOGES), but a few tunes are unlistenable. Some of the lyrics and titles are pretty creative and funny, but the music tends to be too mellow or unpunk. A really stupid interview follows the last song and goes on and on shattering my image of GREEN FLEM and the boys. They come off sounding a lot more mainstream and conservative like their CD packaging. (HM)
(Hairy Back Melodies, PO Box 799, Enfield, CT 06083 www.greenflem.com)

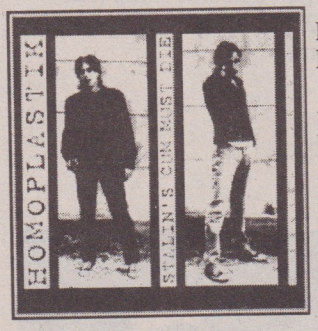


GREEN HORNES - "Stayed Up Last Night/Shadow Of Grief"

From Detroit Rock City you get a musical sound rendition of a straight up '60s r&b garage band. Problem is, I'm so jaded I just don't give a flying fuck. (DL)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

GROOVIE GHOULIES – "Travels With My Amp" LP

More of the same from the GROOVIE GHOULIES, and (depending on your taste) that's probably good news. Very poppy, very RAMONES-y, very well played and produced. This is good 'n'all, but I like them so much better live. (AD)
(Lookout)



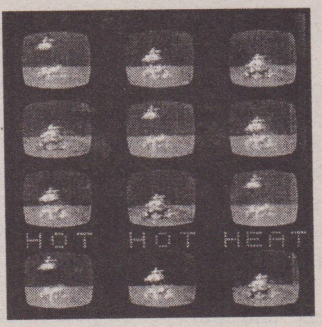
HOMOPLASTIK - "Stalin's Cum Must Die" EP

They've got the ingredients for a good garage band musically, but there's a lack of frantic energy and the vocals are quite annoying, with a whiny quality not unlike PIL-era JOHNNY ROTTEN. (DP)
(Hangover, no address)

THE HONOR SYSTEM - "Single File" CD

Check here if you enjoy post HC noodling guitar music. Yes, I count myself in this category, and yes, this release qualifies. Think GAUGE or early JAWBOX for starters. I like the twisting, frantic and unpredictable guitar playing. The rhythm section seems to work hard, and the vocals sound repressed, but not quite detached (kinda like that Jay Robbins fella). The lyrics are mostly sociopolitical, and get a shout out from me for being about issues other than their own broken hearts or how much they rock (an alarming trend in much underground music today). A band to keep an eye on. (BG)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

HOT HOT HEAT - "Matador At The Door" EP



Angular and angry new wave is back, along with moustaches, velour pullovers, feathered bangs, and cocaine...HOT HOT HEAT are a Canadian outfit that remind me of San Francisco budget bin mainstays the UNITS, with their busy punk-with-synth sound. I'd love to HOT HOT HEAT at an appropriately sleazy hole-in-the-wall, complete with spilled beers, overflowing ashtrays and blown fuses. A magical night in the making. Lotsa keyboard damage, jagged guitars, and a sense of casual abandon that you can't beg, steal, or borrow. Fun noise.(JH)
(Ache, 3279 Chaucer Ave, North Vancouver, BC V7K 2C2 CANADA)

HORRORS - CD

Winner. Winner. Winner. Total GORIES-worship that has me wondering about the git-man, name of Damn Easy. "Paging Mr. Collins...". Never boring blues-punk that keeps the beat primal, the vocals raw and screamy and the guitars loud and buzzy. Don't let the generic name fool ya, this is a winner, winner, winner. (RW)
(In The Red, 2627 E. Strong Pl, Anaheim, CA, 92806)

HUNG UP - "Runnin' Out" CD

The first song here sounds very much like PENNYWISE; wooohoo's and all. The next sounds much more like STRUNG OUT, while track three is much more heavy with the metal style chuga chuga thing going on. So anyway, these three styles appear on and off throughout the next nine songs making the listen at least a little more interesting. Really, it's nothing new or amazing, and the vocals are too high in the mix. The cover of "Karma Chameleon" is really unnecessary. (PA)
(Crack, PO Box 29048, Eaton Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4L1, CANADA)

ICKY BOYFRIENDS - "Talking To You Is Just Like Being Dead: 1988-Present" LP

Gee, thanks God! I was waiting for this to come out to let me know it was okay to die. It's not unusual to expect cosmic portents when in the presence of this LP, which is the best ELECTRIC EELS covers LP never released. Everything on here was too much for the world to handle, well...mid 90's San Francisco anyway. The amazing thing is how the vocalist managed to find a copy of a record that never came out, I mean, how do you a do a covers LP of primo unreleased ELECTRIC EELS songs without having a copy of an original to listen to? Do you just make up the songs on yer own? I guess so! Fucked up! Anyway, they make never-before heard classics like "Kidnapped Co-Ed" and "Flying Monkeys" and "Western Addition" their own, so its drinks all around for the next decade or so. For fans of punk rock only! (RW)
(Menlo Park, PO Box 1652 Cooper Station, New York, NY, 10276-1652)

MUSIC REVIEWS

INJECTIONS/LIFE OF RILEY - split EP

Both bands on this release play pogo inspiring pop punk that sounds like it would be right at home on Mutant Pop or the late VML. Of the two bands, the INFECTIONS are the band with more of an edge, sort of similar to the CONNIE DUNGS, but without the snotty vocals. A solid release. (JF)
($3:, The Injections, 7 Newton Terrace, Norwalk, CT 06851)

IGGY AND THE STOOGES - "Double Danger: Academy Of Music/Latin Casino - Live 1973" LP

I bet you haven't heard enough of the STOOGES in the last couple of years. Two shows recorded in 1973 on the "Raw Power" tour. There is no question in my mind about the greatness of the STOOGES, but the quality on this is so bad. I have taped friends' bands playing at the Purple Onion (r.i.p.) and my tapes sound better than this. The highlights are the performances of "Rich Bitch" and "Wet My Bed." Iggy in great form. Of course, if you are the kind of person who owns the "Funhouse" box set (I borrowed it and have listened to the whole thing all the way through, twice) then you are going to want the CD, which is a double and contains each show in it's entirety. (CK)
(Bomp, no address)

IMBALANCE/THE PROPAGUBHIS - split CDEP

I am soooo not going to be making friends this month. First off, I hate split CDs, and I see no reason for their existence. What's more is, I loath CDEPs, so the combination is just downright pointless in my book. IMBALANCE is actually making me cringe right now as I'm writing this. Quasi-social political hardcore played by a bunch of kids who have good intentions but just simply don't quite get why they're doing what they are. They remind me of your first band and how you know that you like the sound of one band, so you try to mimic them but just end up sounding confused (c'mon, we've all been in bands like that). PROPAGUBHIS sound like a cross between OP IVY with horns and a not as cute LESS THAN JAKE. Their rant about "the suffering [that occurs] when [I] get [my] dinner plate" and "the look of terror when [I] end another life...[to] go to work with my knife" really touches me. I will only eat animals who voluntarily ended their lives to be on my plate. Seriously, I'm going to look for lost, depressed cattle with no reason to live and ask them if they'd like to find the meaning in their death that they couldn't find in their lives. Do you guys have any idea how many bored reviewers suffered while listening to your CD? Please stop the suffering and stop the madness. I'll make a deal with you boys: I'll stop eating meat if you stop sucking and stop calling consumers of flesh "ignorant," deal? (BM)
(Blind Bear, PO Box 309, Leeds, LS2 7AH, UK)

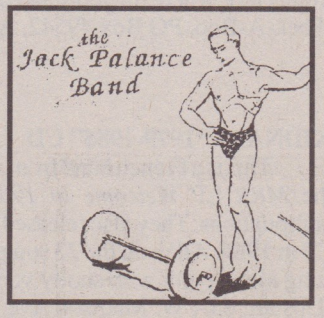
INFLICTED/SEGUE - split LP

INFLICTED plays intense, moody, metallic hardcore with unusual arrangements and sounds, not unlike DEAD AND GONE, although less direct. It's always cool to hear someone doing something new within a hardcore framework that doesn't involve crossing over too far into metal territory. SEGUE also try to meld disparate influences with their torrential hardcore downpour, to slightly less effect. At times it sounds as if the drummer is playing a different song from the rest of the band. Still, this split highlights two more bands who, if not furthering the evolution of hardcore, are at least keeping pace with it. (AM)
(Power Ground, 1309 S. 21st St, Manitowoc, WI 54220)

IRON SKULL - "Killing Machine" CD

Thickneck hardcore from these tattooed Belgians. This is current day stuff picking up where POISON IDEA left off—you can understand the singer, despite his gruff delivery—but it doesn't seem mellow in any way. It won't destroy you with speed, but it's catchier for it. They talk about sitting somewhere drinking beer—this would be a reasonable soundtrack. Loses me a bit on songs like "In The Still of Night"—just too slow for my attention span. Solid stuff—I imagine there's a fair amount of posturing in the live show, but even that's harmless. (TM)
(FFL, Vjeko Kolenda, Neuhofstr. 7, 6340 Baar, SWITZERLAND)

THE JACK PALANCE BAND - "Dalton GA." EP



You just can't cover the SMITHS. It does not work. Otherwise these guys play six quick, fun pop punk songs. Much like NAR, bad recording and all. (PA)
(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

JELLY GUN JACK – "Zarge" CD

The packaging, band name, and the fact that they are from England (Norwich [home of Alan Partridge and EXTREME NOISE TERROR] to be precise) had me expecting wacky British pop, but this was a surprise. Coming in somewhere between the pop-punk and melodic-hardcore camps JELLY GUN JACK are hard to pin down, imagine a left-field, non-political, less metallic PROPAGANDHI, or at times even (dare I say it) GREEN DAY spring to mind. Although obviously American influenced, they manage to steer clear of the imitation trap that a lot of European bands fall into. I like this, it's fresh and original, and has a nice all round feel - you *want* to like it. (AD)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, U.K. Email: jellygunjack@yahoo.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

JOHN Q PUBLIC/FALSIES - split CD

JOHN Q PUBLIC do the straight up catchy punk thing. It's fast and furious and while it's nothing new, it really works for them. I don't know. I think it's because the drums lack the standard big sound that typifies just about all pop punk. That, the great vocals and the delicate melodies in the hardcore blast make for a pretty enjoyable four song treat. THE FALSIES are a little more sophisticated in song structure which works for and against them. While the interesting guitar parts give a lot of the songs much needed timbre. At the beginning of "Amstel" it gets a little HOOTIE, if you know what I mean. (LH)
(Middle Man, PO Box 4606, Lafayette, IN 47903)

JREWING - "Calling In The Dead" CD

Well the best way I can describe this would be to imagine if you scored some unknown REFUSED demo tapes, and they sounded a little heavier and distorted than you could really remember anything else they put out. Abrasive and raw.....and simply awesome! (RC)
(Coalition, Hugo dem Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB Den Haagm The NETHERLANDS)

JUNIOR VARSITY - "Bam Bam Bam!" LP

Minimalistic practitioners of the BRENTWOODS school, sans organ and with the rough edges smoothed out. It took some guts to make this maverick of a platter, which is chock full of songs so retardedly cute (or is that cutely retarded?) that those who don't love the living hell out of it will immediately go into a diabetic coma. The litmus test: where do you stand on the saddle shoe question? (DD)
(Peek-A-Boo, PO Box 49542, Austin, TX 78765)

KIDNAP - "1979-1985" CD

This is a French band from way back when. They appeared on the *MRR* LP *Welcome to 1984* as well as a bunch of other compilations. They also released one single in 1984 and a self titled LP in 1986. All in all the 23 songs here are pretty killer, mid tempo song along punk with snotty vocals. (RM)
(Upstart, 65A W. Madison Ave. #254, Dumont, NJ 07628)

KILLINGFLAME - "Back To Ash" EP

Right on, pop-core, emo-soft. Melodic pretty boy sing-song vocals intertwined with light hardcore parts. Maybe if I went home and put on a sweater I would understand. Like some emo, their more traditional hardcore parts are listenable, but this stuff is SO weak, I need a tissue. Beware the cover art makes this band look tougher than they are. Don't be fooled. (TJ)
(Grapes of Wrath,PO Box 61 06 41, 100937 Berlin, GERMANY)

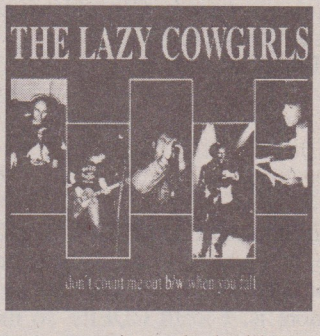
KLAUS APFEL – "Warten Auf Odea" EP

Upbeat German punk with an almost emo feel to it. When they're not speeding along, they have plenty of minor chords, effects, and tempo changes. LEATHERFACE, or a faster JAWBREAKER, are the only comparisons I can think of, but KLAUS APFEL have their own sound and I for one dig it, even if I have no idea what they're singing about. Recorded in '98—six tracks, two instrumentals. (AD)
(Matatu/J. Halbaner, Nordstasse 16, 07548 Gera, GERMANY)

KURO - LP

Another classic Japanese band gets the bootleg compilation treatment—although this being vinyl is somewhat noteworthy. KURO haven't always received the acclaim of some of their contemporaries like G.I.S.M. or GAUZE, which isn't to say they're inferior in any way. Producing records from 1983 to 1985 (in their original incarnation), it still holds up well some 15 years later. This boot is remarkable for the quality job—there's a booklet here that contains repro artwork, discography information and reprints of relevant information. Excellent job, excellent band. Check it! (TM)
(no address)

THE LAZY COWGIRLS - "Don't Count Me Out/When You Fall"



I know I've said this before, but I'm going to say it again anyway. These guys rock like nobody's business. The fact that they have been putting out consistently good records for somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen years is truly amazing. Classic LAZY COWGIRLS punk rock—melodic and catchy, mid-tempo, lots of guitar (even acoustic on the b-side), a little twang, and Mr. Todd's distinctive vocals. Not great LAZY COWGIRLS, but definitely good LAZY COWGIRLS. (KK)
(Chatterbox , PO Box 6492, Burbank, CA 91510)

THE LAZY COWGIRLS - "Somewhere Down the Line" LP

Flashback, Valentine's Day 1989: my boyfriend gave me my first Lazy Cowgirls album, "Tapping the Source". I don't usually pine away for the past, but I must say this record hasn't impressed me. If you are like me, and you want their more rockin' and rippin' growling tunes, go back and get my valentine present ('87, Bomp!) or their 1985 Restless Records release. But if you aren't like me, and you are really getting into their slower and acoustic tunes, then you can count on liking this record. The recordings are getting cleaner, and from somewhere comes even a touch of alternative rock. Can it be? I've seen these guys, they have more energy and guts than this. Another hint is to buy their new 7" (reviewed this issue) which has a great song on it, "Don't Count on Me." (KM)
Sympathy, PO Box 292407, Los Angeles, CA 90029

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE LOCUST/ARAB ON RADAR - "split" EP

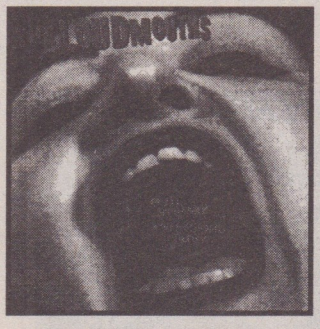
The LOCUST sound very much like the LOCUST. Crazy grind core with keyboards from a band that's been around far too long to call them "ex-whoever". ARAB ON RADAR do an amazing job at making fucked up noise and repetition sound good. High, dual off key vocals to go along with the guitar playing really high off key notes back with repetitive mid tempo drums and bass. Puddle shaped vinyl? (PA)
(GSL, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

LONGFELLOW - CDEP

Standard Cali style emo-punk, poppy, post-whatever... stuff. SAMIAM... SHADES APART... Later DAG NASTY... Think they've got these records in their collection? Think they've got anything else? It's big. It's clean. It's tight. And I mean that in every possible definition. (LH)
(Long, PO Box 68035-617, Anaheim, CA 92817)

LORAXX - "Canada" CD

Dirty fuzzy guitars and plodding drums that remind me of a lot of 90's Touch & Go stuff, with a touch of the first NIRVANA record thrown in here and there. The vocals owe more than a little bit to the screeching of Kat from BABES IN TOYLAND. This sounds like the studio work of Mr. Albini, and it would have made a better 7". (WN)
(3950 N. Lakeshore #2315, Chicago, IL, 60613)



LOUDMOUTHS/VALENTINE KILLERS - split EP

.....some dude starts out side one by saying that Los Angeles sucks and no one likes to dance and the LOUDMOUTHS kick ass.....true, LA sucks these days....so does Frisco..... so does everywhere else....but, the LOUDMOUTHS sure do sound LA .....I was in LA when LA was good, and I remember bands like the LOUDMOUTHS..... punk bands that played fast with chicks in them, way before it was just guy bands....however, the VALENTINE KILLERS sound like new punk bands..... fast, with the "garage" influence...and David Johansen on lead vocals.....what makes your pussy wet these days? .... I dunno.....but livin' in Frisco all these years has turned me queer..... (SW)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

LUSTER – "Smile and Nod" CD

What's with all these so called punks claiming Jesus? And even more important, where is the groundswell of opposition to them? Each member of LUSTER like to thank god first thing in their thank you list, hence they got two strikes against them already. Throw in a couple of pro god songs, some bad ska score combined with Tim Curry ish vocals and your result is complete shit. Christian punks should be fought in the scene, not embraced. Please don't scream at me about persecution either, because Christianity is a fucking choice, just like those who claim white power. LUSTER just made the wrong choice. (JF)
(Nerd Can't Score)

MADELS NO MADELS/PAX AMERICANA – split EP

I thought MADELS were going to be hardcore, but this sounds like something that could have came out of England in 1978/79. I'm not sure exactly how to describe their sound, but the TOY DOLLS spring to mind. This is a German band, whose singer sounds English one minute and Australian the next. Boppy, snotty, and a little weird. PAX AMERICANA are faster and Finnish. Hard political punk with a saxophone (remember TARGET OF DEMAND) it sounds strange, but this is pretty good. Throw in a MOTORHEAD cover and you have one fucked-up split. (AD)
(Brew, PO Box 344, 00151 Helsinki, FINLAND)

THE MAGGOTS - "Living Is Pain" EP

When I first saw that I had been assigned a MAGGOTS EP to review, I thought, "Wow. Somebody has finally re-released the classic EP from San Francisco's MAGGOTS." (You see, I traded my copy to some Australian dude about ten years ago for some ultra-rare Australian record, but have kind of regretted it ever since.) This is *not* that record, nor is even that band. This is '60s influenced garage rock from Sweden. It's a good record—jangly guitars, snotty vocals, and all that. It really is a good record, but it is not the San Francisco MAGGOTS. (KK)
(Low Impact , Box 475, 701 49 Örebro, SWEDEN)

THE MALAKAS - "Too Good To Be True" CD

I don't know why, but I really think that the song "Met A Girl At N.A." is hilarious. It's a classic Thunders-style ballad about meeting a girl at an N.A. meeting and getting drunk. Very much in the spirit of the HUMPERS with a slight twang that almost reminds me of the more rocking moments of JASON AND THE SCORCHERS. Even a little REPLACEMENTS with a bawdy bent. This stuff isn't usually my cup of tea, but fuck if every song isn't totally infectious. (LH)
(I-94, PO Box 44763, Detroit, MI 48244)

MUSIC REVIEWS

MEANWHILE - "Same Shit New Millennium" LP

Return to the fold from this Swedish hardcore band—their first recordings in three years. Ken has a nose for quality when it comes to Swedish hardcore, and this is no exception. Follow up to the "Lawless Solidarity" CD domestic reissue of a couple months ago—it's another 18 tracks of raw, fast and catchy hardcore. They work the "simpler is better" credo in the vein of classics like DISCHARGE, which suits them and the style well. Rough with a towering guitar sound—excellent stuff. (TM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

MENTICIDE/DECOYS - "A Cry For Revolution" split CD

This seems like an unlikely pairing for a split. The only thing these two bands seem to have in common is that they live in the same small town. The DECOYS seem like fun, sloppy, snotty punks with political conscience and an attitude. MENTICIDE, however, are full-on political hardcore with PC lyrics about every hot topic from racism, sexism, and homophobia, to animal rights and cigarettes. The insert has contact info for organizations involved with all the above, plus rants against smoking, nuclear bombs, American nationalism and handy tips for avoiding STDs. This is truly DIY and it shows in the recording quality, but hey, that's what it's all about. (DP)
(Human, PO Box 57, Olean, NY 14760)

MINDBLASTER - "Days of Coma" EP

Minimalist in a good way, this EP is just stripped down Swedish alcohol-fueled slop-thrash. The opening porno intro is fucking lame, but the music and lyrics salvage this a bit. In short, pissed off and crude, yet not too intelligent crust. (MW)
(Genocidal c/o Martin Hogenbrandt, Edingsv. 4A, 451 52 Uddevalla, SWEDEN)

MIOZAN/CAUSE FOR ALARM - split EP

Well all I can say is that MIOZAN's cover of SUPERTOUCH's "Searchin' For The Light" pretty much wrecked my day. Painful to say the least! On the other hand their other song on this split was a killer hardcore number with charging drums and guitar work that is very similar to most of the stuff they have done over the last couple of years. I have always been a fan of MIOZAN; especially their first LP. On the other hand I have avoided listening to any CAUSE FOR ALARM releases since they have "reformed" a few years back. On this release you basically get 2 songs of mid-tempo, slightly overproduced hardcore. Unfortunately, it was not very impressive. (RC)
(Core Tex, PO Box 61 06 41, 10937, Berlin, GERMANY)

MISCONDUCT/TRIGGER HAPPY – spilt CD

After label affiliation there are very few similarities between these two bands (they both use electric guitars?). If you are big sucker for Swedish hardcore you probably know how MISCONDUCT can get you kicking in the pit. This is not their best stuff, they fall the way of pop, but there are a few hardcore songs (they still have it in them they just need to bring it back). THE ALMIGHTY TRIGGER HAPPY is fast rock. Catchy choruses and guitar solos, oh and they have pop, too. There's what's going on; they are coming together by THE ALMIGHTY TRIGGER HAPPY getting faster and MISCONDUCT getting popper. (TJ)
(Bad Taste Records, St. Sodergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, SWEDEN, info@badtasterecords.se)

MONKEYWRENCH - "Sugar Man" EP

If this band were around in the late '60s they would be playing at Altamont and making cheesy videos with zoomy camera shots and psychedelic swirlies like BLUE CHEER. But they weren't. "Sugarman" has a dreamy, hypnotic quality and I'm afraid it is sending me subliminal messages to do drugs. "The Pusher" is bluesy and also is sending me messages to do drugs. Are these covers? I'm not quite up on this scene. Excuse me, I think I'll go do some drugs now. (DP)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

MONKEYWRENCH - "Electric Children" LP

Hey, I thought these guys looked familiar. It's a project pairing a couple of the MUDHONEY guys with Tim Kerr (of BIG BOYS, JACK O FIRE, etc). With such a lineup, I was expecting a little more than half realized bar rock. It sounds good production wise, and is the expected mix of punk, psych grunge, and blues rock, but it's just not that inspired sounding. I'd chalk this up to being one of those LPs that would've made a great EP. (BG)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

MORTE PAURA/SINITERROR - split EP

MORTE PAURA play blistering hardcore with a nod to Italian bands of the mid-'80s—one song even name-checks bands like NEGAZIONE. If I'd heard any of these songs on John Peel in 1987 it wouldn't have been the least bit out of place. The same goes for SINITERROR, pretty much—it's slightly more up to date, but just as fast and keeping the Euro thrash feel intact. If top-notch Swedish hardcore is your thing, check this out. (AM)
(Elderberry, Hermansvägen 94 kv, 553 54 Jönköping, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

NIBLICK HENBANE - "...and we fall" CD

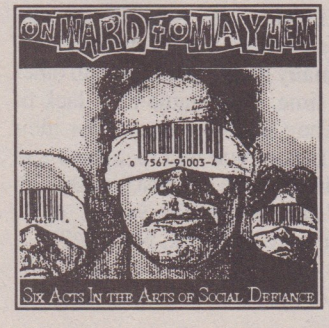
If you don't know already, NIBLICK HENBANE not only rules, but is responsible for kickstarting the whole East Coast Oi! scene that we love so much. This CD compiles some early EPs, some live shit, and a couple demos. Good shit—pick this up. (NF)
(Upstart, 65 A West Madison Ave. #254, Dumont, NJ 07628)

NOGGINTOBOGGAN - "Your Days Are Numbered" CD

These boys really went all out with this product. They got professional cartoonists doing the cover and ART OF EARS sound production. NOGGINTOBOGGAN are tight and blaze through pop punk tunes a lot like SNUFF. They sound pretty darn good. Expect them to get huge. (HM)
(Bettie Rocket, 3912 Portola Dr. #207, Santa Cruz, CA 95062 www.noggintoboggan.com)

OF NO AVAIL - "Socialies" CD

A strong full length from this WESTON meets SAMIAM combo. I was into their last release, and this is even better. This band from the Netherlands certainly shows its American influences. Throw in a little PROPAGHANDI, too, for a good catchy release with nice chops and just enough power. (RL)
(Waaghals, Achter de Hoofdwacht 7, 6511 VW Nijmegen, NETHERLANDS)



ONWARD TO MAYHEM - "Six Acts In The Arts Of Social Defiance" EP

I believe that this band was once known as DAFT, and hailed from Indianapolis. They were also the band formerly, or also, known as GUNS ŒN, MAYHEM, and they will get your fists pumping with this debut release, the one sporting the long, borderline pretentious title. Now based in Minneapolis, ONWARD TO MAYHEM deliver two sides of anarcho punk rocknroll. I'm sure our record guy Tom, here at *MRR*, will like the illustration on the back cover. Good release. (JV)
(Insubordination Nation, 1800 Park Ave. #202, Minneapolis, MN 55404)

PAURA - "1st Release" CD

As the title states, this looks to be their 1st release from 1996 that has recently been re-released. They definitely take a page from the American hardcore book with thick bass work, plenty of breakdowns and shouted backing vocals. This is pretty basic, yet solid hardcore from Brazil that has got a pretty good punch. (RC)
Conspiracy Chain, c/o Marcio Cotineli, Cx. Postal 87, Sao Paulo 01059-970 BRAZIL)

PHANTOM SURFERS - "XXX Party" LP

The lovable masked men that are the PHANTOM SURFERS are back. Today, the Surfers are here to educate us all about the lovely thing that is sex. And their lesson is that sex is fucking hilarious. In fact, the only thing funnier than sex, is the lyrics to this record. This is such a must get record, that you may forget about ever getting what the subject is about. The only thing that is disappointing with this record is that it's on Lookout, and their choice of bed partners isn't comical. Hope you don't get fucked too hard. (JF)
(Lookout!, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

PIRANHAS - "Piranhas Attack" LP

...PIRANHAS attack, PIRANHAS attack, get out of the water and don't look back. Yeah, here we get a hearty taste of the hungry world of the PIRANHAS. This is a killer record. It doesn't seem to follow any rules, but manages to dive into all the right places. Organ-heavy, primitive rock n' roll. Don't throw this one back. (DL)
(Tom Perkins, PO Box 970936, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

PLANESMISTAKENFORSTARS – " Knife In The Marathon" CD

Decent emo screamo core, that reminds me a lot of the old New Age band DAYSPRING. While this stuff isn't bad, it lacks the manic energy that I like to see in this style. A decent pick up, but not essential. (JF)
(Deep Elm, PO box 36939, Charlotte, NC 28236)

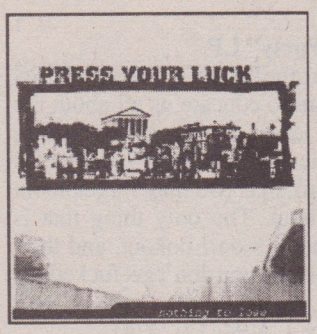
PORNSHOT - "A Go Go" CD

Not bad melodic and moody punk. The music is pretty straight forward, but done well. The female vocals are sometimes anxious, sometimes pissed, but always fairly catchy. It sounds like they have room to grow, but like I said, this release is enjoyable. (BG)
(GC, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

PREHUMANBLASPHEMY - "Blasphemy" 7"

Where do kids in Corona, CA find this kind of angst? An edgy assault of dirty, chaotic hardcore. Denied A Custom knows how to find 'em, unbridled and blown out. A tenseness only felt with enough distortion. (TJ)
(Denied A Custom c/o Yoshiyuki Takahashi, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narita-SHI, Chiba 286-0037 JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS



PRESS YOUR LUCK - "Nothing To Lose" EP

From the land of blond highlights and basketball jerseys, comes another youth crew hardcore release. This time around Richmond, Virginia's PRESS YOUR LUCK crank out 5 solid songs of fast finger pointing straightedge hardcore. It is interesting to note that they alternate vocalist from song to song. Maybe on the next EP they could let the vocalists share the duties in each song. The contrast in vocal styles may just be the ticket. (RC)
($3.50: PYL, 2416 West Main Street, Richmond, VA 23220)

QUYD - "Jack In The Box" LP

Fuck this is awesome. I'm talking RADON, JAWBREAKER, GARDEN VARIETY type good here. You know, something that will have you bouncing off the walls, singing out loud, and just making you feel good. Really, we have a 5 star release here. Buy it, even if you have to steal money to get it. (JF)
(Matatu, J Halbauer, Nordstrabe 16, 07548, GERMANY)

REDUCERS SF - "No Control" EP

This band can do no wrong. Both songs on this record will have you singing along in no time. Do yourself a favor and buy this record and tell a friend too. You'll be thankful. (NF)
(TKO, 4104 24th. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

REMISSION - "Time Served '95 - '98" CD

A great chronicle of the best hardcore band to come out of Manitowoc, Wisconsin since...well, for a long time. 36 songs, including their "Our Days Are Numbered" LP and the seven inches as well. The progression of the band is obvious from the first 7" to the later material, and they seem to get more furious with time. Dual vocal attack, wall of guitars, and fast solid drums. REMISSION was a great band and it's good to have all their shit together. (WN)
(Power Ground, 1309 S. 21st, Manitowoc, WI, 54220)

RETARDED - "...Punkrock In Your Face" CD

Anyone remember the RAMONES? How 'bout the QUEERS? Say...so does the 10th generation RETARDED!! Better than the HYMANS, not as good as the RITCHIES, errrrr...what the fuck? Oh, OK, and they're from Italy. How's that? (RY)
(Hang Over, Viale G. D'Annunzio 9, 20123 Milano, ITALY)

RIFF RANDELLS - EP

On this debut four song EP, three girls and a guy switch off vocals on a bunch of amusing pop-punkers about teen romance (their band name comes from the the Riff Randell character in *Rock'n'Roll High School*), hormones, and school. Although it's not the best track, "I Wanna Be Your Maitre D'" is their most characteristic track — shades of the RAMONES showing through standard three-chord punk with solid guitars and a decent sense of melody. Just about average; the songs didn't really stick to the ribs. (SS)
(Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC CANADA)

THE RIVIERAS - "The Best Of The Rivieras California Sun" CD

I feel really old when I say that garage music was a lot better in the '60s, but it was. I don't know what it is. The modern garage bands try oh-so-hard to get everything so authentic that the music just ends up sounding dull. Of course, there are exceptions, but most bands just don't breath any life of their own into the music. I felt a bit bad for the new bands in Las Vegas when they were shown up by THE WAILERS, TRASHMEN and ANDRE WILLIAMS. THE RIVIERAS from Indiana started when the were high schoolers, played at dances and lasted a few years, but provided so many great songs. Like all other American bands around the same time, they blame their lack of success on the British Invasion. They are most known for their version of "California Sun," but I'm sure you will recognize and really enjoy the entire collection. This is a true greatest hits, though I would have left off "Danny Boy" and "When The Saints." (CK)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

ROCK 'N' ROLL STORM TROOPERS - "Hanging Out With The Boys" EP

Three pretty catchy rock n' roll tunes with slight punk overtones. I can hear shades of both RADIO BIRDMAN and THE DEVIL DOGS. Worth checking out. (NF)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr 37a, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ROT/MESRINE - split EP

Brazil's ROT deliver seven songs ranging from blurring grind to superb fast as fuck hardcore. The production quality is raw (and that's a good thing). Their 40+ song CD from last year got a little old, but this rips, and has enough variety to keep it interesting. Canada's MESRINE offer up four helpings of grinding hardcore, with high/low cookie monster vocals and blast beats throughout. Even though they can't be NAPALM DEATH, it's good to know that people are still trying. (WN)
(Spasmoparapsychotic, 1720 Talleyrand, Brossard, QC, JYW 2J2, CANADA)

ROUTINE RIOT - "From The Shadows" CDEP

This band plays a mixture of ska and pop punk. While I usually dismiss this sort of thing right away (how many times can you say "tight and well produced"?), there are some pretty good moments on this record. I certainly prefer the punkier stuff. But especially when you can hear the keyboards. They seem to be a little nervous about the whole thing. But the keyboards sound really great on the punkier stuff. If they put more emphasis on that, it would certainly set them apart from the heap. I mean, "Why Can't It Be..." would be song of the summer if the "back up plan" ska never kicked in... (LH)
(Medical, PO Box 4981, Irvine, CA 92616)

DOUG SAHM - "San Antonio Rock, The Harlem Recordings 1957-1961" CD

My favorite image from the liner notes to this CD is DOUG SAHM saying that he decided to become a performer after he saw LEFTY FRIZZELL jump on stage and start singing right after punching out a drunken cowboy. This CD is a collection of Doug's recordings with various bands before he started THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET. He was between 16 and 20 years old when these were recorded. They sound amazing mature, presumably because he started playing when he really young. Rockabilly in the best sense, country stylings that rock. A fantastic collection. (CK)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

THE SASKATCHEWAN TRIO - "Songs For A Cold World" CD

Well, do you like early FYP? If you do, then hop on the nearest postal service worker and get your bucks off to these young lads. Snot filled aggression with great songs about "Genesis Blaring From My Hot Rod", "Teabag The Pope", and "Metal Bands Do It Better". I loved this CD so much I think it gave me cooties! (RC)
Radicator, 37 Edgeclimb Road, West Milford, NJ 07480)

SCHLITZ - 10"

Fairly cleanly produced, upbeat punk rock from Paris here. The songs are simple but come across well—it's melodic and hooky, but there's enough guitar power and menace in the vocals that I won't dismiss it as pop-punk. Pretty rockin' stuff. Except for the reggae song. (AM)
($9 ppd: Gestalt, 49 Rue E. Vaillant, 93170 Bagnolet, FRANCE)

SCHIZM - "Where is Our Savior?" CD

Six song CDEP from this Huntington Beach band. This presented a weird dichotomy—the lyrics were angst-ridden and spiteful, but the music was without character. You'd guess it was a rough, aggro hardcore/punk band from reading the liner notes, and you get something melodic with vocals I found annoying. (TM)
(One Shot, 8339 S. Alburtis Ave, Whittier, CA 90606)

SCREAMER - "Cloven Hoof Blues" CD

Very middle of the road hardcore punk rock. A pretty powerhouse guitar sound on this is hip, but the songs here didn't do a thing for me and won't do a thing for you either. (NF)
(Born A Rocker, no address)

SEA MONKEYS - "Secret Sign" CD

Man, the SEA MONKEYS have managed to cage the catchiness and goofiness of the ANGRY SAMOANS, and throw in a few doses of THE RIPOFFS/ DICKIES/ RAMONES. These guys blast out fourteen stompers with whole-hearted energy, spirit, and power chords... yeah this is some real decent shit. (DL)
(Eerie, no address)

SECOND THOUGHT - "They Tore It Down" EP

"this song has no political message/it's just a total 'fuck you'." Now that's how you start a record! There must be something in the water in Sweden that breeds kick ass hardcore bands, and SECOND THOUGHT is no exception. Right on lyrics covering sexism, union labor, Mumia ("hello democracy I guess you fucked up again"), and a song about nazis too! The guitars are upfront and the vocals are urgent and pissed. Original and energetic, this record just fucking kicks ass! (WN)
(School Bust, Rudolf Harbig, Weg 44/207, 48149 Munster, GERMANY)

SECRET HATE - "Radio Kills/ Angel"

SoCal hardcore legends with CIRCLE ONE and DI, SECRET HATE hated Reagan in the early '80s. Now they hate radio programmers. Sad. (EC)
(Cornerstone, 6285 E. Spring St, Long Beach, CA 90808)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SEX PISTOLS - "Burton-on-Trent Recordings" live LP

Three months before their fated contracts with EMI and A&M, the SEX PISTOLS performed their standard set of tunes at Burton-on-Trent, a backwater that was said to have attracted only forty people. The sound quality is tinny but not all that bad; it's made up for by a solid performance and a sense of intimacy you won't get from many of their live recordings. Selected tunes have appeared in comps, but for the first time, you can get the whole show—and it's a record to seek out. Pressed on ultra-thick vinyl guaranteed to survive several nuclear summers (SS)
(Abraxas Srl, Via Aretina 25-50069 Sieci,Firenze, ITALY)

SHE DEVILS - "La Piel Dura" CD

A rock 'n roll band from Argentina plays a pretty okay kinda slick rockin' punk that rolls along in a pleasant kind of way. Groovy, nothing too special...hey, this Mandrax shit really works! (RW)
(Besotico, no address)

SHIFT D – "From The Pages Of Chad Muskota" CD

This band sounds like one of the many BLINK 182 rip-off bands that "real punks" love to bitch about. Fortunately, they are good at it and they seem to capture that early BLINK energy with it's up-tempo approach. This is not essential, but certainly a good pop punk listen. (RL)
(Crack, PO Box 29048, Eaton Pl, Winnepeg, MB, R3C 4L1, CANADA)

THE SHITS - "Farting on the Elevator" EP

From the RAMONESesque cover, you'd guess these guys'd sound like the RAMONES or QUEERS, and they do! These Italians sing in English and display a delightful immaturity with songs like "Farting on the Elevator", "I Need Liposuction", and "I Wanna Be A Lapdancer". Pretty silly, spirited debut. (HM)
(Shits Autoproduction, Via Mazzini 25/d 20040 Cavenago di b.za Milan ITALY, gambediburro@yahoo.com)

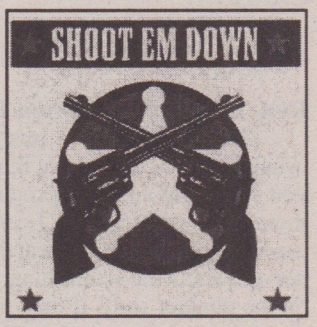
THE SHORT FUSES - "Get The Hell Down" LP

The SHORT FUSES play some pretty rockin' rock tunes, but set themselves apart with an amazing female vocalist. I only wish she wrote/sung better lyrics. Some of the tunes are completely idiot rock. The band does a good job at working with their singer, Miss Georgia Peach, to create a dynamic record. A record that's a bit more polished and professional than their debut LP. (HM)
(Sympathy, theshortfuses@webtv.net

SICKO – " A Brief History Of" CD

A sort of "Odds And Sods" for these late Northwest pop punkers. Demos and unreleased tracks and their last show to boot. As they're always a good pop trio, this is a decent release for SICKO completists and newcomers as well. Although I'd take their first two LPs over this for sheer quality, this is still worthwhile. (RL)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

SHOOT EM DOWN - "Hot Rod Deep-Pit Soul Revival" EP



Southern rock meets garage and punk in the weirdest way. Not what you think, and not too bad. Real, *real*, JON SPENCERy! Slick screen print sleeve. Fans of QUADRAJETS might go for this. From Alabama, but not quite Confed of Scum type fare. This is a little to thoughtful and tongue in cheek for that, yet still fairly tough. Just don't ask them about Apt. 223, cause they'll tell ya! (RY)
(Arkam, 223 Ford Court #3 Auburn, AL 36830)

SHOTWELL - "Under Law" & "Street Songs" VHS

I love truly underground films, in spite of the fact that I spent some time in film school. Part of the reason for this is because most of the films I enjoy are done in the d.i.y. spirit, as opposed to the pretentious crap most film students produce. "Under Law," and "Street Songs" are both shot in a fashion that'll make you appreciate old inventions such as the light meter, but you'll also appreciate the fact that these films didn't need one. "Under Law" really captures a particular time in the SHOTWELL history. There are images of the original band, with Aaron Cometbus, on the road, and the soundtrack of melodic punk really melds effectively with the imagery. "Street Songs" documents, somewhat, the more recent SHOTWELL lineup, which has played free generator shows over the last couple of years with fellow San Francisco bands like MIAMI and the HUMAN BEANS. This is easily worth the $6 price. Recommended. (JV)
($6: No!, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712)

SHOTWELL/MIAMI - split LP

A great fucking record, from beginning to end. Both bands play awesome punk rock with lots of melody (not to be confused with the plague that is "melodic punk rock") with amazing—and occasionally inspiring—lyrics. Eight songs from MIAMI, whose singer Ivy belts out the perfect balance of sandpaper and woeful crooning, followed by nine rebellious numbers by SHOTWELL. Both bands hail from San Francisco's Mission District, and this record comes with a zine about the illegal outdoor generator shows held in the Mission starting in '98. The story of these shows is worth the price of the record alone, and the show at the 16th & Mission BART stop for the release of this record was the essence of punk rock... 200 punks literally taking over the street—if only for two hours. (WN)
($7: No!, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712

MUSIC REVIEWS

SIXER - "Busted Knuckles and Heartbreak" CD

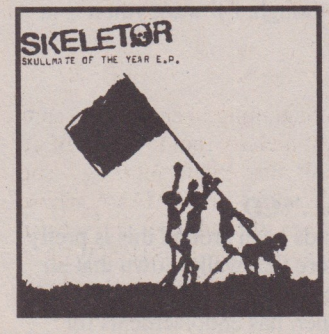
This is great! Five songs (two from their *Truth Hurts* 7" and three new ones) of rockin' punk 'n' roll from ex-members of ANN BERETTA. Although I wasn't too into it, the last song is an interesting mix of county twang and rock ' roll. I'm excited to hear more from these guys. (SR)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

SIR DANCE A-LOT/MANGANZOIDES - split LP

SIR DANCE A-LOT and his DANCING, ROMANCING PRANCETEERS have declared war on the uninspired, money-grubbing, babe-getting bands that have appropriated the "Twist" sound. Heed their war cry of this split LP: "Death to the False Twist!" Will the impostors be able to stand SIR DANCE A-LOT's organ soaked hybrid of beach blanket good times, crooning ballads, and twist jive? Sharing the LP (but maybe not the same political agenda) is Peru's MANGANZOIDES. Organ pours through their surf-inspired, thick and fuzzed (but still perfectly tinny) rock'n'roll. Even the most sullen emo warrior would have to grin at the naked lady playing tuba on the LP sleeve. (TH)
(Repent, 535 Stevenson St, San Francisco, CA 94103)

SKEEZICKS - "Discography" CD

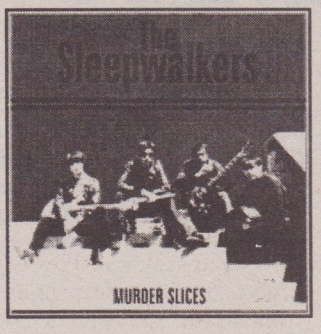
This has every record ever released by this German hardcore band, and the only record released by a SKEEZICKS follow up band—HAPPILY EVER AFTER. The SKEEZICKS were one of the first bands in Germany to play American style hardcore. OK, this CD is fucking cool, and it says in the liner notes that the band didn't like their studio recordings, but they're wrong. This is very early Eighties Southern California hardcore in sound, or even a Northern Californian band like INTENSIFIED CHAOS. It's very fucking good, bottom line. (JV)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)



SKELETOR - "Skullmate of the Year" EP

This SKELETOR release continues the absolutely ruthless attack that SKELETOR initiated two years ago with the *Inaction* EP also on the Communichaos Media label. The music here is rough punk with churning guitars and shouted vocals. No one could deny that the Swedish punks have an affinity for extremely harsh and brutal punk rock music. Some of SKELETOR lyrics in "Bleed for Me" are : "Anger and hate/ Based on fear/ People die/ For who and why?" This is a very strong, very punk record. (BR)
(Communichaos Media, Box 825, 101, 36 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

SLEEPWALKERS - "Murder Slices" EP



Four young men from Italy who look like a Euro-trash version of the MILKSHAKES but sound more like the GRAVEDIGGER 5 or the MORLOCKS (ie. San Diego garage cira 1986) which in my book means they know how to do the '60s thing *well*. One original with a monster fuzz riff and snarling '60s vocals which is fuckin' *in there* for prime retro-grind. These guys even do justice to the overdone SONICS tune "Boss Hoss" by turning up the fuzz and attitude which is what is called for and in which other bands come up short. Cheesy sleeve (what's with red and European records?) but hey, this rocks. (JY)
(Hang Over, via G. D'Annunzio 9, 20123 Milano, ITALY)

SLOW SLUSHY BOYS - "Mister Man" EP

This here EP is a brilliant slice of '60s-psych influenced garage, with a nice twist of R&B to make it go down smooth. There are four solid tracks, with great soul balm organ, with vocals that sound like a young acid-gobbling Elvis Costello. It's Italian, and I think there were only 500 printed, so I'd recommend tracking it down quick. (BG)
(Psych Out, P Za 1 Maggio 44, 72017 Ostuni, ITALY)

SNIPERS - "Blood Sucking Freaks" EP

The SNIPERS are from Copenhagen, Denmark and they play some very talented punk rock with a variety of different approaches employed with much success. Songs like "Natalie is a Necro", "Transylvanian High School", and "East End Nightmare" are straight ahead punk rock, similar to 1980 UK punk. Some of the other tracks are a little spooky - slower and somewhat gothic, but all have really good guitars and drums propelling them along. The lyrics in "Nightmare" are about ghouls and zombies from east end London. Lyrics in "Evil Minded and Vicious " warn : "Look at my face/ Look at my tie/ For first impression, I'm a real nice guy./ Then look at my fists/ When they fuck you up/ And leave you lying in a pool of blood." Yes! Great song! I like these punks! This record is recommended! (BR)
(The Snipers, c/o Kick n' Punch, P.O. Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen, DENMARK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SPAMBILLY - LP

Shockabilly, and boy is this shit boring. I've never been a fan of this genre, and when the release isn't even that good, it just makes it unbearable. At least their is an LP I don't have to hunt down. Just a note, almost every song does sound the same. (JF)
(Hang Over, via G, D'Annunzio 9, 20123 Milano, ITALY)

SPAWN SACS - "Fun Fun Fun Fun Fun City" EP

Sloppy, trashed-out, high-energy, snotty punk. Those who appreciate the BLATZ aesthetic, but yearn for a more down home style (like Mississippi's LES TURDZ) should be scheming to have this release's homemade (don't call it emo) covers in their hands. Lyrics that make perfect sense in both the plain speak and drunken poet versions that are exhibited. All that, and BOB MARLEY finally sounds good, thanks to the SPAWN SACS cover. (TH)
(PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

SPLASH 4/CRASH NORMAL split EP

Two sided winner from two French units that never seem to go wrong. SPLASH 4 should be familiar to you-all as the second best punk band in Europe (next to the TV KILLERS), giving up a slice of furiously fuzzed out 1979-style punk moderne. CRASH NORMAL are a more experimental concern who put out an amazing 7" on Royal Records a while back; their track starts and stops and stutters with an epileptic attack to the frontal lobes. Don't even think about it, if you like fucked-up garage punk this is the jukebox dream you've been looking for. (RW)
($6: Yakisana, 51 Rue Pierre Renaudel, 76 100, Rouen, FRANCE)

SQUAT - "Bugger" EP

This is a two song EP from an all girl band. SQUAT used to be more straight-forward punk, but now are veering toward a more rock sound, not that this is bad. The songs didn't really grab me right away, though I was into the bass playing. (SR)
(Bottlenekk, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

S.T.P. - "I Miss Your Lies/Ruby Tuesday"

Hey, two out of five reviews this month are friggin' Italian bands on Hang Over Records—what the fuck? How can I say this would really be great if they did better songs??? Just like that, I guess. The '77 sound comes up short, especially on the STONES cover. The overall vibe is like VINDICTIVES meets SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN—not a bad lot. Maybe they've concentrated too much on the eyeliner and purple glitter and were tossing off come song-writin' time. Just OK. (RY)
(Hang Over, Via D'Annunzio 9, 20123 Milano, ITALY)

THE STATUS - "It's Really Quite Manic" CD

If you can disregard the pictures on the inside of the case, that are even embarrassing to me and I don't even know these people, it is really a good CD. Pretty strait forward punk rock with a dark feel. Raspy vocals that are really being pushed, even in the slow parts give the songs a little more energy. The guitar is pretty basic three of four chord type stuff. Rarely are the songs fast but always driving. (PA)
($10: Homemade, PO Box 1234, Coquitlam, B.C., V3J 6Z9, CANADA)

THE STEVE McQUEENS - "We Sell Millions Nation-wide" LP

Mostly straightforward punk, with very very fuzzy guitars and nothing fancy as punk should be, but as the album spins on it got a bit too poppy for my taste. But there are a few good ones, like "Destination Dead End Street" where the vocals are more down and dirty. It terms of uniqueness, I can't say I haven't heard it before, but it's honest and that's always worth something. For those of you looking for more '77 punk, though, I'll warn you it is new school. (KM)
(no address)

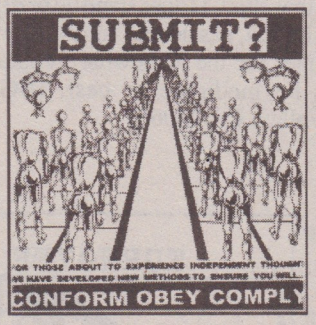
STIGMATA – "Do Unto Others..." CD

For how long this NYHC bands been around this is pretty mediocre. Tough New York hardcore that walks down that all so beaten path without a moment of deviation. Things worth noting: 1.The drummer, Jason Bittner, has endorsements for cymbals, drumheads, rack systems (yep, there's a rack in this band!) and drumsticks 2.The cover art, not only is the drawing silly, but in the "o" of the title there are looming gun sights. (TJ)
(I Scream, Broekstrat 10-1730 Kobbegem, BELGIUM)

MUSIC REVIEWS

STROLLERS - "Falling Right Down!" CD

Sixties pop 'n' roll from a bunch of Barbazon College ("for when you want be a model...or just look like one") drop-outs with WALKER BROTHERS pageboys and pointy lil' boots. I now know that Henrik (organist) is "still a little terrified of all the screaming fans", and Mathias (guitar) likes "blondes, brunettes, and redheads", all thanks to the liner notes. Great. The music itself is no better or worse than anything the FUZZTONES ever committed to vinyl, slick 'n' polished. Ain't bad, but the STROLLERS lack the necessary perversity to make this kinda stuff buzz right. (JH)
(Low Impact, PO Box 475, 701 49, Örebro, SWEDEN)



SUBMIT - "Conform Obey Comply" EP

Lyrics condemning Christianity, meat-eating, and the "body standard" for women converge on a soundscape of sharp (like BIG BLACK, in intensity, but not sophistication) electronic beats and guitars. These dissonant elements come together to make one consistent, though unusual, sound—very different in texture, if not in text, from the plate of the day. One male and one female vocalist take center stage with—often electronically distorted—chants, spoken lyrics, and occasional screaming. I'm not crazy about this, but it does provoke my curiosity, reminding me of some of the more arty, "noise"y bands on Alternative Tentacles in the early '80s. (AC)
(System Suck, PO Box 950, Bowling Green, OH 43402)

SUBURBAN THREAT - "American Punk" - CD

This is a little different than I thought it would be. SUBURBAN THREAT play hard n' fast punk rock as if they were from Oxnard in the mid to late 80's, if you know what I mean. Pretty good stuff. (NF)
(TKO, 4104 24th #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

THE SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS - "the Return of Rock" LP

The kids love their rock and roll, everyone knows that. So why don't bands play the rock and roll anymore? It seems like everyone can do the punk and emo things these days, but very few bands are remembering the rock. Luckily, the NECKBREAKERS have come to save the day!! I think all of my temper tantrums in the middle of the *MRR* office have finally prevailed and Big Tom Hopkins has finally given me something with some balls (actually what I think had happened was when I asked for harder records to review Tom didn't hear me because, well, he's old and you have to speak up around him. Take that you old bearded bastard!! Even twelve year-olds like me can have their fun!!) A very SONICS-esque sound, in my opinion. As much as I like this record, it seems more groove-oriented than dancy and frantic, which is cool, but I like them faster and trashier. This rocks nevertheless, and I think I'm going to go out and pick up a copy. (BM)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

THE SWITCH/THE RATTLESNAKES - split LP

THE SWITCH have a '70s punk feel, reminding me of the DEAD BOYS. THE RATTLESNAKES have a 60's feel to their dynamic spirited rock. The RATTLESNAKES' lyrics and vocal delivery are animated and above average. "Casualty" and "The Reticence of Lady Anne" are very well crafted tunes. A solid record. (HM)
(RATTLESNAKES, PMB #114 1451 Rimpau, Corona, CA 91719 www.therattlesnakes.com theswitch@hotmail.com)

TEE AND THEE CRUMPETS - "Introducing Today's Young Hitmakers" LP

One of the Purple Onion's alumnus emeritus (as noted on the sleeve), TEE AND THE CRUMPETS' debut LP is (as also noted on the sleeve) a remarkably professional yet pleasingly unglossy slab of '60s garage (professional garage? yaknowwhatImean?). Other than the guitars being mixed a bit low at times, a good job well done. (DD)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

TEENAGE RAGE - "What Happens Now?" CD

Solid SoCal hardcore out of East LA, not unlike PENNYWISE, early JUGHEAD'S REVENGE, and a bunch of other bands a lot of people hate—but fuck it, I like those bands, I like that sound, so duh... I like this band. Some of the backing vocals are a bit cheesy, but overall this is a good release.(RM)
(Limp Shrimp, 12156 Olympic Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90064)

TEM EYOS KI - "Aluminalkayde" EP

While the vocals remind me of a cross between ANTI-SCHISM and CRUCIFIX (mostly for the enunciation), the music is more along the lines of late '80s hardcore. There are vague elements of metal in the guitar playing. They probably wanted it to sound like death metal, but it sounds a lot like MAIDEN (which is fine by me!). The overall effect isn't so much metal as brutal hardcore, like the South has been producing since the late '80s. Pretty solid stuff. (LH)
(Harlan, 7205 Geronimo, NLR, AR 72116)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THEM RANCH - "Big Noise From East Maynard" CD

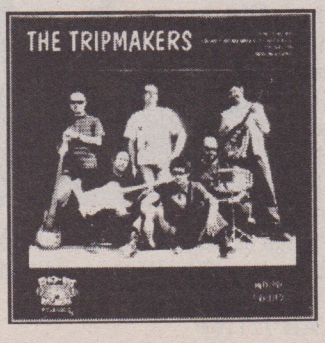
I can picture THEM RANCH playing their local sports bar in front of the projection TV, alienating some of the clientele and pleasing others. Popcorn and Spanish peanuts fly furiously, and the band discover that they've been paid in drink coupons other than cash...this is simple 'n' fuzzy shed rock, doubtlessly inspired by SUPERCHARGER (whether they know it or not). Nothing highly revolutionary or astounding...at least they don't have blowdried pageboys like other bands I could mention. Probably means a lot more if you happen to live on East Maynard. (JH)
(Ground Swell, 420 E. Maynard, Columbus, OH 43202)

TOPSPIN - "Weightless" CDEP

Six songs of self-described "old-school and new-school melodic punk"... I didn't know that there was such a thing as "old-school melodic punk"... Is that the way the kids are talking these days? I mean, doesn't it all sound the same anyway? Well, really great vocals help make this six song EP a winner. Especially works on the song "Clear" which could easily be a DESCENDENTS outtake from "Enjoy". Fuck, this is pretty damn good. Pretty tight cover of "Wasted Years" as well (You don't know who did the original? Poser!). Too bad this band is just a studio project... (LH)
($7: 4204 Livingstone Pl., Durham, NC 27707)

TOXIC REASONS - "20th Anniversary Reunion Concert" video

This isn't too terrible for all the reunions these days. The TOXICS are still spirited and musically tight. The video starts with a rehearsal complete with cigarettes, canned Miller beer and 11 songs. The camera person gets some good atmosphere shots, and it's on to the show. The TOXICS crank out 20 tunes during their set and 2 encores. They stick primarily to the tunes on "Independence", and stick to canned Busch tall boys! Close angles, good sound quality, and a fine performance make this a solid package. (HM)
(Big Beef, PO Box 303 WBB, Dayton, OH 45409)



THE TRIPMAKERS - "She's Here" EP

Groovy '60s garage rock. Catchy songs, but nothing to make me flip out. I give the band bonus points for not wearing matching suits. (CK)
(Psych-Out, Piazza 1 Maggio 44, 72017 Ostuni, ITALY)

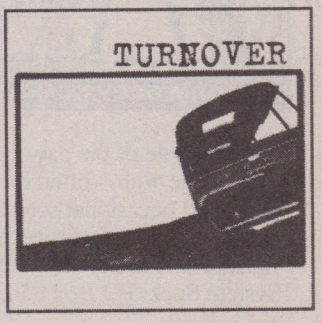
TRUST FUND BABIES - LP

San Francisco's unruly TRUST FUND BABIES blast the airwaves with their catchy brand of rudimentary 1..2..3s that'll get your rocks off. They spit it out in that short 'n' sweet style that the kids just eat up! Even better check these babies out live in their natural drunk habitat; it's a guaranteed good time. For optimum pleasure, play loud and loaded. (DL)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460)

TURNEDOWN - "When Things Go Right" CD

Well, they're from SoCal and play a poppy sort of punk. Two instant strikes in my book. Despite that, this CD does stand up pretty decently. It's mostly saved by the honest, passionate vocals. They lend an urgency and melodic center for the somewhat familiar music. Otherwise, this would be mediocre at best. (BG)
(Sessions, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066)

TURNOVER - "A Way Too Much" EP



Perhaps it's just the production that has the vocals so far out in front, but something just seems to missing from this one. I'm usually a total sucker for this style of "inspiration" hardcore taking it's cue from YOT, but for some reason the breakdowns just aren't catching my sentimental soul. It just seems too scripted, too rehearsed, too I don't know what. Pass this one up, and head back to your MAINSTRIKE records. (ST)
(Bushido, Soesterstr 66. 48155 Munster, GERMANY)

ULSTER - "Ulsterror" CD

Holy shit, rough as fuck Brazilian hardcore thrash from 1982. Since my knowledge of South American hardcore is limited, I've never heard of ULSTER before, and man, am I glad this disc was made. The disc starts with a rough live recording from 1982 and proceeds onto a rehearsal recording in '82, then to a demo in '83. This disc is not for those who can't take a four track-recording, but is intended for those (like me) who are fascinated by the bands and scene documented on the old Ataque Frontal comp LPs. (MW)
(Ulster c/o Vladi, Rua Salim Mahfoud 644, Parque Terra Nova II, Cep 09820-780 Sao Bernardo, SP BRAZIL)

ULTIMATICS - "The Vicious And The Glamorous" CD

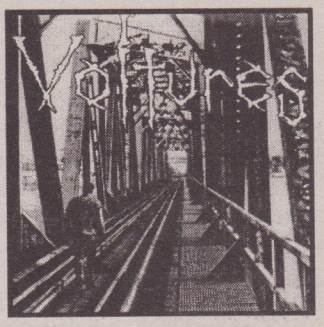
All the members of this band are songwriters, and that makes for a collection of tunes with a variety of influences and styles. No duds in the lot, but I'm partial to the quite wordy but clever songs of Ray Christopher. Fast and hard rockin'; you can't ask for more. I'm betting on them being kick-ass live. Come on down, guys, open with "Fuck California" and we'll throw beer bottles at your heads. It'll be fun! (DP)
(Wurmhole, 1230 Market St. #135, San Francisco, CA 94102)

MUSIC REVIEWS

UNCURBED - "...Keeps The Banner High" LP

Not that it should come as any surprise, but the furious punk of these Swedes is every bit as abrasive and memorable on this LP as on the last one Sound Pollution put out. But UNCURBED isn't turning in an uninspired part two, either. The determined, straight through mayhem that was the last LP remains, but is dressed up with vocal hooks and thickened bass/guitar verses that explode into the nastiest of Swede guitar lead choruses. "Please liberate your soul, for this is Punk'n'Roll." I'm looking forward to the rumored 10"! (TH)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

VOLTURES - "Violators" EP



Average quick-paced hardcore with lots of guitar licks. This band is so versatile that they even manage to sound like early MARILYN MANSON on their second song. I probably wouldn't listen to it again. (SR)
(Voltures, 8169 1/2 South Gate Ave, South Gate, CA, 90280)

UNHEARD OF - "Metaphysical Carnival" EP

I suspect I got this to test my limits of droning arty garage rock. Making a 13th FLOOR ELEVATORS song boring is not a way to get on my good side. Clumsy, ham-fisted double single full of direction less 'psych' that has that really annoying 'baking-tin' drum sound that always pissed off that guy who did 'Noise For Heroes' zine. Well, he was right! (RW)
(Psych-Out, c/o Pecere Cosimo, P.za 1 Maggio, 4472017, Ostuni, ITALY)

SID VICIOUS - "Live At Max's 1978" LP

Further addition to the Sid Terror, I mean Vicious, cult, which I suppose still exists. Muddy sounding versions of standards. Nice photo of the PISTOLS on the cover. (DD)
(Get Back, Abraxas Srl., Via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY)

THE VILES - "Another Casualty" EP

This record is very fucking good. I'd never heard of THE VILES—relentless anarcho punk with venomous lyrics. Instead of just getting compared to AUS-ROTTEN like so many bands I review, this band deserves to become a reference in and of itself. (JV)
(471 Wood St, Wadsworth, OH 44281)

LOS VILLAINS - "Punk Rock Pow Wow" CD

At best this CD sounds like an updated version of the PLUGZ, or even early LOS LOBOS, and at it's worst it sounds like cheesy, radio-friendly alternative rock with punk influences. But check out the title for this release, "Punk Rock Pow Wow." Aside from a few riffs, there's not too much punk rock happening here, although the lyrics are fucking great, which puts me in the awkward position of possibly recommending something I wouldn't listen to myself. We need more Chicano bands in punk, definitely, but there are better ones than this. (JV)
(Ejole Discos, no address)

WARMACHINE/YANKEE WUSS - split LP

I had a chance to see WARMACHINE recently when they played the Bay Area, and I actually got a copy of this album off a friend of mine at one of those shows. Of course I liked it, but just to catch you up a bit, WARMACHINE features members of DETESTATION and AXIOM, and YANKEE WUSS features members of DETESTATION. WARMACHINE sounds vocally just like AXIOM, but the music is more old school—think DISCHARGE. YANKEE WUSS exists somewhere between crusty hardcore and melodic hardcore with occasional spazzy (to the tenth power) vocals. The lyrics are very political, which you could have guessed given the lineage of both bands. Cool. (JV)
(3639 NE 78th Ave, Portland, OR 97213)

WHITE STRIPES/DIRTBOMBS - split EP

DIRTBOMBS have a cool '60s garage sound complete with hand clapping, one guitar that sounds like it's strung with rubber bands, and another that sounds like a kazoo. The WHITE STRIPES track is a combination of spoken word-style vocals punctuated with simple yet catchy guitar riffs. I love this record. (DP)
(Extra Ball, PO Box 40005, Portland, OR 97240)

Y - "Pseudo Youth...Human Cesspool" CD

Contains the "Ali Bomaye" LP on Anomie from '98, two seven inches, and some other shit. I got "Ali Bomaye" when it came out, and I must confess I traded it quickly thereafter. But why is beyond me now, perhaps I was having an emo day, because this shit shreds! Y are reminiscent of SPAZZ but way more metal and with plenty of their own style. They rarely slow down and these 40 songs fly by, but its not a monotonous onslaught of blast...instead they took the time to write songs and tell me again, why did I ever get rid of this? Don't make my mistake! Get this! (WN)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY, 41017)

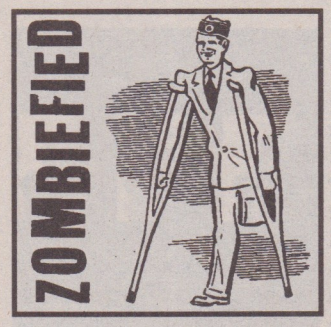
MUSIC REVIEWS

ZEKE - "True Crime" CD

Of course I love ZEKE! I still like the first ZEKE record the best, though I was amused by the title of the latest Epitaph release. You never know how far-reaching concepts like "Dirty Sanchez" or "Chili Dog" are. That could be a "What's The Scoop" question: "Are you familiar with the phrases..." Anyway, people have such strong feelings about this band. Most commonly: "Zeke are such pricks, and there are so many bands just as good who are nice, they're a waste of time," and, "they play around too much, I'm all ZEKEed out!" OK, but there are plenty of bands that couldn't rock like ZEKE if they tried, so...like all things musical, it's subjective. This is a release of early outta print stuff and live stuff. It's great. (RY)
(Dropkick, PO Box 192 East Melbourne, Victoria 3002, AUSTRALIA)

ZERO TOLERANCE - "Home Sweet Hackney" CD

A very '80s-sounding British punk band. My favorite song is about being on the 38 Piccadilly bus and having ego sneering matches with another punk. I started getting bored half way through, until I heard the words: "students who act like twats." This is OK, but very redundant. (SR)
(Combat Rock, 7 Rue du Paquis, 57950, Montigny Les Metz, FRANCE)



ZOMBIEFIED - "Cider and Glue" EP

Eleven songs on a seven inch...huh. Early '80s leather and bristles sing-along punk out of Sweden, with really scratchy male and female vocals. The song tempos range from fast to mid tempo and these guys got some hooks. Not bad. (RM)
(Communichaos Media, PO Box 825, 101 36, Stockholm, SWEDEN)

V/A - "All Tore Up..." LP

This is both hilarious and awesome! A bunch of soul and rhythm & blues songs from 1955-1968 that deal with getting dumped and getting drunk. How fuckin cool is this line, "You know you gonna lose weight because I feed you good! White bread, mayonnaise, mustard, turnips and how many chitlins you done killed?" Some of the musicians featured include LITTLE TOMMY BROWN, DON HOLLINGER, TEXAS RAY, NAPPY BROWN, and THE SHADOWS. It's hard to explain how great this is, but if you like SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS, HOWLIN' WOLF, and oldies in general, you'll really dig this. Highly recommended (RM)
(TU, no address)

V/A - "Bad Music for Bad People" CD

Solid hardcore compilation that blends extreme styles. You got the fast thrash of PAINDRIVER, AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED and DROP DEAD, mixed with the metal of ISIS and CONVERGE to the querkiness of MEN"S RECOVERY PROJECT. (MW)
(Trash Art, PO Box 725, Providence, RI 02901)

V/A - "Be A Cave Man, The Best Of The Voxx Garage Revival" CD

A grab bag of stuff released on the Voxx/Bomp label through the years. Includes stuff from individual group releases as well as comps like "Battle Of the Garages," "Relics," etc. etc. For those of you who came of age in the '80s (like me) these will be bands you're probably forgotten about. Included are: DMZ, CRAWDADDYS, PLAN 9, UNCLAIMED, PANDORAS, CYNICS and so forth. Though to be quite honest, the stuff which I still dig is stuff more on the poppy end like the VERTEBRATS and "Left In The Dark" and the BARRACUDAS "This Ain't My Time". The garage stuff is OK, but one gets tired of every song starting with a "...WHOOOAAAH!". Thought the MIRACLE WORKERS "One Step Closer To You" and the CHESTERFIELD KINGS version of "Are You Goona Be There?" still rock after all these years. Also for historical amusement is the DWARVES track pre-punk rock. (JY)
(Voxx, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

V/A - "The Best of Twist-A-Rama" CD

Fuck apple pie, this CD is America. Some locally released upstate New York LP from '65 gets the reissue treatment from Norton. This thing is the USA equivalent to the LSD LP reviewed in the last issue. Super-crude instro-thud and warble-garble garage that'll have scientists picking their eyebrows in amazement 200 years from now; "How could such primitive musicality exist in the same age as indoor plumbing and flash-frozen vegetables?" Hey, the Smithsonian dropped the ball and Norton picked it up and *ran with it*! I don't like hippies right now... (RW)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY, 10276)

V/A - "Cheap Punk Comp" CD

Here's another youngster who's determined to put out cheap CD comps against all the tons and tons of CD comps/samplers. He managed to pull together OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN, THE NIMRODS, THE CONNIE DUNGS, THE BANANAS along with 15 others. PIPER DOWN, PINEWOOD DERBY, FALL(THE SEASON), and ALREADY PROUD all put in solid performances. The sound quality varies and there's a few skips, but I'm sure those problems will be ironed out in future releases. A word to the wise, beware of crappy ska bands. Luckily this comp only has one ska band. (HM)
($5:Escape Pod, PO Box 1462, Grapevine, TX 76099 www.escapepodrecords.8m.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Fled the Scene" CD

Well, well, an 18 band sampler CD. Ska, '77 punk and hardcore all mushed together. Do you know anyone in RIOTGUN, KOZIK, BERWER or INDK? Buy 'em a drink, they're published! DROP DEAD, THE FREEZE and SPECIAL DUTIES can probably buy their own drinks. (RW)
(Fled, PO Box 475, Schoolcraft, MI, 49087)

V/A - "Hardcore: True or False" CD

The punker side of the scene is represented on this slab of thrash, with bands like OUT COLD (most under-rated band these days), THE NEIGHBORS, THE DESPISED, plus shitloads more! The surprise of the disk came from a Dutch band called MILKMAN....absolutely ripping punk-thrash, and who else would bring it to except..... (MW)
(Kangaroo c/o Henk Smit, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS)

V/A - "Kicks & Chicks" LP

Well, I like it. I don't really expect too many people who didn't love the 'Turds On A Bum Ride' series to like this LP full of late 60's proto-prog garage psych by the likes of BUBBLE PUPPY, MARBLE PHROGG, STONE HARBOUR and STEAMFELLOW STRING BALLOON, but then I'm into records for kicks anyway, not puritanism. The vox on some of these records tho'...took me *years* to get over these kinds of wailing vocals but I just listened to BLACK SABBATH over and over and it made everything okay. There's enuff tough crunch on this to warrant purchase for completists, so get out yer $. (RW)
(Eleventh Hour, no address)

V/A – "Killed By Death #1234" LP

Having a life, I'm not sure exactly what the deal is with this latest KBD comp and where it fits in in the whole scheme of things, but it does have a lot of British stuff on it. Chronologically going from '76 to'83, this ranges from pub rock/power pop, to '77, to political punk in the form of RIOT SQUAD from South Africa (who you may remember from *Bullshit Detector Two*.) There's also two Irish bands on here (THE THREAT and THE FRESHMEN) who I'm afraid I've never heard of before. I find these compilations more interesting than entertaining, though some of the old band names are pretty funny, NEVILLE WANKER AND THE PUNTERS, for instance. Other bands on here include PRESSURE DROP, THE LOW NUMBERS, LONDON PX, and the JELLY BABIES. It's funny—the best track on here comes from an Irish '70s showband. (AD)
(no address)

V/A - "The New Breed" CD

This comp is a tribute to BASTARD SQUAD from Australia. Basically, all these Aussie hardcore bands are pretty good. Highlights are: HEAD SORE, NO IDEA, CHARTER 77, GGF, and NIHILISTIC VIEW. A good album that enables you to sample the tastes from "down unda" that you might not be aware of. Cheers Spider! (SR)
(Noise Pollution, PO Box 5093, East Cheltenham, 3192, Victoria, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "On Your Knees" EP

I feel sick. For all the macho bullshit I have to endure, even forgive, for loving hardcore, this is truly the most deplorable piece of shit. Fuck this half-baked HATEBREED little-penis hardcore. If HARD RESISTANCE needs their "liquid snow" and "cream" to be eaten maybe they should drop to their knees and suck each other off. The fucking lyrics of this particular song (which is the name of the 7", too) are blatantly printed on the back cover, most likely because this crass cocksucking song is one of the better musical attempts. And if the rest of these wining soft "Wig Out" DAG NASTYS can fuck off, too. I hope the power goes out in all these bands' homes in the dead of winter and their dicks fall off due to frostbite. (TJ)
(Core Postbus)

V/A - "Punk Rock Strike" CD

Alright, I see the kid who runs this label everywhere, so I know I'm going to be making another enemy today, but I really don't care, this needs to be said. I hated this label's first comp and I said so in my review, but this one is even worse. Twenty-four tracks (most of which are previously unreleased) by bands of the hooded sweatshirt/ cargo pants and backpack variety (read: very Fat Wreck-ish), plus three live bonus tracks by the likes of 22 JACKS, NO USE FOR A NAME, and DOWN BY LAW. Now aside from the fact that I can't find a single good song on this (what were all of the good bands on this "punk rock strike"?) and BOY KICKS GIRL making a contribution (that alone is enough to leave a huge black mark on this label's permanent record), they print a little DIY rant about MTV being evil and so on, and the cover art depicts a cartoon bunch of "punks" (in cargo pants, no less) boycotting a major label show with protest signs reading "Keep Door Prices Cheap," "Support Indy Labels and Local Bands," and "Under 21 Higher Price Wrong," are noble efforts and intentions but I could have sworn that I saw this guy at that last MISFITS show. Plus (not to name names) a few of the bands on this comp have been on MTV!! Other bands making contributions to this "strike" include: the WHYIOUGHTAS, ENEMA BANDITS, BOXCAR, FUNSIZE, COED, as well as the aforementioned 22 JACKS, NUFAN, and DBL if that means anything to any of you out there. (BM)
($1 ppd: Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 9501-2043)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A- "Really Fast Vol. 1-3" 2xCD

Really Fast Records is a long-running label located in Sweden. Since 1983 they have put out a compilation series featuring Swedish hardcore punk bands. As the sands have slipped through the hourglass, these long out of print comps have been fiercely pursued, hard to find, and high priced. Which should be expected when mentioning the names ASTA KASK(!), RAPED TEENAGERS, MOB 47, ASOCIAL, ANTICIMEX (true love), and S.O.D. Want a quick (and relatively cheap) history lesson of Swedish music glory? Get the three *Bloodstains Across Sweden* comps for the first wave of Swedish punk and this CD set for the first wave of Swedish hardcore. This double CD set features careful artwork reproduction and exact audio reproduction (no clean up of some of the perfectly dodgy studio work). I'm glad to get off my vinyl high-horse and recommend this CD. (TH)
($12: Sound Idea, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

V/A - "Sent From Coventry" LP

There must be something in the water in COVENTRY that infects all the bands with the ability to write catchy as hell songs. This compilation was originally released 20 years ago and features loads of great second generation bands (following the SPECIALS, SELECTER, etc.) and is surprisingly mostly free from ska. Featuring fantastic new wave pop and post-punk from the likes of WILD BOYS, THE CLIQUE (almost a Kate Bush meets TOY LOVE sort of thing), THE END and URGE. Maybe I'm just nostalgic for this time period, but this all sounds fantastic to me. (LH)
(Data, 28 Silksby St, Coventry CV3 5FX, UK)

V/A - "There Is Hardcore Making a Entry in 2000" 3xCD

Damn! Thought I was confused looking at this—it is in fact a triple CD comp of Japanese hardcore. What?! Holy shit—guess that sets new levels in excess! Obviously, I can't cover a comp with 58 (!!) bands in its entirety—it would take a page! I will say that this would provide both a quality introduction to modern day Japanese hardcore, or a phone book of current bands to those in the know—effort is taken to provide contact info on all bands on the comp. I'll give you just a taste—obviously, this is some variety of the current scene, so the styles, pace, etc. vary a bit between bands. Some of the bands on the comp are: SLANG, ROSE ROSE, FACE THE FACT, VICTIM, YOUTH ENRAGE, STRENGTH, GALVANIZE HEAD, DOWN FALL, PROTESS, VICTIM, RISE ABOVE and ENRGEIZ. (TM)
(Straight Up, Kowa Bld 2F, Minami-2 Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN)

V/A - "The Return of the X Men" EP

Mostly European straightedge from a label with a deserved reputation for providing just that. This is a repress of the double EP comp of a couple of years ago, with a slight twist. The OIL song from the double has been replaced with something a bit cleaner (as sound quality goes), the GUIDING LINE song was replaced (same reasons) and the SPAWN song was dropped (it was long and appeared on a subsequent LP). What you're left with is a consistent, concentrated and filler-free audio documentation of this 1997 festival. While I've had my share of problems with straight edge dogma, there's certainly a lot here of value, and some food for thought. Some bands work more traditional SE sounds, but in an energetic and engaging way. Other bands are: SOBERESPONSE, ONE X MORE, VITAMIN X, MAINSTRIKE and BY THE GRACE OF GOD. (TM)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown: Howlin' For My Darlin!" LP

Emerging from the cryptic depths rises a crystal clear sounding collection of floor stompers, complete with liner notes of each band. Just lots more way out crazy punk sounds to shake your sweaty asses to. (DL)
(Crypt USA, PO Box 1976, Inverness, CA 94937)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown: I'm Gonna Stay" LP

Here's another one of the fifteen Teenage Shutdown series: a bucket o' "fuzz drenched rarities" from '66-'69. Excellent years, I must say! If you are looking for fuzz box garage tunes to spin for your next party, here's a comp you can pick up. There's a pretty wide range, from the slower, sadder "But I Can Dream" by the SCEPTRES, to the rockin' pick-me-up "Got to Have Your Lovin" by OSCAR & THE MAJESTICS. But nothing's perfect, you get some pretty weird mixes (like PEABODY HERMITAGE's "Something So" and MODDS' "Leave my House", but who cares. It's real. (KM)
(Crypt USA, PO Box 1976, Inverness, CA 94937)

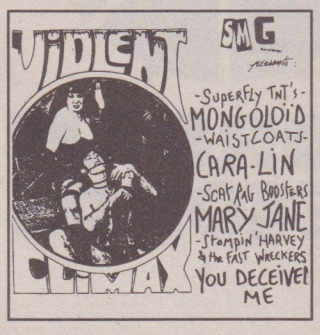
MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown: No Tease" LP

.....yet another four volumes from the Teenage Shutdown mumbo jumbo.... what you get with these comps is a better quality *Back From The Grave*.....the shit's been remastered.... sound quality is fabulous....you might as well throw out those muddy old *Pebbles* comps, eventually everything will be upgraded on the *Shutdowns*.....you know it dude.....build your collection of dust collectors....you'll need no others after these.... so eat some pussy or suck my dick..... (SW)
(Crypt USA, PO Box 1976, Inverness, CA 94937)

V/A - "Teenage Shutdown: She's a Pest" LP

This is one of at least three in this *Teenage Shutdown* series that we have at *MRR* to review this month. Apparently there are fifteen in the series. Where do people find all these '60s punk records that nobody ever knew about? How do we know that there isn't some factory in Sweden pumping this shit out now? *Back From The Grave*, *Pebbles*, all of them—where do they find it? Anyway, the claim here is that we've got eighteen cuts that were all released in the '60s as singles and are now being assembled here on a compilation for those of us that are not fortunate enough to own the originals. I'm not sure I buy it. Anyway, they're all decent '60s garage cuts that lean towards pop for the most part. (KK)
(Crypt USA, PO Box 1976, Inverness, CA 94937)



V/A - "Violent Climax" EP

Featuring THE SUPERFLY TNT's slop-rocking through "Mongoloid," the Waistcoasts doing a reverent "Cara-Lin," SCAT RAG BOOSTERS' "Mary Jane" (which sounds like some '60s Texas punks doing some heavy stomping under the influence of the PRETTY THINGS—nice!) and STOMPIN' HARVEY & THE FAST WRECKERS' "You Deceived Me" (familiar sounding, but I can't place it; at any rate it's a sensitive but rocking [in a fucked up way] number). Does this come with a zine or something?
(The Arse Plot, 4 Rue A, Lumiere, 69150 Decines, FRANCE)

V/A - "We're Not The Meatmen... But We Still Suck!" CD

This is a tribute to the MEATMEN with bands covering, uh, MEATMEN songs. Featuring BLAG DAHLIA, JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP, NOBODYS, ANAL CUNT, FANG, AND MANY OTHERS. Does anybody have a category in his record collection just for tribute records? (DP)
(Crazy Bastard, PMB 831, 16420 SE McGillvray, Suite 103, Vancouver, WA 98683)

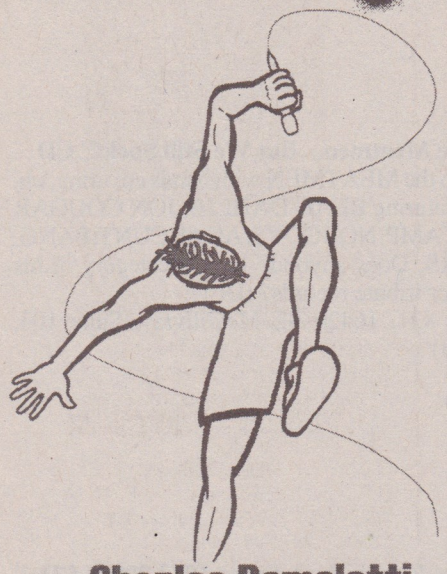
V/A – "Year Zero-The Exeter Punk Scene 1977-2000" CD

According to the sleeve, Exeter is in the UK and is not London or Manchester. With that out of the way, this comp doesn't do the scene much justice. With everything from sloppy post punk to emo punk, this should be incredible considering the generous time frame. Some good stuff, some duds, and lots in-between on this 20-band comp. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SWI 1FG, UK)

V/A - "Youth Against Police Brutality" CD

24 tracks of international hardcore/punk that is dedicated to hating cops. Bands like TERVEET KADET (horrible these days), CRIPPLE BASTARDS, UNCURBED, BOYCOT, KIROUS, plus 11 more. Bands from Japan, Scandanavia, South America....etc! Hit or miss, but the hits are stronger than the misses. (MW)
(Cabriten Panchen c/o Gustavo D'Angelo, Constitucion 1415 (1704), Ramos Mejia, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA)

Salad Days



Charles Romalotti
a fiction novel

If you grew up in the mid-1980's hardcore/punk scene in America, you won't be able to put this book down.
*-**Bones**, vocalist, **Lower Class Brats***

Salad Days is great, a must-read.
*-**Nick Mendoza**, publicist, **BYO Records***

Salad Days is a poignant memoir for anyone who ever believed in the power of music. Those immersed in the punk/hardcore scene will get a kick out of the references to bands and locales.
*-**Al Quint**, **Suburban Voice** fanzine*

I really loved this story. There's nothing more compelling than a book that can make me feel as though I'm there, as this story does. I enjoyed it thoroughly.
*-**Mike Sosa**, drummer, **Mad Parade***

A great energetic story.
*-**Sam Williams**, guitarist, **Down By Law & Pseudo Heroes***

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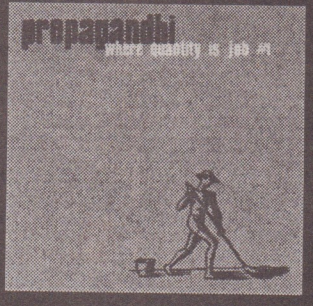

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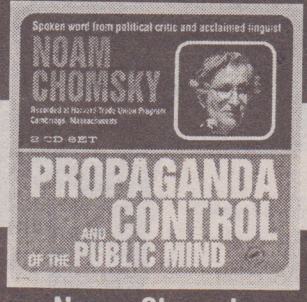

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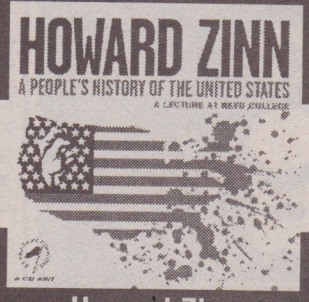

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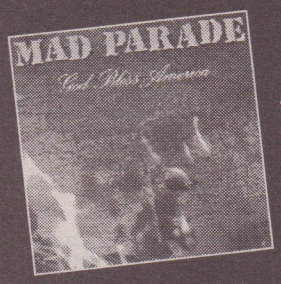

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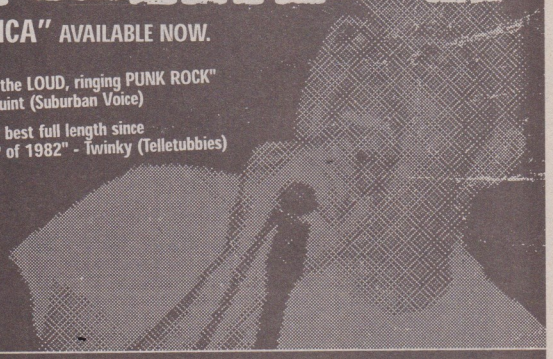

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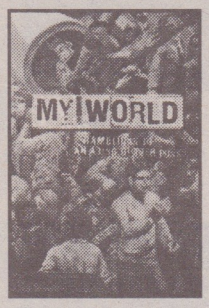

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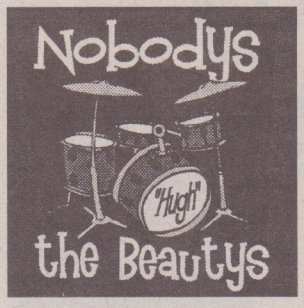

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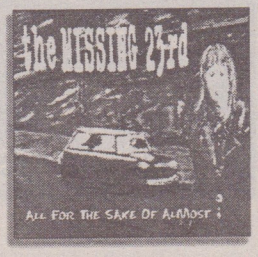

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you! Damn you!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ACTION! PHOTOZINE #2 / $2?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Icki's second (successful) effort in the photozine business brings us *Action*. The photos (of bands like Discount, Ann Beretta, and other bands on the road from Gainesville to SF) lose something in the translation to copy, with an unnatural grain in the shadows. Still, the quality stands. Included are several landscape shots, pictures of humans (the not jumping in the air with guitars variety) and one dink in the process of drinking piss for free merchandise. A lot of time has passed since this subject matter was covered, and since Icki's road stretches far and wide, I'd love to see an updated version. The covers all feature a unique original photo. (AC)
PO Box 12505 / Gainesville, FL 32604

ADVENTURES OF CORPRIT-BOY #1 / 3 stamps (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
When I saw what this zine was about, I had high hopes. I always enjoy a good corporate slave story. Unfortunately, I was let down. Written in third person and all lower case, this zine is just short ramblings of a person stuck in corporate America. Some stories are better then others, but none really held my interest. (DS)
1018 Candela Lane / Grand Ledge, MI 48837

AGREE TO DISAGREE #8 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
File this under S for the small font used liberally throughout. X for the sXe content sprinkled about liberally. And E is for the excessive number of columns (but without excessive content). I particularly enjoyed the tale Aaron Kid told about being frightened while traveling on public transportation in the midst of colored people. His plea for sympathy was almost as shrill as the pounding of his converse jack-boots as he strolled up to another white punk kid's crash pad. There are also reviews with the Infiltrators, Trial, and Flashlight. (AR)
PO Box 56057 / 1st Ave PO / Vancouver. / BC Canada V5L 5E2

THE ANGRY TOMATO #1 / 1 stamp
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 8 pgs
It's hard to give a particularly impassioned review for this zine, seeing as the first issue consists of a story of a brush with death, a film review (in which he totally misses the essential points of the movie *SLC Punk*) and a whole lot of apologizing for even putting the thing out in the first place. I'd like to see the product of these guys with maybe a bit more content and self-confidence, and cutting down on the inside jokes couldn't hurt either. (RD)
37 Edgecumb Rd / West Milford, NJ 07480

ARAMENATION #1 / ?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is awesome! A zine entirely devoted to the consumption of alcohol and ramen. I was reading this on a packed bus and the whole time a man in the back kept screaming "I jolly!" at the top of his lungs, which only served to make this funnier. Amusing tales and vegan ramen recipes. No price listed, but I'd imagine that a buck would cover it. (KC)
PO Box 950 / Bowling Green, OH 43402

BANNED FROM THE PUBS #1 / stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
Cool little oi!/punk zine. Mostly interviews, with 86'd and the Devotchkas (nice to see some girl band coverage!), plus two interviews that look like reprints from some fancier zine—the Casualties and Oxymoron. Then there are some reviews and ads. Very straight forward. (MD)
4336 Byesville Blvd / Dayton, OH 45431

BEYOND THE SELF #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
An article at the beginning of *BTS* contests the charge that college isn't punk. There is also vegan nutritional information, reflections on relationships, the ELF and environmental exploitation, and a few articles about betrayal and get-

ting screwed over. I guess if I had to categorize it, this zine has an emo tone to it. A few times, I wish I could have told the writer to "get over it, you big baby", but zines are often personal rants about something significant to the writer that you, the reader, don't really understand. (JL)
PO Box 0862 / Crystal Lake, IL 60039

BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #9 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
BCM is an "activist" slanted anarchist zine with the usual arguments about tactics and resistance strategies. In this issue, you'll find suggestions for the April anti-IMF protests, destruction of genetically modified foods, rioting as a means to incite change, and updates on governmental repression on activists. There's also an interesting article on the West Papuans' struggle for independence and a not so interesting article on Nihilism. It's a well written, if not terribly dynamic zine, but I couldn't help coming away from it feeling irritated by the righteous attitude of people who make activism and anarchism their lives, even if I happen to agree with them. A good zine, nevertheless. (CR)
AAA / PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

THE CHAIN RING ATE MY PANTS #5 / $1
4 1/2 x 3 1/2 - copied - 8 pgs
The author very aptly describes this issue as more of an angry anti-auto rant than a celebration of the velocipede. Very well written intro about transportation issues with a plea for more communication / feedback (think about this, folks, this is important in all of our lives!) book reviews, some web contacts... a quick read that will fit into your pocket with ease. Oh yeah, you get two issues for $1 and trades are OK, but email first to ask. (KC)
PO Box 1971 / Aptos, CA 95001-1971 / robs42@pacbell.net

CHUMPIRE #127 / stamp (or trade)
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
Greg puts out this one page (two sided) zine of reviews and musings like clockwork. I'm always amazed at how much he can fit on one piece of paper, and it's always good for it's concise reviews and insights into the life of a punk rock teacher. (SS)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316

COMPLETE CONTROL #6 / $1
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
This is the "northwest issue" of this renowned Virginia anarchist zine. Greg went to the WTO protests and writes a great recap of what he found there. I have read plenty of "I was in Seattle" stuff recently and still found this interesting and informative. Also there is a brief history of Vancouver's Gastown district, some writing about that town, and a long reprint of some Portland history (from *Livin' in Doomtown*). There is also some reprinted stuff from Eugene anarchists, the Seattle black bloc, etc. Greg is one of the most optimistic anarchist writers I've read. Worth a buck for sure. (JM)
PO Box 5021 / Richmond, VA 23220

CORE #10 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
Just like it says, this is as core as it gets—too much chugga-chugga for 47 pages. This guy definitely put a whole lot of time into making this a visually attractive and well-translated zine (as there are surprisingly few errors), but the coverage of the bands is a little too serious and not lighthearted enough. I don't see how interesting an interview with Pitboss 2000 or No Redeeming Social Value could be possibly be, but if you are into that genre of what I like to think of as crossover for the next millennium, pick this up. (RD)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #12 / $1 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
I have to admit that I was a little put out by the Sam McPheeters slag in the Morrissey story, but I can get over it. Good stuff in here, especially the super in-depth interview with James of the (now defunct) Vegetarian Grocer. A few stories about snow, taxes, and the author's bands. Also a show (the aforementioned Morrissey) review and 'zine reviews. Well written and worth your buck. (KC)
PO Box 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

CUTTHROAT COMICS #7 / $1 + stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This comic continues the story of New England punks lost in Mexico. It begins with settling the bar tab of the dog, which didn't make much sense to me. Then the group tries to cross the border, which is pretty funny in an Abbot and Costello low-brow sort of way. The art isn't great, but you'll get a laugh for your dollar. (BC)
PO Box 345 / Putney, VT 05346

DISEASED NATION #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Reviewing this zine went from bad to worse. Bad being, I couldn't figure out if the title was *Diseased Nation* or *Poor & Forgotten*. And worse being that I had to read the damn thing. This is the first issue from someone who hates the world and everything in it. It is full of incoherent ramblings (handwritten and typed) and is a truly depressing and disturbing read. And if that wasn't enough for you, you can also order the

"art" issue of whatever this zine is called. The art issue is $1, and for your dollar you can get middle gray photocopies of punk art (Jesse Micheals, Pushead, etc.) and gross comics. Order now so this kid can pay for some therapy. (DS)
7 Taylor St Apt 3 / Milford, MA 01757

EARQUAKE #69 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 28 pgs - French
The usual from this consistent zine. There are interviews with the Conform-

ers, Coexistence and Brezhnev. There are also loads of new record reviews—always worth checking out. (HH)
Frederic Leca / Le Menil / 88160 Le Thillot / France

FAGGO #2 / $4 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
Man, this is fantastic! What a great zine. Canadian homocore with great attention to the little details, like the pictures they put next to their page numbers. Christ, in most zines page numbers alone are an achievement! Great layout, and fabulous content - essays, and submissions from from all kinds of folks, including Jon Ginoli and Larry Bob from Holy Titclamp. There's an old interview by Bruce LaBruce with Jim Yousling, who used to edit a skin mag, In Touch, that featured with buff punk rocker (complete with some fab pictures). There's also an interview with Panty Raid, a touching article by guy whose dad died recently—great cruising story. Overall, a good mix of stuff. Order it now!! (MJ)
PO Box 1457 / Bentall Centre / Vancouver, BC V6C 2P7 / Canada

FLIPSIDE #121 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 196 pgs
Strange issue this one. It's quite late, which is evidenced by a lot of old ads. This is somewhat explained by Al in the intro; someone is suing someone or somesuch I didn't really get it... That along with a column by Todd about dealing with major labels (apparently, they'll just screw you over!) gives this issue a strange tone. Aside from that stuff though, this is a great issue. Interviews with The Lunachicks, One Man Army, The Dictators are good, and the one with Lydia Lunch is great and the piece about the Pinkertons was excellent. One weird part for me is that all the old LA bands seem to be reforming, and seeing pictures of them is unnerving, although I can almost feel the excitement of those reviewing these shows. I hope Flipside can resolve any problems it's having and be around for even longer than it already has! (GF)
PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 91116

F.T.W. #4 / $1.25 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
Holy sweet good goddamn, this is one of the funniest fanzines I have read in literally years. The whole thing is put together by two of the most clever and sarcastic bastards ever, Joe Prichard and ex-resident alt.punk wiseass Mike Joyce. The whole package has a lot more than the cover boasts (Irish people, practical jokes, and why his family is better than yours). It's full of what comes from working in boring jobs and having creepy roommates, and it even has an interview with someone pretending to having once had a tapeworm. It's hard to explain how badly everyone needs this. Imagine John Ringhoff making a whole zine (which he reportedly has, and I am yet to get my hands on). This is one of the few zines that I am sincerely anticipating future efforts. (RD)
2700 Ellendale Pl #208 / Los Angeles, CA 90007

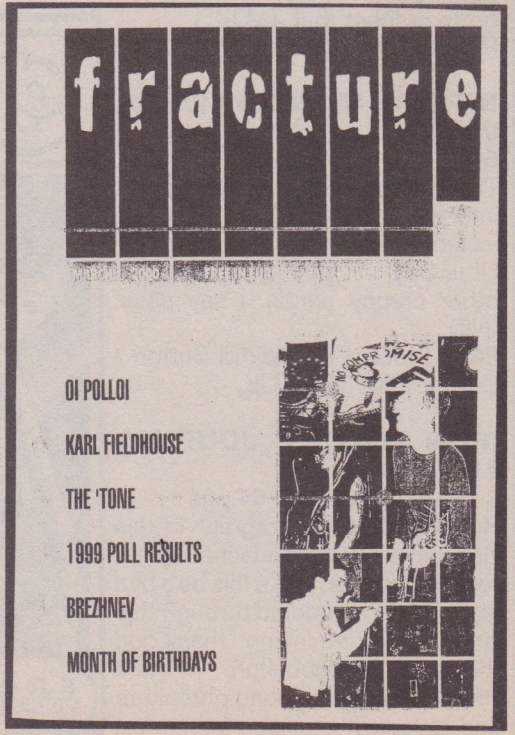
FRACTURE #11 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 104 pgs
This is a slick, polished UK zine. I'm getting to the point where the band names are completely Greek to me, but the intensity of the columns and fandom is inescapable. Oi Polloi, Karl Fieldhouse, and the 1999 poll results are of particular note. My only concern is the looming synergy exhibited by product placement, web advertising, and an enclosed four-page catalog. But marketing always concerns me. (AR)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff / CF3 4ZA Wales / UK

FURTHER COMPLICATIONS #2 / $1+ one stamp, or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Mostly brief but heartfelt thoughts about aggression, self-defense, species extinction and some about living in Europe. This author lived in Finland for a while, and I thought that part was really interesting, I would have liked to read more about that. (GF)
306 Geneseo Rd / San Antonio, TX 78209

GARAGELAND #2 / $1+ 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 30 pgs
Pretty cool zine covering (obviously) the garage rock scene. There's a few rants, some ads, reviews, an interview with the Dwarves, and a good write-up about the Las Vegas Grind. Overall, a good zine. (NF)
1219 McKinley Ave / Huntsville, AL 35801

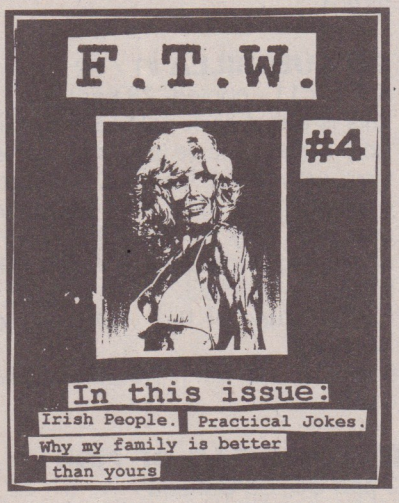
GO GUERRILLA #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied- 28 pgs
This is a real slick political type zine from Buffalo. Inside is a lengthy interview with Chris Carlson, a shorter one with Jeff Ott, and interesting article on Buy Nothing Day, sports and rioting, and a humorous Zine Publishing Course "ad." I look forward to future issues of this well designed zine. (CR)
46 Mallory RD #1 / Tonawanda, NY 14150

HECTOR'S BAG OF FISH #11 / $2 ppd US, $3 Canada
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Lots of Oregon pride (?) and interest in Celto-punk, meaning Pogues and the like. While I did kind of like some of the attitude here, I thought the interviews were a little brief—The Strike, Dropkick Murphy's, Anti-Flag, Dolmites, and



an interesting one with Ice-T. Also, while I guess any local business going under is kind of sad, the piece mourning the loss of the....Henry Weinhard brewery? Dude, just let it go...(GF)
2041 E Burnside / Portland, OR 97214 / Cascadia

HOLD YOUR OWN FUCKING JACKET #1 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
The state of girls in the hardcore scene, reprint of her letter to *MRR* about Joseph Gervasi, vegan recipes, anti-porn



essay including some heavy stuff on her own terrible experiences of molestation. If you are not a feminist, you are not going to dig this. Even if you are, her anti-porn stance might not jive with you but you can see how her personal experiences influence her view and you gotta respect that. (MJ)
PO Box 8431 / Albany, NY 12208

INFINITE MONKEY #1 / $2 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
This whole zine is literally reviews, interviews, and that's it. Interviews include: Imbalance, Our Own, Pere Ubu, Spy Vs. Spy, and numerous other crappy bands. I say pass. (NF)
Ewan Fratar / 84 Oakhill Sutton / Surrey, SMI 3AL / UK

IRON FEATHER JOURNAL #16 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
Reading the first paragraph of this zine gave me a headache. When reviewing zines, I take this as a bad sign. While I muddled through this zine I just kept thinking "thank god this is not my subculture." *IFJ* is a zine for hackers, phone phreakers and ravers. It contains interviews with DJ's, phone access numbers and reviews (music, zine and adult theaters). So if this sounds like something you're interested in, you should probably request the newest issue, since this issue is from mid-1999. (DS)
PO Box 480004 / Denver, CO 80248

KISS OFF #5 / $1 (or trade)
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 46 pgs
I really liked this—there's a wonderful heartbreaking quality to the writing. Stories about coffee, the joys of having most of your tour canceled but going out anyway, Jack Daniels, trying to sleep outside a convenience store, living in a small town, all night drives, the end and beginning of eras... just to name a few. Nice selection of photos in here as well. (KC)
26 Assiniboine Dr / Nepean, ON / K2E 5R7 / Canada

KNIVES AND FORKS #5 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 36 pgs - Russian
This is a pretty cool zine from St. Petersburg that has a couple of interviews; one with an American Anarchist woman who lived in Russia. Plus there is an article about dealing with nazi punks. There are also record reviews and scene reports. This is a great place to go if you're interested in the Russian punk scene. (HH)
Dmitrij Ivanov / POB 30 / St. Petersburg 9, 195009 / Russia

KNUCKLE EXPRESS #2 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 30 pgs
This zine mostly covers the East Bay hardcore scene and also dabbles in skating and porno. Interviews with the Oozies, the Slags, Dr. Know, The Ranters and SMD, to go along with the normal music fanzine stuff. Not bad. (NF)
1533 Harmon #C / Berkeley, CA 94703

MULTIBALL #19 / $4.50
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 76 pgs
Wow. I had no idea pinball had such a devoted following. I'm not certain, but it seems to me that every issue of *Multiball* is about pinball. There were two non-pinball articles: one was about pachinko, which is like pinball, and the other was about poker. Interviews with Portland band The Pills, and Detroit's Dirtbombs and White Stripes. Profile of the band Sleepyhead and more about pinball, plus a traveling pinball review. The back has record reviews and a review of a Winston Smith book. *Multiball* has also sponsored pinball benefits and pinball tournaments in the Northwest, which is actually pretty cool. I have never seen so much information about pinball. I guess pinball is like skateboarding. Some people skate, and other people are *really* into skateboarding. I've played pinball; I like pinball as much as the next girl, but this is the *Thrasher* mother lode of pinball. (BC)
PO Box 40005 / Portland, OR 97240

MUTANT RENEGADE #13 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 66 pgs
A pretty cool mag that goes beyond the standard *MRR*-type format. Lotsa stuff here, including interviews with the Streetwalking Cheetah's, Sheila Chandra, some bondage chick, and more. A good read. (NF)
PO Box 3445 / Dayton, OH 45401

NO ASSEMBLY REQUIRED #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
I'm having trouble coming up with a description for this zine. First off, it's pretty good—interesting writing, cool layout, etc. Second of all, it's pretty unique. It seems to be a collection of thoughts and ideas written by the editor and her friends. Some of it is interesting, such as the writings on sexuality. The page about mothers is, well, not so good. The best part was the "how to look interested" section. Comics and political writing rounds out this Canadian zine Over all, it's a good, lighthearted zine worth a read and a buck. (CR)
1011 Upper Middle Rd E / #1314 / Oakville, Ontario / Canada l6H5Z9

ONE OF THE AIRCRAFTS IS MISSING #1-2 / ?
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 24 pgs
This is a well-drawn comic digest out

of Florida. Issue #1 focuses on a *National Geographic* perspective of a loser family which was pretty funny and some more personal issues. The second issue covers a search for The Alligator Man in central Florida. I liked how it had Florida history in between segments of the main story. This zine is pretty strange, but it seems like it could really go somewhere. I'm a grammar totalitarian, though, and the title really bothered me because 'aircraft' is already plural, like 'alumni' or 'media.' (BC)
113 SE 10th St / Gainesville, FL 32601

PANTY #6 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
Included is some stuff about the editor's life, some local band interviews, scene stuff, music reviews, and a trivia contest. At best it was all right (the piece on finding things to do), at worst he defends himself against charges of sexism by saying "politics is sooo boring," and overall it's nothing I would spend more than ten minutes with. (JM)
46-365 Kahuhipa St. / Kaneohe, HI 96744

PEAR SHAPED #3 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
This zine is written by two people, Mia and Megan. Mostly, it's is about Mia's life; her experiences teaching in Japan, and other odds and ends. There is an article about anti-depressant drugs, the variety of toilets in Japan, and an excerpt from a story that Mia wrote. Also, there is a brief article in memory of Kathy Acker, an interview with Donna Jackson, the founder and director of the Australian Women's circus, and zine reviews. I found this zine to be pretty interesting and it had a good mix of information. I don't know what the price is, but if you want to order it, you should at least send enough postage to get from Japan to wherever you are. (JL)
Mia Ellis / Yamamura Haitsu 203 / San-No-Machi 8-24 / Tsuruoka-shi / Yamagata-Ken / 997-0028 / Japan

PLANET CHOCKO #7 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pages
This issue contains interviews with Buck, Tura Satana, the Turbo A.C.'s and Hong Kong action star Donnie Yen. It also has poetry, photos and music reviews. An ok read. (DS)
PO Box 1160 / Maywood, NJ 07607

THE POISON IVY LEAGUE #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A sweet zine that with a bit more bite,

would remind me of a Rondelles single—and that can only be a good thing. Lesley introduces Long Island in an A to Z guide that somehow juxtaposes Dee Snyder, Q-Bert, and ketamine. Recipes for special cakes call for special ingredients—"stolen Vietcong rifle ammunition," "21 long-winded explanations" and "one push pin through each eye"—while a few odd lists (mostly about the pathos of college life) and pretty prose (with just a dash of bitterness) round out this first, slim issue. (MN)
Lesley Arfin / Hampshire College Box 16 / Amherst, MA 01002

PRIDDIE LIPID #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 20 pgs
This zine consists mostly of stories that seem to be somewhat autobiographical. My favorite part of the zine was the picture of the dog on the lake. *Priddie* also contains the standard "favorite music" list, reflections on veganism, an interview with Chaz Matthews of the Dimestore Haloes, and some "comics" on the last page. This zine was a quick read, and overall, pretty good. (JL)
MB 755 Brandeis University / PO Box 9110 / Waltham, MA 02454-9110

PTBH! #7 / $1 +two stamp
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
This is an excellent travel zine. New Orleans, Austin, up to Alaska, it's all very eventful and a fun read. Very worth your while. Not sure what makes this stand out amongst travel zines, but it does. (GF)
311 N 6th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32501

PULPED #11/ $20 for 6
12 x 16 - offset - 20 pgs
This is a British-only kind of phenomenon. It is a rag that advertises itself as on the pulpit of "street-music" with a highly polished (computerized) look. The music of the street is defined for us (by the way) as Ska, Oi, and punk. Sure, whatever. Anyway if a beer, a fistfight, and some tunes make up a night for you, then you have found your read for the subway home. (AR)
PO Box 12 / Lockerbie / DG11 3BW / Scotland

RAMBLE #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
This collection of short fiction and essays didn't impress, but that may be because I spent this whole week correcting mid-terms. The excesses of bad grammar and poor sentence construction have potentially made me grumpier than usual. Being as this is a "journal for the semi-literate," I suppose I could have done worse. Stories from different contributors about traveling, working, and living. There's a reprint from a "punk rock Christian hipster" about the leftist Catholic Workers and some recommended records and books. Eh. (MN)
1-375 Des Meurons Ave. / Winnipeg, Canada / R2H 2N6

RESIST #37 / $1.50
4 1/4 x 7 - copied - 48 pgs
This is a good anarcho–perzine. Nice combination of punk, activist and personal stuff going on. There's a lot about the struggles of having a child (but then he's having another one?) and how people in the punk scene relate to people with kids (something I am guilty of). There's also a lot of pro-bike stuff including d.i.y. fix-it tips. There's also writing on gardening, and other more typical sentiments of the "daily struggle"—paying taxes, the takeover of America by huge corporations, genetic engineering, and police violence. Luckily, it's not super generic and the editor really reaches out to the reader. Thumbs up from me. (MD)
PO Box 582345 / Minneapolis, MN 55458

ROCKNROLL HIGH SCHOOL #8 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 22 pgs
Why would a pro-life Christian kid send his ("and of course it's a he" my roommate said) zine here? These folks are so full of shit, picking and choosing their Bible quotes, all worried about "unrighteous" sex keeping them further from God... This gets me going like seeing those fresh-faced Mormon boys hustlin' for converts in my neighborhood. Calling for criminalized abortion is calling for violence against women, you fuckheads. This is what I mean when I rant about politics being important—how did we get to a place where these kids network at the Fireside Bowl? (JM)
This zine is available when you get to Heaven.

SDZ #9 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 64 pgs - French
Great colored abstract cover with lots of interviews inside, including such bands as Snapcase, the Neighbors, Playboys, and Frigg A Go-Go. There are also lots of new record reviews. (HH)
Impasse Janine / F-95220 Herblay / France / laurent.levy@fnac.net

SHORT, FAST & LOUD! #5 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Though editor Chris Dodge (Spazz, Slapaham) claims that this is number five, it's the first I've seen of this eagerly awaited hc zine. Their coverage? Think Slapaham, 625, Prank, Sound Pollution, and Six Weeks. And the masterfans behind all of these fine organizations contribute to *SFL* as columnists and/or reviewers, along with other highly active hc fanatics like Jeb Branin and Matt Average. Needless to say, this is an exciting, totally welcome new zine committed exclusively and unapologetically to fastcore/ power violence/ short, fast and loud ("or even long, slow, and loud") punk music, laid out cleanly on offset, and heavy on the photos. Be aware that there are no novices aboard this ship, and apparently, no assholes. The columns are informed and eye-catching, and the ads are cheap. If the small, dedicated staff keeps producing zines like #5 here, they'll have successfully filled the gaping hole of literature for fans of this niche. (AC)
PO Box 420843 / San Francisco, CA 94142-0843

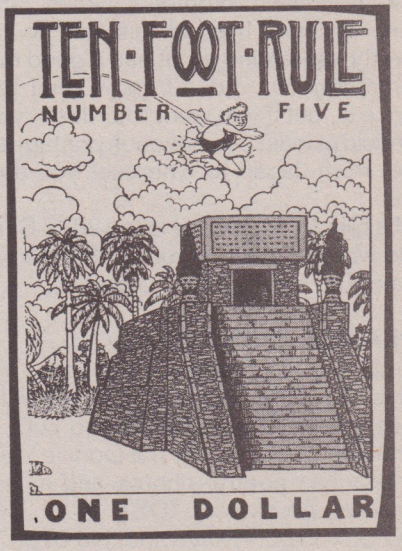
SLINGSHOT #68 / free in Bay Area or $1 ppd
11 1/2 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
I'm still getting shit because last time I reviewed this, I said I had never seen it before (which turned out not to be true—losing that long term memory). Anyway, this is a great resource, especially if you live in or are planning to visit the Bay Area. Active Anarchist type articles, updates and information, including a calendar of upcoming events. Don't take your local collectives for granted! (GF)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705

SPARE CHANGE #6 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
A personal zine filled with bad luck tales and everyday misery, the pros—and the hope—is sparse but intense. I see a lot of potential for striking, heartfelt story-telling here, if Tom short-handed the emotion and the action just a tiny bit less. Getting arrested, breaking up, rollerskating, and school-bus fistfighting—I'm looking forward to the next issue. (MN)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

SPONGEY MONKEY #10 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 52 pgs
SM is a real decent fanzine from Mississippi chock full of interviews and show reviews. In this issue, there are interviews with Steve Albini, Yind, a Japanese band named Thee Michelle Gun Elephant, XBXRX and a odd interview with blues musician T-Model Ford. There's also a ton of record and show reviews, rounded out with a couple of columns on the editors personal lives. A good music zine. (CR)
416 Jeff Davis Ave / Waveland, MI 39576-3226

TAIL SPINS #33 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 132 pgs
Yet another zine this month that can't count their pages. This straight up music zine has loads and loads of reviews. Kinda major labell-y. Lengthy and thorough interviews with Race Traitor, Groop Dogdrill, and Fireside, plus articles on riding Greyhound, Iggy & the Stooges, Tom Waits, plus a tour diary by the Thumbs. Loads of ads as well. Like *Maximum*, it's in the genre of zines I call, "good bathroom reading." (MD)
PO Box 1860 / Evanston, IL 60204

TEN FOOT RULE #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
I really like this comic done by Shawn Granton. It's a collection of really well-drawn personal stories, as well as a poem by Ricardo Rosa, illustrated by Shawn. Even when Shawn is complaining, he doesn't come off as whiny, which is a rarity in many zines. There's a story about looking for comics in NYC and going to a show in Jersey, one about a heat wave, and one about retail hell, all from a sensitive indie rock boy perspective. There's also a contest: guess which retail chain store Shawn worked at and win an artifact from said chain. Buy this zine, win a prize. Buy it even if you don't win a prize. (BC)
170 Beaver St / Ansonia, CT 06401



TEN FOOT RULE special issue / 50¢
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
This is a special issue of *Ten Foot Rule*, which you should already have, done

for the Alternative Press Expo in February that I forgot to go to. It's called "Left of the Dial" and is all about music. It attacks the easy targets of college rock DJ and self-righteous hipster, but it's done really well and the drawings are excellent. The final story is about seeing Joe Strummer play in New York. It's a reverential review, and the drawings of The Man are stippled photo-like images that stand out from the other drawings. This is an exceptional issue of an exceptional comic. (BC)
170 Beaver St / Ansonia, CT 06401

THIS PLACE SUCKS #2 / free
Very much a local zine, this has a history of the punk scene in Corvallis, show reviews, and a couple of record reviews from local bands. Definitely for locals only, this is an attempt to jump start their scene. (MJ)
907 NW Edgewood Dr / Albany, OR 97321

TRAILER TRASH #13 / $3 US, $4 Can.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
There's some cool stuff in here, like the story of being hooked on prescription medication, the inside story of Pensacola pirate radio, and the reprinted (from '87) piece on my new favorite televangelist, Peter Popoff. What I didn't get is the piece saying capitalism isn't all that bad, alongside horror stories of working for the Gap and reprints from *Sweatshop Watch* and the *Multinational Monitor*. I hope Michelle finds a way to scam postage or copies because the high price is my only other criticism of this zine. (JM)
PO Box 15674 / Pensacola, FL 32514

TRUST #81 / 5 DM
8 1/2 x 11 3/4 - offset - 84 pgs - German
The latest *Trust* strays from its much-encompassing traditional format, with a page of poetry and a reprinted (English language) column by Mumia Abu-Jamal. In addition, there is more web coverage than usual, with a guide to net shopping and publicity for the zine website. Despite these innovations, *Trust* still includes mass coverage of shows, zines, records, and more, in Germany and beyond, and interviews with NRA, Yage, etc. (AC)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TWAT #2 / $1 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
This zine was fucking great! First off it's hysterical: the cartoons made me bust a gut. Second off, it's got some really great writing which is intelligent without being condescending or boring. The article on TV and the trouble it can lead you into was terrific. There's also a really great thing about how to deal with strangers who suggest that you should "smile" at them. I personally like option "F": "a swift kick in the groin followed by, 'Smile, you just got kicked.'" Everyone needs to send away for this—even your mailbox will thank you. (CR)
2360 W. Broad St. #Y-1 / Athens, GA 30606

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
Every scene should have one of these. A fanzine that interviews local bands, reviews local shows, and advertises local labels. Cleanly produced and well worth a buck if you live near St Paul. (SS)
803 Thomas Ave / St. Paul, MN 55104

UNDER THE VOLCANO #54 / $2.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 72 pgs
UTV keeps churning out the issues. This one features Indecision, Bile, The Hellacopters and Cannibal Corpse (I had no idea they were still at it). When reviewing *UTV* I feel like people who review *MRR* for other zines, it's hard to find something new to say. The new issue's out, it's well laid out, as always, and full of columns, reviews and interviews. You probably get this on a regular basis or not at all, but if you're looking for a zine that nicely meshes local coverage of Long Island with interviews and columns that are interesting to people all over the world, check out *Under The Volcano*. (SS)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

URBAN GUERRILLA #8 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/4 - copied - 32 pgs
Pretty simple and standard, but pretty well done. The printing is small and legible; the photos are reproduced cleanly. There are letters from prisoners, columns on working in jail psychiatric services and creationism in the classroom; good interviews with Fleas & Lice and Icki of *Sty*, *Action* and *MRR* fame; book, zine and music reviews. I had already bought a copy of this so it is easy for me to recommend it. (JM)
PMB 419 / 1442A Walnut St. / Berkeley, CA 94709

WE DARE BE FREE #6 / $2
12 x 16 - offset - 20 pgs
This is the wonderful remnant of the Nineties Anarchist scene. There is very little talk of a federated politics, but instead of an activism mired both in resistance to global threats and local struggle. This issue has lots of wonderful photos, analysis, and first hand stories from Seattle. There is a nice rant regarding Global Capitalism, assorted anti-authoritarian news, and a theory/history piece on Anarcho-Communism (with which I have many criticisms, but think is worthwhile regardless.) There are plenty of pictures of radicals in balaclavas too! (AR)
PO Box 230685 / Boston, MA 02123

ZINE GUIDE #3 / $6
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 164 pgs
This thing is so thorough it's terrifying. This is a comprehensive list of current zines out there in the world, with brief descriptions. A Who's Who of the zine world. The scary thing is all the cross referencing—you can find all the zines that talked about or interviewed or somehow included Superchunk, or port-a-potties, or Scotland, or even myself... I mean it verges on obsessive and weird, the amount of work it must take to do all that. The one downside is that it's just zine listings—there's no real description of the quality of the zines. But if you want to know what is out there, look no further. Also includes reader's polls and a boring college thesis-ish article on the role of zines in the library. (MD)
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The Putdowns
The Richie Whites
Ignorance Park
Sons of Hercules

Hello again. this is the new issue of the Texas video fanzine that has more rockn' then a Texas Twister. Rock is alive and well in this great state. get this fanzine and that will prove it. This is 2 hours long and full of live video plus interviews comes in a hard case cover with VHS video $8.00 ppd US add $5 else where

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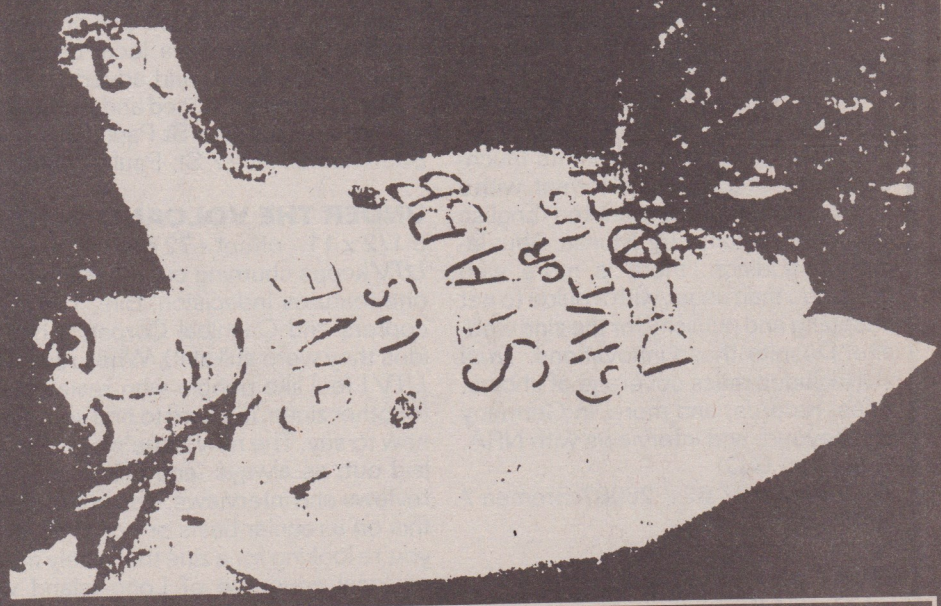

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This show is on Saturday, May 27th. If you need more info, call (510)525-9926. The show starts at 8:00 and is $5.

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Two great Southern California garage punk bands out to kick your ass! The RATTLESNAKES deliver a fine garage-mod-R&B-surf noise reminiscent of LOS CINCOS, while SWITH takes aim with a primal punch not unlike THE STOOGES, MONO MEN, or DR. EXPLOSION.

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Alien trash garage punk invades the trailer park and then sets off on some sort of scenic tour. Three guys from Tulsa, Mars, with no apologies. Yellow vinyl.

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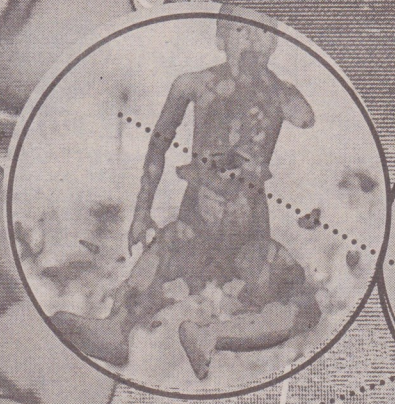

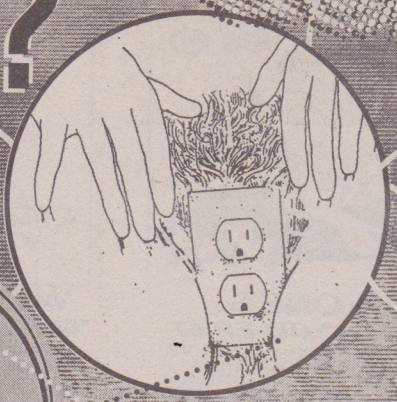

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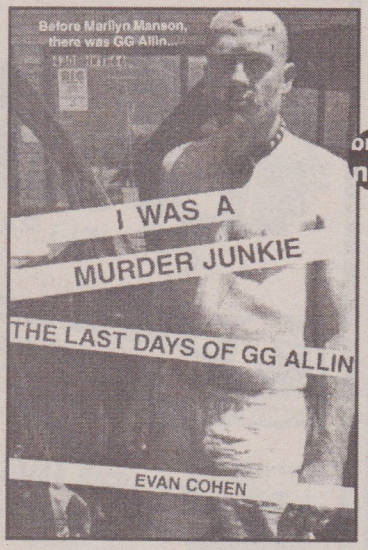

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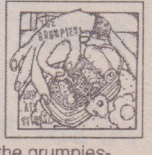

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DAS BOOT - TALK DIRTY CD

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PAPPYS - PAPPYS CD (1+2CD122)

Pappys is a another new great band from Tokyo's underground. They are young and fresh girls trio. They plays very catchy pop tunes and heavy fuzz punk tunes. The Pappys sounds like Headcoatees sings with Mad3. This self titled debut CD has 12 cuts including 3 covers from Shanglilas, Lou Reed and Don & Dewey. Must for girls bands fans!

VA - RED HOT STOMP COMP CD

(1+2CD121)

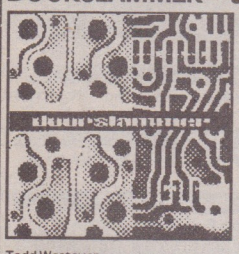
This is new sampler CD of new 1+2 bands. It features 3 wild and cool R&R bands from Tokyo. DAS BOOT is a super cool Rockin' trash band in Tokyo. they plays 5 live in studio cuts here. Really amazing! OGRESS is a girls punk rockers like Bikini Kill meet 1977 Brit punk. Snotty and aggressive! HOE-INU is punk blues band like Fat Possum/In The Red/Crypt bands. They have big sonud too. Anyway 1+2 Rec highly recommend it. You can check latest Tokyo scene.

Also available now

V/A - ETERNALLY OURS : A TRIBUTE TO THE SAINTS CD (1+2CD100)

It takes 3 years for making! At last, 1+2 presents great tribute album to the Saints. It includes 24 Saints' classics by top garage/ punk bands of 90's. Highly recommended for all punk/garage fans. feat. Nomads, Nashville Pussy, Jeff Dahl, Mono Men, FiFi & the Mach 3, Sator, Scratch Bongowax, Onyas, Spent idols, Challenger 7, Bellrays, Ed Kuepper, Campus Tramps, X Rays, Gamma Men, Phantom Rats etc Really great!!! $11 (PPD)

DOORSLAMMER - S/T CD (1+2CD119)



1+2 Records proudly presents Doorslammer's debut CD! They came from LA and features a great singer/composer/bass guitar player, Todd Westover and members from Street Walkin' Cheetahs. And Rich Coffee from Alter Egos plays guitar some cuts. Thier music reminds me Detroit Rock meet Velvet Underground with Kinks melody and early Blues Explosion's sounds! Totally really cool and emotional.
This is a long waited debut CD. It includes 15 oroignal tunes from Todd Westover.
It's a solid and mazing production! You can enjoy real independent music here! Highly recommended for all punk/garage/indie music

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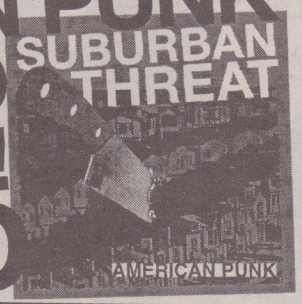

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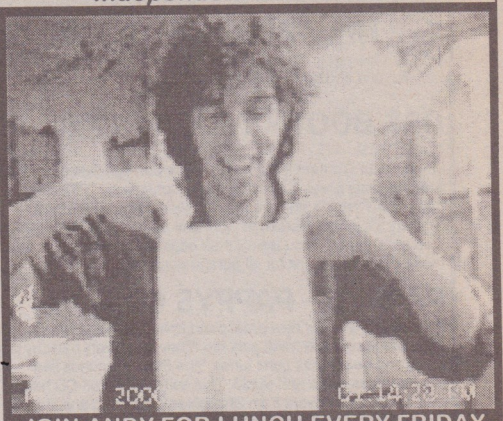

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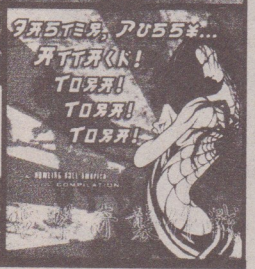

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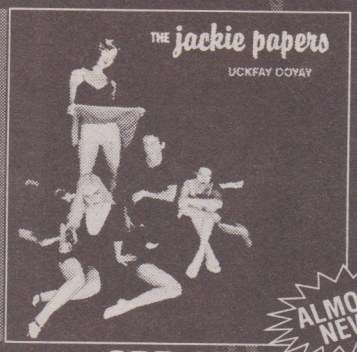

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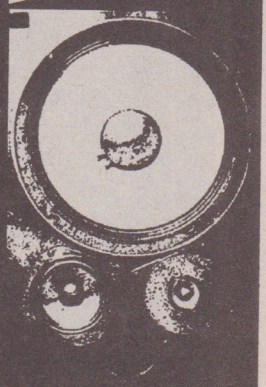

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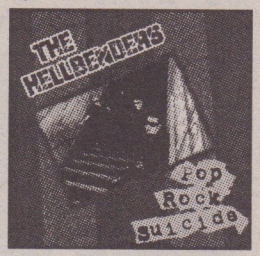

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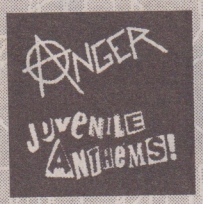

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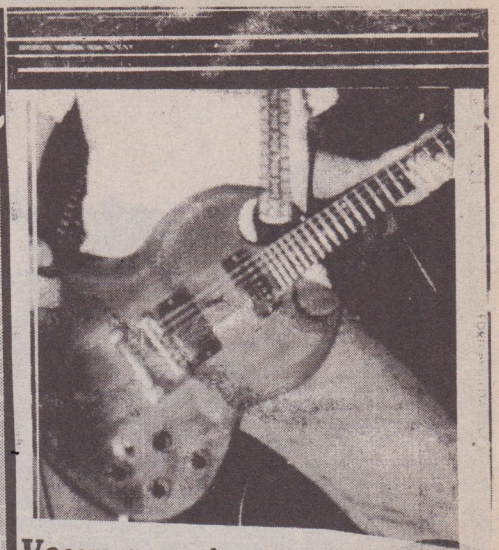

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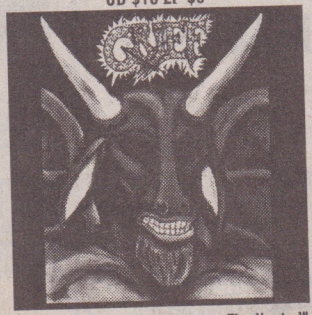

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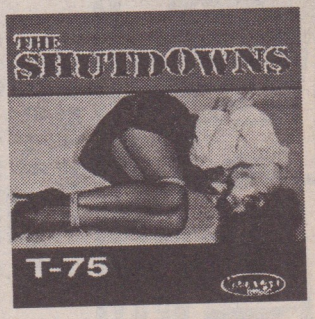

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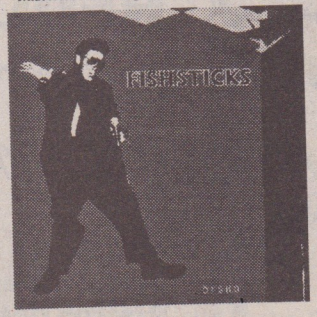

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. I can't tell you how scared I feel when I see an ad that begins "16 year old girl running away from home needs places to crash..."

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PUNK RECORD COLLECTION SALE. 1500 items (lp/7") Mostly rare stuff. Killed by Death, BTF, Oi, harcore, punk, mod, powerpopp: Kids, Bastards, Automatics, DDT, Helmetes, Misfits, Definitives, Electrochoc, Seventeen, Users, etc. For list send 2 IRCs or $2 to: N. Verbanck. BP 13.66320 Marquixanes, France. Email: nat.alie@wanadoo.fr (free list by Email).

PUNK/POWERPOP records (1977-1983) for sale. The 32 page catalogue (which shows tons of 7" picture sleeves) includes only rare records (Back To Front / Break the Rules/ KBD). For a catalogue send 2 US $ to: PETER P./ PO Box 30 37 53 / 10726 BERLIN/ GERMANY. Please check out www.insekten-records.de.

MAIL ORDER catalogue full of punk and other stuff. Vinyl, cd's, 'zines, shirts, etc. Conniption!/ PO Box 1662/ West Path WA 6872/ Australia. Members.xoom.com/conniptionkc

I CAN DRAW YOUR RECORD JACKET for free. Well, you give what you want. Traditional drawing or computer graphics. Send me your ideas. Stamp=samples or check www.multimania.com/broken-ear/art.html. Broken Ear - PO Box 660397 - Sacramento, CA 95866 - USA

MRR WANTED: #0-16, 18-24, 26-35, 42, 45, 46, 49-51, 53-55, 69, 71-73, 76, 79-81, 94, 102, 104-108, 110 pt. 2, 111, 115, 117, 119, 121-135, 137, 138, 142, 144, 151 pt.1. If you have these, and thinking of selling, getting rid of, need to create some space, ect., please write me. State description of condition, with quoting price; or I can offer you mine. Please write me at : Kristopher Jolly, 3114 School St., Des Moines, Iowa 50311

BANDS WANTED for Food Not Bombs benefit compilation. Grind, crust, punk, HC, anything. Bands confirmed so far include Capitalist Casualties and Dystopia. Send tape for consideration, especially international bands. New non-profit label wants to put out mostly grind and extreme HC. Also looking for Bone Thugs N Harmony, "E 1999 Eternal" LP. Mike/693 Crestview Ave./Akron, OH 44320.

I'M BORED. 18 y/o male looking for kids around my age to write me. Gender, politics, race doesn't matter. I like extreme hardcore, grind, emo, noise, kung fu movies, weezer, and nice people. Aaron - 15601 Orchid Dr., South Holland, IL 60473.

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NEW ZINE seeks submissions. Works or original fiction, cultural criticism, reporting on technocracy, big business, world governments, media, pop culture, and original artwork needed for publication in late 2000. Submissions from all continents encourages. Critical Massage, 338 East 5th Street, #9, New York, NY 10003.

NEW ZINE seeks other zines, small-press books and CD's, tapes, and vinyl from indie labels and DIY efforts for reviews. Goth, punk, industrial, avante-garde, Synth, dub contributions from all continents encouraged. Critical Massage, 338 Easy 5th Street #9, New York, NY 10003.

PUNK, GOTH, AVANT-GARDE, industrial, and indie bands wanted for compilation in new zine in late 2000. Send tape, CD, or vinyl to Critical Comp. 338 East 5th Street #9, New York, NY 10003. Returns only with SASE.

FINAL NOISE ATTACK!! New tapes! I've tons of rare crust/hc demo & live tapes from around the world (mainly, Scandinavian, Japan, UK) 80s &90s. All come with covers $3 each (US), $5 (world). I also sell many oi/street punk videos from UK & US for $10 each. Write for free list! F.N.A. c/o Jun Kato, 1910 Fieldwood Drive, Northbrook, IL 60062 piacarot@ juno.com.

I'D PAY MUCHO MONEY for any Actives stuff (especially 7"s). I sell some Japanese hc videos, Kuro live, Ghoul live, both come with cover. Very good quality (both boot copy of the official releases). $10 each ppd (US)/ $14 each ppd (world). I also sell tons of old & new Euro & Japanese hc demo/live tapes. $3 ppd (write for list). Jun Kato, 1910 Fieldwood Dr., Northbrook, IL 60062 piacarot@juno.com

FOR SALE! Kuro '96 EP "Revival of Death", ltd to only 666 copies, Swankys first LP "Never Can Eat Swank Dinner", DRI 7" "Violent Pacification", C.F.D.L. Live 7" on Overthrow, Misfits "Evilive II"(official FC only CD) and 7" Monster Mash (green vinyl, on Misfits' new label, Ltd to 1000), Liberate (Japanese), and Selfish (Finland) split 7", comp-cd "What is Crust?" (Japanese comp., Disclose, Frigora, Addiction, etc.). Please give me offers! Jun Kato, 1910 Fieldwood Drive, Northbrook, IL 60062 piacarot@juno.com

FOR TRADE/Best offer: Spazz 1st 7", Spazz/Rupture 7", D. Axis "Necr." 7", Rupture/Bristning 7", F.O.G. "Konserven" 7", S.O.B. "Trash Night" 7", Plutocracy / 976 7", Patareni / Atta 7", N. Death/ S.O.B. Flexi 7" + more. S. Gressner, Str. D Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, Germany.

COMPLETE CONTROL #6 NOW OUT. 20 pages of WTO stories, Anarchism in Eugene, police abuse in Portland and poor folks history of Vancouver. 52 pages all for $1 to: Complete Control PO Box 5021 Richmond, VA 23220.

LOOKING FOR: Hellnation 1st 7", S.O.B., "Don't Be"/Suck Up/Leave Me., E. Hippies/Generic LP, Rupture/Mass. 5", Accused "Return of..."LP, Raw Noise 1st 7", Infest "Machismo" 7", Neanderthal "Fighting..." 7" +more /S. Gressner sven.claussen@t-online.de/wwww.colorblind.de/RSR.

BONDAGE BRATS "We Really Suck" tape. Humorous acoustic punk rock with songs about chronic masturbation, Christians getting knocked up, epilepsy, etc....Tape includes "Maybe You're Just Gay", "Dog Ate My Brother", and "Suicide By Cop". Comes with a booklet and a patch. 14 songs, 30 minutes, $3 - what are you waiting for, hurry up and buy! Bondage Brats, 2989 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento, CA 95818.

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CRIME, CRIME, CRIME, looking for just about anything from the band Crime. Shirts, buttons, posters, flyers, press kits, videos, MRR #73, Frustration / Murder by Guitar with P/S.Thanks for any help. Rob Frishkoff 502 Miwor Ave N #6 Seattle, Wash, 98109.

I WILL PAY $10.00 EACH for live audio shows per 90 minute tape. No bullshit. I'm an old collector with a large list but I have no time to trade. I want excellent "sound board quality" only send lists of these bands: Cocksparrer, U.S. Bombs, Rancid, Donnas, AFI, Dropkick Murphys, Social Distortion, any Rip Off, GMM, or TKO Records bands, AntiFlag, Avengers, Screeching Weasel, Misfits (with Danzig), Blitz, Business, Defiance, Dimestore Haloes, Templars, Reducers, Dwarves. Oxymoron, Ducky boys, cash paid. No games no limits. Call me collect or send lists. Thanks. Jack: 1235 32nd Street Sacramento, CA 95816 916-457-7666.

CASH FOR ALL ORIGINAL MISFITS RECORDS, any GG Allin stuff, any AFI on Key Lime Pie, buying copies of your soundboard tapes , any Pabst Blue Ribbon shit, If you need money sell me your stuff. Anybody know Jason Houston of Dallas Texas? Send your lists I won't waste your time—Thanks, Jack 1235 32nd St Sacramento CA 95816 916-457-7666.

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COMPLETE CONTROL #6 NOW OUT. 20 pages of WTO stories, Anarchism in Eugene, police abuse in Portland and poor folks history of Vancouver. 52 pages all for $1 to: Complete Control PO Box 5021 Richmond, VA 23220.

WANTED! WILD, MAD, WEIRD MATERIAL for Twilight Trash, outcast amateur film fest - Berlin. Send PAL/ NTSC Video or write for info to: Jan Gaudissabois, Tellstr. 13, 12045 Berlin, Germany. E-Mail: twilight-trash@gmx.net Deadline: 15 July.

BAY AREA PUNX my name is Justin and I'm from San Jose, CA. I've lost contact with everyone I knew out there in the Bay! I'm in prison, and still have about six years to go here in Nevada. I could really use some correspondence. If you've got some free time and would like to cheer up a bro, shoot me a letter. I would love to hear from anyone! Contact me at: Justin Gauntt #53683, Nevada State Prison, PO Box 607, Carson City, NV. , 89702.

24 YEAR OLD looking for friends who are into: emo, pop, punk, old punk, new wave, and some goth. Into: writing, art, going to shows, and more. Send letters to: Cathy, 39 West Lakeland St. North Bayshore, NY 11706

THE SOLIDARITY FEDERATION of Activist Punks in the Philippines (SFAPP) are very much thankful to all Anarchists, Anarchopunks, and activists who took actions against the WTO in Seattle. We are very proud of you comrades!!! Wish we were there! For a copy of our newsletter, please send U$!/IRC to SFAPP National Secretariat/PO Box 176/ Taguig Central PO/ Taguig, M. Mla. 1632/ Philippines

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